THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE EMPIRE BUILDERS—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

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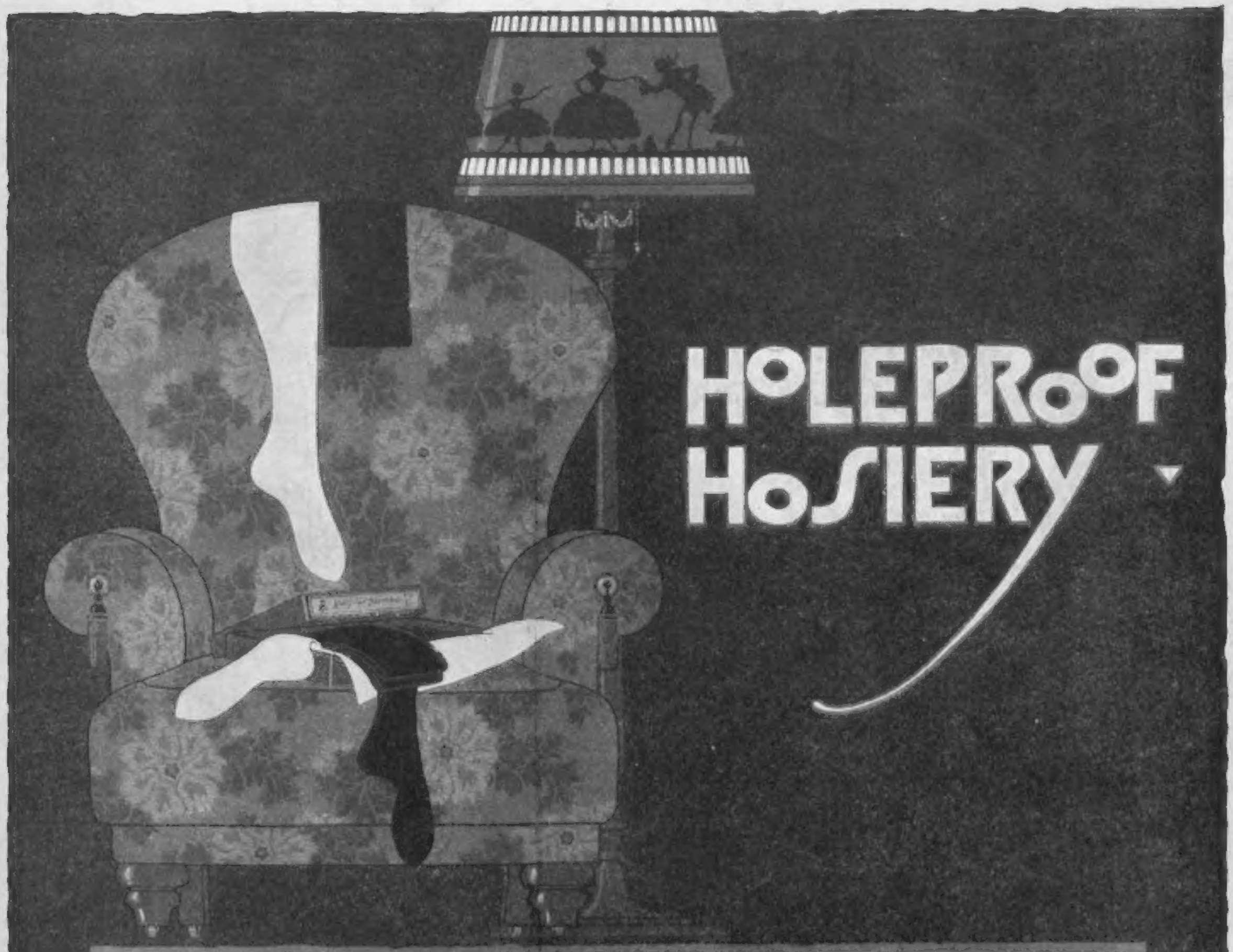

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THE EMPIRE BUILDERS

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

STODDARD III was asleep. Three-quarters of the bedclothing had slipped off and lay spread on the floor, only partially concealing the fact that beneath it lay Stoddard III's bathrobe, slippers, soft felt hat, a Tauchnitz German and English Dictionary, and a cracker, which had been trod on and lay, a crumbled and forlorn fragment, beside a piece of cheese.

Stoddard III was asleep—a figure of peace among chaos. The remaining quarter of the bedclothing was tucked warmly about his shoulders, but two-thirds of his body lay exposed, clad in thin pajamas, to the chill of the room. A cold wind came in at the open window and blew out the chintz curtain which covered his wardrobe; for Stoddard III was a fifth-former, and the dormitory boasted no closets.

On top of the chiffonier were a shaving mirror and safety razor—for Stoddard III was sixteen and an optimist—a pair of military brushes, a family-group photograph in a frame, used to hang neckties on, and the picture of a girl in a black velvet tam-o'-shanter, so placed as to catch the eye on first waking.

"I Wish You'd Stop That Noise! D'you Think You're a Bird?"

Written primly in the corner of the margin was: "From your friend, Lucille." A dozen letters in the same hand lay in the tray of Stoddard III's trunk, side by side with a loaf of stale bread, half a stick of dynamite and a can of baked beans. These letters began, "Dear friend Charles," and ended, "Your friend, Lucille Graham." Lucille was strong on the friend business. Three-quarters of the dreams of Stoddard III, sleeping or waking, centered about his friend Lucille.

Along the passage, in similar cubicles, lay similar prostrate figures. Nor were the conditions greatly different. Talbot, in number seven, boasted half a doughnut instead of the cracker and cheese. Little Appleby, in eleven, had supplemented his bedclothing by the rug from the floor beside his bed, a measure made necessary by the failure of the school laundry to return the trousers of his pajamas.

In a word, the school slept—slept with the consciousness of six-forty that doom was approaching. Clad in arctics over felt slippers, the night watchman was on his way through the snow to ring the six-forty-five rising bell. He had been fortified by a cup of coffee, a slice of ham, two fried eggs, and a sufficiency of griddle cakes; and he stopped whistling halfway across the Athletic Field to consult his watch.

To that pause Stoddard III owed the loss of his cheese. It provided the necessary delay of one minute, in which a very small and chilly mouse emerged into the draft and carried it off.

The bell rang. Rather, it exploded. It rang for five minutes.

"Oh, darn!" said Stoddard III, and turned over.

But the movement slid the remaining fragment of the bedclothing to the floor and the icy wind sent a chill up his unprotected spine. With his eyes still closed he reached over the side of his low bed and drew them up with a jerk. As adjusting them to cover him would have required effort, he drew in his outlying members as a hen calls her chicks under her wings. He curled up like a caterpillar and dozed.

In the cold shower at the end of the corridor the smaller boys of the third and fourth forms were religiously bathing. One by one they stripped, dropping bathrobes in a heap, and stepping with apprehensive eyes and goose-fleshed little bodies into the icy stream. Not for them the subterfuge of the fifth, which was wont on cold mornings to run the shower full for ten minutes from a safe distance, wet its hair as if all the formalities of the bath had been complied with, and then, with wide and innocent eyes, pass the dormitory master in all the glow of duty well done.

Stoddard III dozed lightly. The refreshment of complete unconsciousness was not for him, and at last he knew the reason. He was hungry. Time was not when Stoddard III forgot his stomach or its demands. He ate his way through his days. Events occurred for him not by the clock but by mealtime. Against hunger he provided as the traveler in the desert against thirst. Hence the cracker and the cheese.

Still with his eyes closed he turned over and swung a languid hand out of bed. His trailing fingers found the fragments of the cracker and he grunted his annoyance. Wider awake, but still with his eyes shut, he swept the floor for the cheese. There was no cheese.

He made a supreme effort and hung over the side of the bed. The hat, the Tauchnitz—all were as he had left them; but the cheese was gone. He stared blankly.

"Dog-gone it!" he muttered aggrievedly. "That boll weevil next door's swiped it."

Thoughts of vengeance rose in his mind, doing battle with the lethargy of five minutes to seven.

"Shrimp!" he said vindictively. "Toad! Wop!"

Accused of theft, however, the Wop protested his innocence vigorously.

"What'd I want with your old cheese?" he retorted. "How'd I know you had any cheese?" His grievance grew. "How'd I know what I smelled in there was cheese?" he demanded.

The Wop was undersized, with a mouselike face relieved by a wide smile. The effect of the smile was astonishing. It revealed an engineering scheme of some dimensions, in which wire, platinum, metal bridges, girders, joists and cement each took its part. The Wop was having his teeth straightened. Just now, though his mouth was open, he was not smiling. He was inserting a piece of blotting paper, rather inky, between the engineering project and his upper lip, which was in a chronic state of revolt.

"Betcha it was a mouse!" he said. "Something ate half a doughnut for me."

Stoddard III paused in the act of straightening his room. The straightening consisted of kicking his bathrobe under the bed, gathering the cracker crumbs and throwing them out the window, and dropping the remnant of a pound of butter into his trunk. There being no time to get to the shower, he leaned out the window, poured a glass of water over his hair, brushed it down without drying, and was ready a minute and eleven seconds before the bell rang.

He paused in front of the photograph, regarding it with bitter, disillusioned eyes. Then he lounged to the door of the next cubicle.

"Let's see the doughnut," he suggested. "If it was a mouse you can see the toothmarks. If there are mice here I'm going to get a trap."

"Ate it," was the laconic reply.

The day had started wrong for Stoddard III. So nicely balanced is the equilibrium of the boy, so narrow the margin between joy and misery, so hyperacute his sensibilities, that a trifle will change the scale of the day. A pebble may start an avalanche.

However, it was not in wrath, but out of sheer dislike to waste the remaining eleven seconds, that he took the blotter from the Wop's writing table and, sauntering into the passage, was able with a single gesture so to wedge the clapper of the electric gong that it could not ring. Then, with his hands in his pockets, he went leisurely down the staircase.

Things continued to go wrong. The Head Master eyed him steadfastly now and then, as the belated school straggled gongless to breakfast. Stoddard III assumed an air of innocence, and ate deliberately not only his own food but two extra bowls of oatmeal

Stoddard III Projected His Lower Lip Beyond His Upper and Blew. It Moved. It Waved. It Was!

porridge whose owners were late, all the extra toast on the table, and put six lumps of sugar in a pocket against chapel.

There was five feet ten inches of Stoddard III, and he was growing.

Until he was fed he had been a purely instinctive young animal. Muffling the gong had been automatic, without malice. But, having taken aboard sufficient food for three adults, the insistent needs of the body satisfied for a time, his brain began to functionate, quickened by the arrival of the mail bag.

Stoddard III was expecting a letter. He had been expecting it, to be exact, for three weeks and two days. For three weeks and two days he had watched the mail bag brought in, had sat with his feet cold and his head hot while it was being distributed, meantime assuming an air of indifference, which took the form of silent whistling. And for three weeks and two days there had been no letter.

There was no letter that morning. She was not sick. At least twice he had stealthily observed her brother, a sixth-former named Graham, open a precious lavender envelope that was undoubtedly hers, glance casually at its contents and stuff it into his pocket. He did it that morning.

A wave of fury almost suffocated Stoddard.

"Whatta I care?" he said savagely to himself. "I guess there are other girls. Plenty of them!"

But he lied, and he knew he lied. There were no other girls. The school had been carefully located in a girlless country. It was as if that particular corner of the country had, fifteen or sixteen years before, produced no girl babies. Between the thirteen-year-olds and the grown-ups there was a great hiatus. And, anyhow, he did not want other girls. He wanted Lucille.

At this period in his bitter reflections his right-hand neighbor trod on his foot. Stoddard III jumped and viciously trod back. Ensued immediately, beneath the table, a battle of feet, the more amazing that it confined itself solely to lower members, those parts of the combatants visible appearing calm and placid, albeit a trifle wary as to eyes.

Into his feet, then, Stoddard III put all the bitterness of three weeks and two days, and emerged victor. He rose, calmer, but with resolve written large all over him. He was done. He was through. If Lucille thought he was going to mope round he'd show her. She had no string to him.

"Pool?" the Wop asked him as together they left the dining hall.

There was a quarter of an hour after breakfast when an agile boy, by running, could get in ten minutes of pool before chapel.

"Nope."

"We've got twelve minutes."

"Busy," said Stoddard III briefly, and turned on a heel that ached with battle.

In his heart the Wop was Stoddard III's slave, concealing it under a curt and very offhand manner. So he watched him as he went up the staircase and shrewdly summed up the situation in one word.

"Canned!" was what he said to himself.

But not for nothing had the Wop his long nose and keen eyes. A bystander as yet in the game of love, being of the type that grows late and develops, from sixteen to twenty, enormous, rather spindling height, he was content as yet to be an interested if somewhat contemptuous onlooker.

So he joined himself unassumingly to Lucille's brother, Big Graham, and talked hockey; for in the field of sport all are equal, and a fifth-former, who is as elusive on the ice as a Cuban roach, may hail even a sixth-former as comrade.

"Say," he said somewhat later, "how about that fudge your sister was going to send Stoddard? I'm in on it if it comes."

"Didn't know about it."

"She isn't sick, is she?"

"Sick? No. I guess she's busy having a good time." Then, with the good of the team at heart: "Look here; if you fellows are going to be any good this spring you've got to cut out the candy. Nix on the fudge!"

"Huh! We haven't had any yet."

Nevertheless, in a way, the Wop was relieved. Between him and Stoddard III had stood this barrier of girls. Great ideas flooded his brain and cried for utterance, but Stoddard III had not been in a receptive mood. Now ——

Stoddard III had gone upstairs and, with black fury, had taken from his chiffonier the photograph of Lucille and jerked it from its frame. His first impulse was to tear it, to destroy, to rend, to trample. His second was the one he obeyed. He slammed open his trunk, flung in the picture without looking at it—it alighted in the butter—and then banged out of the room.

"I'm through!" he reiterated blindly as he stumbled down the staircase toward the "math" room. "Hereafter, no girls. I'm for myself now. For me!"

Nor does it augur that his despair was not sincere that he stopped a third-former in the lower hall and forced him to come over with half a piece of butterscotch.

The morning passed quietly. No reference was made to the incident of the blotter. Stoddard III recited and in the excitement of a psychic experiment found some relief for the ache in his chest.

Briefly, the experiment was hypnosis. Stoddard III guarded his secret jealously and was conscious of a thrill each time it worked. His method of procedure was to sit staring fixedly at the instructor and, having thus psychically put him under subjection, to will him to pass by the experimenter on such passages of Latin grammar as he was unprepared with, and to call on him for the ones he knew.

So convinced was Stoddard III of the essential truth of his discovery, that for some time he had prepared only one portion, in each class, of the lesson assigned.

"Verbs of caution and effort," said the master.

Stoddard III fixed him with his eye and willed to be called on. This was his meat. The master cast an eye over the class. Stoddard III willed!

"Stoddard," said the master.

Stoddard rose, triumphant.

"Take the subjunctive with *ut*," he said glibly: "Verbs of fearing take the subjunctive with *ne* affirmative and *ne non* or *ut* negative."

"Very good. I'm glad to see one boy who has prepared the lesson."

The master looked gratified. Stoddard III looked becomingly modest. Unluckily at this moment entered Big Graham with a message. The experimenter, who should have been using his will to prevent further interrogation, suffered distraction. "Go on, Stoddard," said the master: "*Volo* and its compounds."

Stoddard III stalled desperately. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said. "The lesson ends with verbs of fearing."

"Nonsense!"

Stoddard III turned on the class an eye that appealed for justice.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said "I thought it ended there. That's all I prepared."

But he was demoralized. The master eyed him suspiciously and went back a page. This was fatal. Stoddard III, at the end of ten minutes, stood stripped of verbs of permitting, of determining, of wishing and of admonishing—stood, in fact, with nothing but verbs of caution and fearing to clothe his ignorance.

The Wop watched. Things were working out for him. It was when Stoddard III had sat down, with four extra pages of Latin grammar as a punishment, that he sent him this note:

"I have a big scheme on hand. Do you want to come in on it?"

But the moment was ill chosen. Stoddard III had not yet reacted from his defeat.

"Too busy," he scrawled on it, and sent it back.

The Wop was not discouraged. He was one of those who wait and, waiting, dream. In the intervals of dreaming he read The Man Who Would be King, done up in a paper cover to resemble Cicero.

At twelve o'clock Stoddard III went to his room. He meant to reinstate the photograph; but, finding that some wag had already discovered the empty frame and had inserted a card, "This space for rent!" he refrained. A sort of cold fury against the world possessed him, not decreased during luncheon hour by the arrival of divers small boys from the lower forms, bringing him anonymous notes, such as:

"Beware of vimmen!"

"Buck up, old top!"

"As good fish in the sea as ever came out of it!"

And, neatly cut from the rhetoric book: "The heart will break, yet brokenly live on."

He ate an infuriated but hearty luncheon, consisting of boiled beef and cabbage, potatoes, prunes, and sponge cake, washed down with weak tea; and having an hour to himself after preparation shook the dust of the school from his feet and started up the road.

"I've got to think things out," he said to himself. "I've got to think where I stand. It's up to me to make a fresh start."

Visions of Lucille surrounded by a circle of boys obsessed him. He saw her writing dozens of lavender letters, but not to him.

"If there were any girls round here," he reflected bitterly, "a fellow would have a chance. I suppose she knows there isn't a girl nearer than a hundred miles, and she thinks she can play fast and loose with me. I'll show her!" he added dourly.

Show her! But how?

He reflected on the matter at Mother Partridge's over a custard pie, two cream puffs and a bottle of ginger ale. Thus fortified, and carrying a bag of chocolates, he made his dispirited way back to school, where some small boys, seeing him coming, pretended to weep.

"Swine!" he muttered, and took a devious way into the grounds.

The afternoon he spent in study in his room—not because his heart yearned for knowledge, but because he wished to be alone. In the intervals he played melancholy airs on a small instrument of baked clay called an "ocarina," said instrument containing ten holes for ten figures and capable of a series of weird and depressing whistling tones. He worked sedulously on the refrain from Old Black Joe, until the dormitory master, trying to sleep off a headache, came to the door and flung it open.

"I Was Quite Afraid of You This Afternoon. You Looked So Ferocious"

"I wish you'd stop that damnable noise!" he said fretfully. "What's the matter with you, anyhow? D'you think you're a bird?"

II

FATE, after all, is a thing of chance; a leaf driven by the wind; the child of impulse. In plain words the Wop, who was about to begin the stunt of growing three inches a year for three years, and was feeling the first symptom, which is a great void, turned into a forbidden restaurant and ordered an oyster stew.

In a way the Wop was up against it. He had a plan in his head, the slow maturing product of some months of thought. After looking the school over he had selected an accomplice in Stoddard III; but the difficulty was that Stoddard III did not know he had been selected. Did not, indeed, seem to want to be selected. Was, as a matter of fact, the most popular boy in the school and, as such, open only to exceptional offers. Hints on the Wop's part that he had a great scheme had so far met with discouragement.

"Scheme!" Stoddard III had said once. "The only scheme that would interest me would be to get the cook fired and get someone in here who can cook. The food's fierce!"

"Cook! Meals!" the Wop had sneered. "Don't you ever think of anything but food? I've got a big thing on hand, but I don't take in any fellow whose mind's in his stomach."

Still, he clung to Stoddard III as the right person. He would look well—the Wop needed an imperious type. Also, he was amiable generally and not too keen. Intending to be the brains of the undertaking himself the Wop felt that appearance and disposition were the things he needed in a king.

Yes—a king! The Wop was dreaming of empire.

The arrival of the stew was but a momentary distraction. Automatically he emptied the plate of oyster crackers into the bowl and passed it back to be filled again. Automatically he singled out the largest oyster and left it to be eaten last. His mind was searching for the bit of drama that would be necessary to catch and rivet Stoddard III's wandering attention.

Suddenly the Wop emitted a low moan of agony and clapped his hand to his jaw. Something hard had wedged itself into a part of the engineering project in his mouth. The bridge was blocked. Traffic ceased. The Wop, muttering horribly, got out his scarfpin and fell to work. Hideous pains encompassed his jaws and ran up his cheek bones.

"Oh, heck!" said the Wop, with his face twisted.

The extracted object, when it came, proved round and hard. The lines on his face smoothed out. Into his eyes there crept, behind the late tears of agony, first doubt, then hope, then certainty. He looked round and saw the waiter eying him.

"Looks like you got a bit of shell," volunteered the waiter with sympathy.

"Looks like you people want to break a fellow's teeth out!" said the Wop, with the round object tucked in his cheek.

"You wanta be careful. I got a thousand dollars' worth of dentist work in my mouth."

"You give it to me," said the waiter, "and I'll go back and give the opener hell! Somebody told him these oysters came from a place where they've been finding pearls, and he ain't thinking of nothing else."

"Pearls!" scoffed the Wop. "Like to see anybody find a pearl from where these oysters came from. Tell him, from me, to save his time."

The waiter sauntered over.

"You give it to me," he reiterated. "I'll show it to the boss."

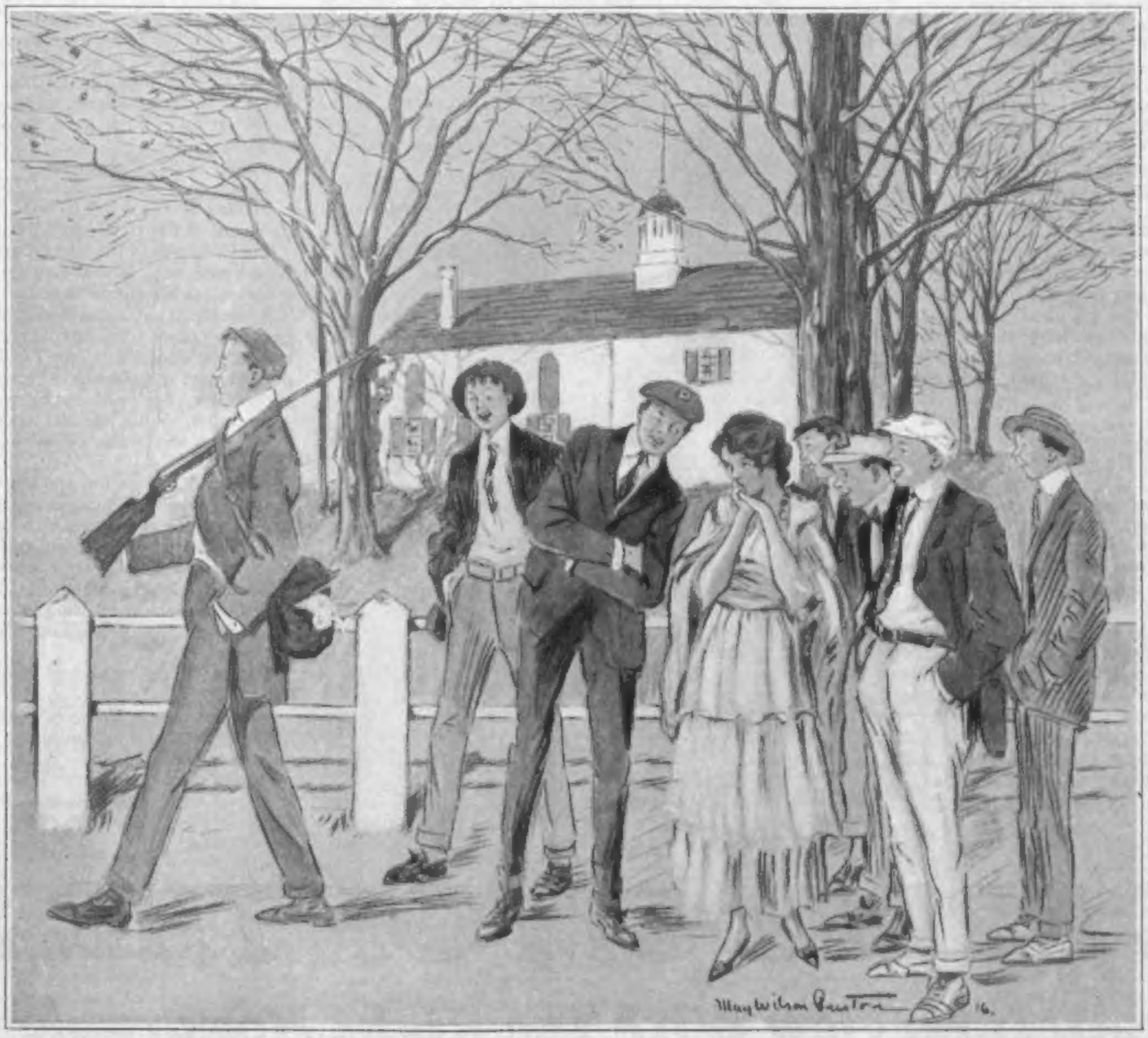
"Can't. I—I swallowed it."

The waiter stared.

"Say," he said uneasily. "You boys take the cake! What'd you swallow it for? You ain't no goat. Them things is sharp."

"Gwan and get some crackers," the Wop said impatiently. "If there's trouble I've got it. See?"

Here the pearl, for such he now knew it to be, slipped back and was within an ace of loss. However, he saved it by frantic haste and, the waiter being gone, retrieved it into the palm of his hand.



"I Guess He Doesn't Like Girls. He Never Even Looked at Me!"

It was indeed a pearl—a large pearl—but, alas, a cooked pearl; a dead-white, lusterless, ghostly pearl; a stewed pearl; a boiled-in-milk, salted, peppered and buttered pearl.

Nevertheless, it gave the Wop his inspiration, which he worked out over an additional dozen oysters on the half shell, raw.

No further pearls appearing, however, he paid his bill with twenty cents in cash and the balance in two-cent stamps, sent from home, and sauntered out.

Externally there emerged from the doorway a smallish boy in his first long trousers, with a long shrewd nose and serious dark eyes. In reality there passed through the exit from Small's Oyster Saloon an empire builder, a maker of history and a fisher for pearls, the latter a development of the last half hour.

Stoddard III, changing his collar for dinner and folding back his cuffs to show a clean margin, found an envelope on his chiffonier, containing a note and a small white object, resembling a liver pill but not so finished in appearance. The note said:

"Do you want to know where there are about a million like this—only not cooked? If so, the Chimney at ten P. M. Silence!"

The Wop was right. In appealing to Stoddard III's curiosity and cupidity he had struck the right note. Stoddard III was interested. More, he was thrilled. For the note bore at the top, hastily and crudely drawn in red ink, an ellipse, with four points set at the top, each point surmounted by a circle. It bore an unmistakable resemblance to a crown, the points adorned with pearls.

At ten o'clock that night the dormitory master found the Wop and Stoddard III in bed, neatly pajama-ed, and went on his way to the masters' sitting room for his evening chess. At ten-five the Wop and Stoddard III, having stripped off their pajama coats, were loosening the fire-escape rope, which hung coiled on a nail beneath the Wop's window.

Huddled under the coverings of each disheveled bed was a pillow, giving the necessary bulge of the human form supine. Thus did the Wop, who was nothing if not forehanded, prepare to disarm unjust suspicion.

"Let 'er go!" breathed Stoddard III, who had been narrowly inspecting the premises beneath.

The rope dropped without a sound, and the process was repeated at the window of Stoddard III; but with a difference. The end was made fast to a handle of that very trunk which contained the rejected photograph, the butter and other things.

Two ropes now dangled down the side of the sweetly dreaming building. Two ropes. One would have sufficed, but the tradition of the Chimney called for two.

The Chimney was difficult of access. From time immemorial it had been the scene of surreptitious smoking, of revolt and bitter diatribe against the faculty. It was alike the school tradition and the school secret. It stood for the forbidden. It represented danger in the shape of a steeply sloping roof and a narrow ridgepole. It was—the Chimney.

The empire builders knew it well. Though not together, they had visited it before. Here the Wop had composed his famous limerick against the "math" master, whose name was Short.

There once was a teacher of math,
Who showed, as he stood in the bath,
A chest like a ladder,
A shape like an adder;
He was Short, and as thin as a lath.

It was felt in the school that to compare the mathematics teacher to an adder showed positive genius.

Here, more than once, Stoddard III had carried Lucille's photograph and, back braced against the warm chimney, had defied the gales of the winter night, and dreamed of his lady-love.

Like the Chimney itself, the method of access was history. Down one rope the two slid softly and tied a strong cord, attached to a stone, to the other. To avoid mischance, the stone was muffled in a handkerchief. As pitcher of the ball club, it was Stoddard III's privilege to toss the stone across the roof. At the first try he failed, and a muffled thud told that he had struck the roof. Immediately a head protruded above.

"What you fellows doing?" a voice demanded. "Gwan away and lemme sleep."

"Shut up!" Stoddard hissed, and made another attempt.

This time the stone cleared; and alternately crawling and crouching round the building—for such is the etiquette of the Chimney—the two reached the other side. Stealthy hauling on the cord followed. Came the cord first, yards on yards of it; came at last the rope, to be anchored to the grating of the gymnasium window; came, finally, triumph and completion.

One rope now reached from the Wop's room to the ground. Another, from Stoddard III's window, passed over the ridgepole close by the Chimney and was safe to climb by, being anchored to the gymnasium bars.

Five minutes later the conspirators were on the roof; six, and they were seated on the ridge. Above loomed the Chimney, which had heard many secrets and was to hear more.

"Now," said Stoddard III judicially, "let's hear all about it. What's this about pearls?"

"Only that I guess we can have all we want if we go about it right."

"Where?" was the incredulous retort. "In a volcano? The one you showed me was cooked."

"That one was. The rest aren't. If I tell you something you won't tell, will you?"

"Nope."

"Honest?"

"Look here," broke out Stoddard III indignantly; "I've given you my word. You know me—that's all!"

"All right," said the Wop, reassured. "It's like this: You know the Gulf of California?"

"Know of it? Yes."

"Say, it's the greatest place in the world!" The Wop burst out in one of his rare enthusiasms. "Undiscovered too. Nobody goes there. It's a *terra incognita*."

"*Aqua incognita*."

"Oh, all right. But now listen! I've got an uncle who went there once on a yacht. There's a big island there, full of Indians. They don't belong to anybody. And they're fierce too. Cannibals, maybe. But that doesn't matter. They've probably only got bows and arrows, and a few modern rifles ——"

"Is that where the pearls are?"

"Listen! The pearls are all right, but they're secondary. The real thing is the island. The way I've figured it out, a couple of fellows could go there and get their confidence ——"

"And get the pearls. I've got you."

"Now listen!" said the Wop desperately. "We'll get the pearls, of course. Quarts of them. Maybe tons. I don't know. But the real thing is that the right men could get that island, and hold it."

"What for?"

"Suffering jew's-harps!" cried the exasperated empire builder. "Don't you see? We'd rule it! It would be ours."

"*We'd* rule it?"

"Well, I've got it worked out like this: You can be king. Those fellows wouldn't understand a republic. They've got to be ruled, and ruled good. They'll need a king and you can be it; live in a tent by yourself, you know, and make 'em kotow to you—all that sort of thing."

"What about you?"

"Listen! We'd have to have an army, wouldn't we? Once we got the island, we'd have to hold it. I'd be your prime minister and control the army." He surprised a look of dark suspicion on the future king's face and hastened to explain. "The pearls would belong to the crown," he said. "You could give me a percentage as a sort of salary. But if you're going to take the king job, and do it right, you can't manage the army."

"I don't like Indians. They're a dirty lot."

"Not these. My uncle said he could see them bathing in the sea. They wouldn't let the people from the yacht land, but they watched them from the decks. He said there were thousands of them."

It did not behoove Stoddard III to yield too quickly. He sat, his young legs stretched out along the ridgepole, and reflected.

"It's a good idea," he conceded at last. "I'm pretty sick of civilization, anyhow. It's so infernally hollow. There's nothing to it." The Wop's eyes gleamed; but, much as he had gained, it was yet necessary to put the project beyond peradventure of failure.

"I guess I ought to warn you—it's going to be dangerous work, Stoddard. Two men against thousands."

"Brains against mere brute strength," was Stoddard III's terse comment. "One man with a modern rifle is equal to any number of savages. Anyhow, I guess you know danger doesn't scare me much."

"That's why I picked you. A lot of dubs would be scared off. Even if anything does happen to us," said the Wop casually, "we'll have had a lot of adventure first. My people think I'm going to be a lawyer; but I can't see it."

"Well, You Look Romantic—as Though Lots of Girls are Crazy About You"

"Here too. When do you calculate to start?"

Thus brought to bay, the Wop hesitated.

"Well, there's no hurry," he said. "We'll have a lot of planning to do."

"Somebody else may step in and grab it—especially since there are pearls there."

The Wop side-stepped the pearls.

"It's not likely. It's been there a good while and nobody's grabbed it yet."

"Then you don't want to go right now?"

There was disappointment in the voice of the king-elect. Visions had come to him—a picture of an empty room and discarded books; of his disappearance and its due effect on Lucille; followed later by his photograph in the newspapers, wearing a crown with four points, each point surmounted by a large pearl.

"Big things like this can't be done in a hurry."

"Then what are we doing now?"

"Listen! We've got to plan, haven't we? We can't go out there and walk in and take possession, can we? We've got to arrange things first. The first thing is an oath to secrecy. And then there's the constitution."

"What for? What have we got a king for if there's a constitution?"

"Well, by-laws, anyhow."

"By-laws!" said Stoddard III scornfully. "What do you think this is going to be? A literary society? Now look here, if I'm to be king, I'm king—that's all!"

The Wop was in the ancient position of the king maker. He surrendered. It was arranged that instead of a constitution the kingdom was to be run on a sixty-forty basis.

Something that had ached in Stoddard III all day had suddenly ceased from troubling. He even had difficulty in recalling what it was. Ah, Lucille! Well, he was through with women. Empires were beckoning. A crown had been offered him. Before his young eyes lay spread a kingdom. Also, pearls. What was the fair sex to him?

For love and dalliance he was substituting conquest, battle, affairs.

He sat a little straighter and thrust his cold hands into his trousers pockets. Thus placed, the right member encountered a number of chocolates, bought to provide the necessary nourishment a seance at the Chimney seemed to require. His hand closed convulsively on one; then released it. It seemed hardly fitting that the candidate for a throne should eat chocolates.

"Of course," said the Wop reflectively, "you'll have to marry."

"Marry!" He who had but just given up women! "Why?"

"To perpetuate the line," said the Wop impatiently. "What's the use of establishing a kingdom and not having anyone to leave it to?"

"I don't want to marry," the king-elect said doggedly.

(Continued on Page 66)

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEA

An Interview With the Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour, First Lord of the Admiralty

If substantial advance is to be made toward Peace and Progress, says England's most famous statesman in the first interview he ever granted, the United States and Great and Greater Britain must recognize that they share a common ideal, for the protection of which they must work together, with power behind their determination.

THE accompanying interview is the first ever given by Arthur James Balfour, now First Lord of the British Admiralty, after many years of leadership among those most distinguished in Great Britain—a man who, as an individual, has played a definite part in molding certain details of world life as we of this generation know it.

An essential portion of his message is its acceptation of the theory that Great Britain and the United States are animated by the same good impulses; and the most essential portion of his message is his declaration of faith as to how, in future, these good impulses may be strengthened and made efficiently influential toward the stimulation of the progress of humanity.

Mr. Balfour offers to the student of successful men a curiously contradictory personality.

At first his personality seems to be principally that of the highly developed, acutely sensitive scholar. The intensely practical and farsighted statesman in him shows only slowly to the new acquaintance, although he has been a political leader in Great Britain during the greater part of his forty years in public life.

It may be that there will be those among the readers of this article who will think him the very last man on the stage of Old World politics whose personality should appeal to the imagination of America's New World democracy; but in this interview he belies this view by conveying to America a message which, coming from him, must be accepted as especially momentous, for it outlines what he considers to be the probably necessary procedure of humanity after this war's end, announcing his belief that the great problem of the future must be the perfection of that plan which best will cement friendship between and develop power in the two great English-speaking Democracies. This, he believes, will tend most reasonably toward the elimination of the likelihood of future wars.

Every moment of the time which I have spent with him, and, I think, every word which he gave me for record in this interview, indicated to me that this statesman whom the world crisis has called again into the higher councils of the British Empire has an understanding sympathy with the United States. I had strange confirmation of this sympathy when, the other day, I learned of an episode, hitherto unrecorded, which shows what it may mean to the American people to have Arthur Balfour First Lord of the British Admiralty and chief director of that part of England's war policy which most vitally concerns neutral nations.

In April, 1898, when America declared war against Spain, the question of intervention inevitably arose in Europe.

It is well known that at this crisis—and it was a very real crisis in American history—England resolutely refused to offer any advice which was not known to be acceptable to the American Government and thereby made impossible any concerted intervention by European Powers. What has not been known at all hitherto, and is first told here, is that Lord Salisbury, who was Prime Minister, was ill at the time, and that his nephew, Mr. Balfour, the leader of the House of Commons, was the acting head of the government. A close friend tells me that the British attitude at this crisis was largely dominated by Mr. Balfour. This announcement is a contribution to world history.

To those who understand the vast importance of that British attitude in those days this fact must make the statement which here is laid before America especially impressive. Particularly as he is now chiefly responsible for the use Great Britain makes of her sea power, Mr. Balfour's views as to the means best calculated to attain freedom of the seas cannot fail to be of paramount interest to every thinker in America.

It is difficult to overestimate the importance of this man to England. When he became the leader of the House of Commons his uncle, Lord Salisbury, was Prime Minister and leader of the House of Lords. Thus these distinguished relatives may be said to have held England almost in the hollow of their cupped and joined hands for a long period; and it is admitted, even by those who were in opposition to them, that this extraordinary family control had as its animating impulse throughout the period of its continuance no selfish motives. Doubtless there are those who will question the wisdom of both leaderships; but there are few who will charge either with having been selfish in the slightest degree.

Over a quarter of a century ago, in the stormy days of the agrarian agitation, as Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Balfour had to uphold the law against the forces led by Parnell and Davitt. Every grievance of the Irish tenant, every eviction story and report of battles between peasantry and police, was adorned with tales of the brutality of Balfour.

Irish antagonism toward him long since has vanished. No man has to his credit Irish remedial legislation which can compare with the measures for which he has been responsible. The Congested Districts Board, which marked the first recognition of the poverty and distress in Western Ireland and was the first attempt to heal that sore, was his individual achievement. A democratic system of local government, the creation of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, which were both framed and piloted through Parliament by his brother, marked the period during which he was leading the House of Commons; and the famous Wyndham Act, which liberally endowed the transfer of the agricultural lands of Ireland from the landlords to the tenants, was passed while he was Prime Minister. The story is told of a Kerry peasant who, in those days, astonished his landlord by paying his rent, saying that, with "the help of God and Bloody Balfour," he was well able to do it.

Mr. Balfour's leadership of the House of Commons began in 1891. From 1902 to 1905 he was Prime Minister. He resigned the leadership of the Opposition and of his party, perhaps in order to devote more time to the study of philosophy, which, if he had followed his own inclinations, he never would have left for the field of party politics. His constituents insisted on his remaining in Parliament, and never is his party engaged in actual debate in the House of Commons but his master mind is requisitioned.

Without Selfish Ambition

ONE of the Balfour characteristics which has puzzled and often confounded his critics has been the obvious fact that he never has cared for office. He has held office; he has held high office; but he never has campaigned for it except when it has been quite clear that his fighting has been for the advance of definite principles rather than for the satisfaction of personal ambition. Indeed, it is utterly impossible to find an excuse for calling him an ambitious politician.

The continual surprises with which his career has been filled seem to have been due principally to the fact that his mind ever has been open. A study of his many scholarly essays upon subjects remote from politics—as, for example, the Gifford Lectures on Theism and Humanism, which were his brilliant 1914 contribution to the world's thought and polished literature—reveals this as clearly as it has been revealed constantly in his debates in the House of Commons.

One of the complaints against him is that he frequently finds difficulty in arriving at conclusions, and this must be attributed to the fact that he sees with a puzzlingly equal clearness the arguments upon both sides of most important questions. Far more than the average leader of men he realizes that Truth has many facets.

His greatest national interest has been in the problem of defense, particularly in what he regards as the proper use of sea power. The Committee on Imperial Defense, born early in the 1900's, was his creation. The idea underlying it was foreseeingly prophetic, for, admittedly, the present British and Allied situation would have been much worse had it not been for the existence and the work of this committee.

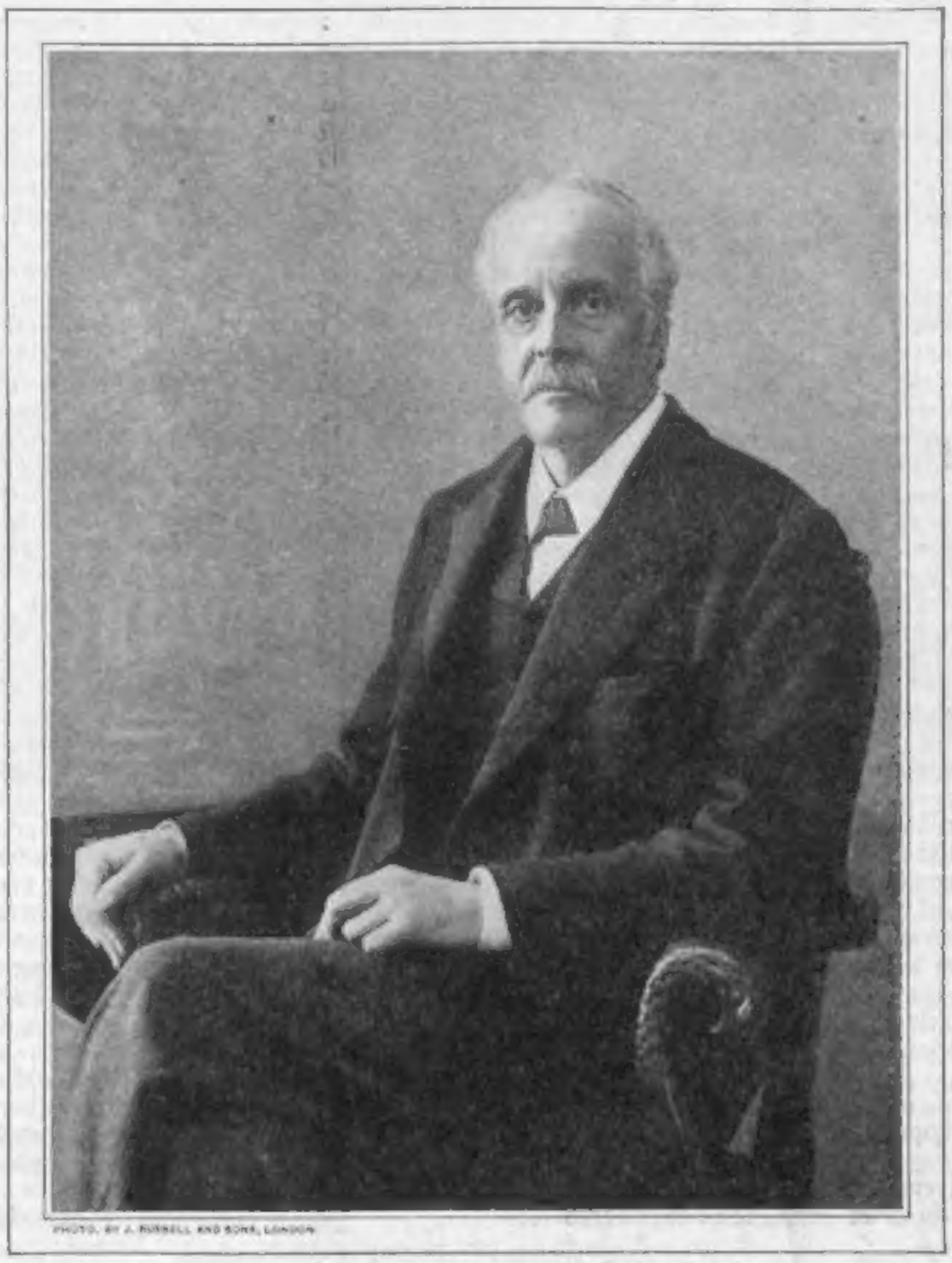
It is certain that he hates war for war's sake. It is not impossible, even, that had it not been for this intense aversion there might have been conflict between England and Russia at the time when the Russian fleet, through panicky misconception, fired upon British fishermen off the Dogger Banks while the Russo-Japanese War progressed. The people of Great Britain were clamorous for fighting. Had one of the restraining Balfour hands been lifted war would have resulted without delay.

He never has felt the slightest doubt about the part which should be played by Great Britain in the present struggle, because he is positively satisfied in heart and mind that the causes for which the Allies fight are the eternal causes of truth and justice. One of his closest associates said to me, the other day, very solemnly and with plainly deep conviction: "The one thing Arthur Balfour cares about in life is Truth." It is certain that nothing makes him more impatient than shams and shibboleths.

It may be said truly that he thinks the salvation of the world must come from Anglo-Saxon influence, and that he very definitely admits the United States into equal partnership with Great Britain in this responsibility for good. He is convinced that the best hopes for the future depend for their realization upon coöperation between Great Britain and the States. His admiration for America and Americans has been expressed frequently, and undoubtedly is intense. Few Americans know the history of their own country so well as he knows it; and he ranks the quarrel which divided the American Colonies from the Mother Country, a century and a half ago, as one of the world's greatest disasters, holding not the Colonies but the British government of that time responsible therefor.

Perhaps one of his beliefs with regard to international affairs which he most frequently refers to is his confidence in America's national psychological integrity and ultimate good judgment, explaining, thus, his often expressed conviction that the world's hope for the future lies in that union of American and British sentiment which can come only from complete understanding, and which, only, can make possible coöperation between the nations in righteous world influence. He earnestly and hopefully looks forward to what may be called spiritual coöperation at all times, and to the possibility of such practical coöperation at times of certain conceivable emergencies as will tend more permanently to preserve the world's tranquillity after it has been restored.

Of Balfour as a philosopher this is no place to speak; but, as in future ages it may well be that he will be famed chiefly as a thinker upon the greatest problems of time and eternity, a mere word may be said upon the interest to the "common people" of his philosophic speculations. His great powers of critical analysis have been devoted mainly to shattering those substitutes for revealed religion which have been founded upon what science can tell us of the material universe and man's place in it. Thus, perhaps more than they know, he has inspired the ministers of Christian creeds and has come very near to all those who worship in Christian churches, and who, in this connection, know him not at all.



The Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour

The preliminary conversations which eventually led us to the interview that follows occurred in his very dignified and simple home—one of them at a family luncheon party—but the interview itself was recorded at the office he occupies as First Lord of the Admiralty. This, save for the map racks on the walls, easily might be mistaken for the library of some cultivated rich man's home.

In debate he speaks with ease; in this interview he spoke more slowly than I ever have known another man to speak. It obviously was a serious occasion for him, as it was, indeed, for me.

His statements were transcribed as he made them; but, later, when the manuscript was given to him for revision, they were extensively edited by his own hand and another one of equal world distinction. The much-defaced manuscript of the first draft of the interview was copied, resubmitted to Mr. Balfour and again revised.

Having been thus twice revised, I think it may be safe to say that in the following paragraphs Mr. Balfour's first definite message to the world through the medium of a second person is very accurately expressed.

My first question asked for his interpretation of the phrase, "freedom of the seas," considered especially with regard to its Anglo-American significance during this period of world war.

Mr. Balfour's Message

"THE phrase, 'freedom of the seas,'" said Mr. Balfour, "is naturally attractive to British and American ears. For the extension of freedom into all departments of life and over the whole world has been one of the chief aspirations of the English-speaking peoples, and efforts toward that end have formed no small part of their contribution to civilization. But 'freedom' is a word of many meanings, and we shall do well to consider in what meaning the Germans use it when they ask for it, not—it safely may be said—because they love freedom, but because they hate Britain.

"About the freedom of the seas, in one sense, we are all agreed. England and Holland fought for it in times gone by. To their success the United States may be said to owe its very existence.

"For if, three hundred years ago, the maritime claims of Spain and Portugal had been admitted, whatever else North America might have been, it would not have been English-speaking. It neither would have employed the language, nor obeyed the laws, nor enjoyed the institutions which, in the last analysis, are of British origin.

"But the freedom of the seas desired by the modern German is a very different thing from the freedom for which our forefathers fought in days of old. How, indeed, can it be otherwise? The most simple-minded must feel suspicious when they find that these missionaries of maritime freedom are the very same persons who preach and who practice upon land the extremest doctrines of military absolutism.

"Ever since the genius of Bismarck created the German Empire by Prussian rifles, welding the German people into a great unity by military means, on a military basis, German ambitions have been a cause of unrest to the entire world. Commercial and political domination, depending upon a gigantic army, autocratically governed, has been, and is, the German ideal.

"If, then, Germany wants what she calls the freedom of the seas, it is solely as a means whereby this ideal may receive world-wide extension. The power of Napoleon never extended beyond the coast line of Europe. Farther progress was barred by the British fleets, and by them alone. Germany is determined to endure no such limitations; and if she cannot defeat her enemies at sea, at least she will paralyze their sea power.

"There is a characteristic simplicity in the methods by which she sets about attaining this object. She poses as a reformer of international law, though international law never has bound her for an hour. She objects to 'economic pressure' when it is exercised by a fleet, though she sees no limit to the brutal completeness with which economic pressure may be imposed by an army. She sighs over the suffering which war imposes upon peaceful commerce, though her own methods of dealing with peaceful commerce would have wrung the conscience of Captain Kidd. She denounces the maritime methods of the Allies, though in her efforts to defeat them she is deterred neither by the rules of war, the appeal of humanity, nor the rights of neutrals.

"It will be admitted, therefore, that it is not the cause of Peace, of Progress or of Liberty which preoccupies her when, in the name of Freedom, she urges fundamental changes in maritime practice. Her manifest object is to shatter an obstacle which now stands in her way, as more than a hundred years ago it stood in the way of the masterful genius who was her oppressor and is her model.

"Not along this path are peace and liberty to be obtained. To paralyze naval power and leave military power uncontrolled is surely the worst injury which international law could inflict upon mankind.

"Let me confirm this truth by dwelling for a moment on an aspect of it which, I think, is too often forgotten. It should be observed that, even if the German proposal were carried out in its entirety, it would do nothing to relieve the world from the burden of armaments.

"Fleets would still be indispensable. But their relative value would suffer change. They no longer would be used to exercise pressure upon an enemy except in conjunction with an army. Therefore, the gainers by the change would be the nations who possessed armies—the military monarchies. Interference with trade would be stopped, but overseas invasion would be permitted. The proposed change would not merely diminish the importance of sea power, but it would diminish it most in the case of nonmilitary states like America and Britain."

The Weakness of Unsupported Law

"SUPPOSE, for example, that Germany, in her desire to appropriate some Germanized portions of South America, came into conflict with the United States over the Monroe Doctrine. The United States, bound by the doctrine of the 'freedom of the seas,' could aim no blow at her enemy until she herself had created a large army and become, for the time being, a military community. Her sea power would be useless, or nearly so. Her land power would not exist.

"But more than this might happen. Let us suppose that the desired change had been effected. Let us suppose that the maritime nations, accepting the new situation, thought themselves relieved from all necessity of protecting their sea-borne commerce, and arranged their programs of naval shipbuilding accordingly. For some time it probably would proceed on legal lines. Commerce, even hostile commerce, would be unhampered. But a change might happen. Some unforeseen circumstance might make the German General Staff think it to be to the interest of its nation to cast to the winds the freedom of the seas and, in defiance of the new law, to destroy the trade of its enemies.

"Would anybody suggest, after our experience in this war, after reading German histories and German theories of politics, that Germany would be prevented from taking such a step by the mere fact that it was a breach of international treaties to which she was a party? She would never hesitate; and the only result of the cession by the pacific Powers of their maritime rights would be that the military Powers would seize the weapon for their own purpose and turn it against those who had abandoned it too hastily.

"Thus we are forced to the sorrowful recognition of the weakness of international law as long as it is unsupported by international authority.

"While this state of things is permitted to endure, drastic changes in international law may well do more harm than good, for if the new rules should involve serious limitations of belligerent powers they would be broken as soon as it suited the interest of the aggressor; and his victim would be helpless. Nothing could be more disastrous. It is bad that the law should be defied. It is far worse that it should injure the well disposed. Yet this is what inevitably would happen, since law unsupported by authority will hamper everybody but the criminal.

"Here we come face to face with the great problem which lies behind all the changing aspects of this tremendous war. When it is brought to an end, how is civilized mankind so to reorganize itself that similar catastrophes shall not be permitted to recur?

"The problem is insistent, though its full solution may be beyond our powers at this stage of development.

"But surely, even now, it is fairly clear that if substantial progress is to be made toward securing the peace of the world and a free development of its constituent nations, the United States of America and Great and Greater Britain should explicitly recognize what all instinctively know: that on these great subjects they share a common ideal.

"I am well aware that in even hinting at the possibility of coöperation between these two countries I am treading on delicate ground. The fact that American independence was wrested by force from Great Britain colors the whole view which some Americans take of the 'natural' relations between the two communities. Others are impatient of anything which they regard as a sentimental appeal to community of race, holding that in respect of important sections of the American people this community of race does not, in fact, exist. Others, again, think that any argument based on a similarity of laws and institutions belittles the greatness of America's contribution to the political development of the modern world.

"Rightly understood, however, what I have to say is quite independent of individual views upon any of these subjects. It is based on the unquestioned fact that the growth of British laws, British forms of government, British literature and modes of thought, was the slow work of centuries; that among the coheirs of these age-long labors were the great men who founded the United States; and that the two branches of the English-speaking peoples, after the political separation, developed along parallel lines. So it has come about that whether they be friendly or quarrelsome, whether they rejoice in their agreements or cultivate their differences, they can no more get rid of a certain fundamental similarity of outlook than children born of the same parents and brought up in the same home.

"Whether, therefore, you study political thought in Great Britain or America, in Canada or Australia, you will find it presents the sharpest and most irreconcilable contrast to political thought in the Prussian Kingdom, or in that German Empire into which, with no modification of aims or spirit, the Prussian Kingdom has developed. Holding therefore, as I do, that this war is largely a struggle between these two ideals of ancient growth, I cannot doubt that in the result of the great struggle America is no less concerned than the British Empire.

"Now if this statement, which represents the most unchanging element in my political creed, has in it any element of truth, how does it bear upon the narrower issues upon which I dwelt in the earlier portions of this interview? In other words, what are the practical conclusions to be drawn from it?

"My own conclusions are these: If, in our time, any substantial effort is to be made toward insuring the permanent triumph of the Anglo-Saxon ideal, the great communities which accept it must work together. And in working together they must bear in mind that law is not enough.

"Behind law there must be power. It is good that arbitration should be encouraged. It is good that the accepted practices of warfare should become ever more humane. It is good that before peace is broken the would-be belligerents should be compelled to discuss their differences in some Congress of the Nations. It is good that the security of the smaller states should be fenced round with peculiar care. But all the precautions are mere scraps of paper unless they can be enforced.

"We delude ourselves if we think we are doing God's service merely by passing good resolutions. What is needed now, and will be needed as long as militarism is unconquered, is the machinery for enforcing them; and the contrivance of such machinery will tax to the utmost the statesmanship of the world.

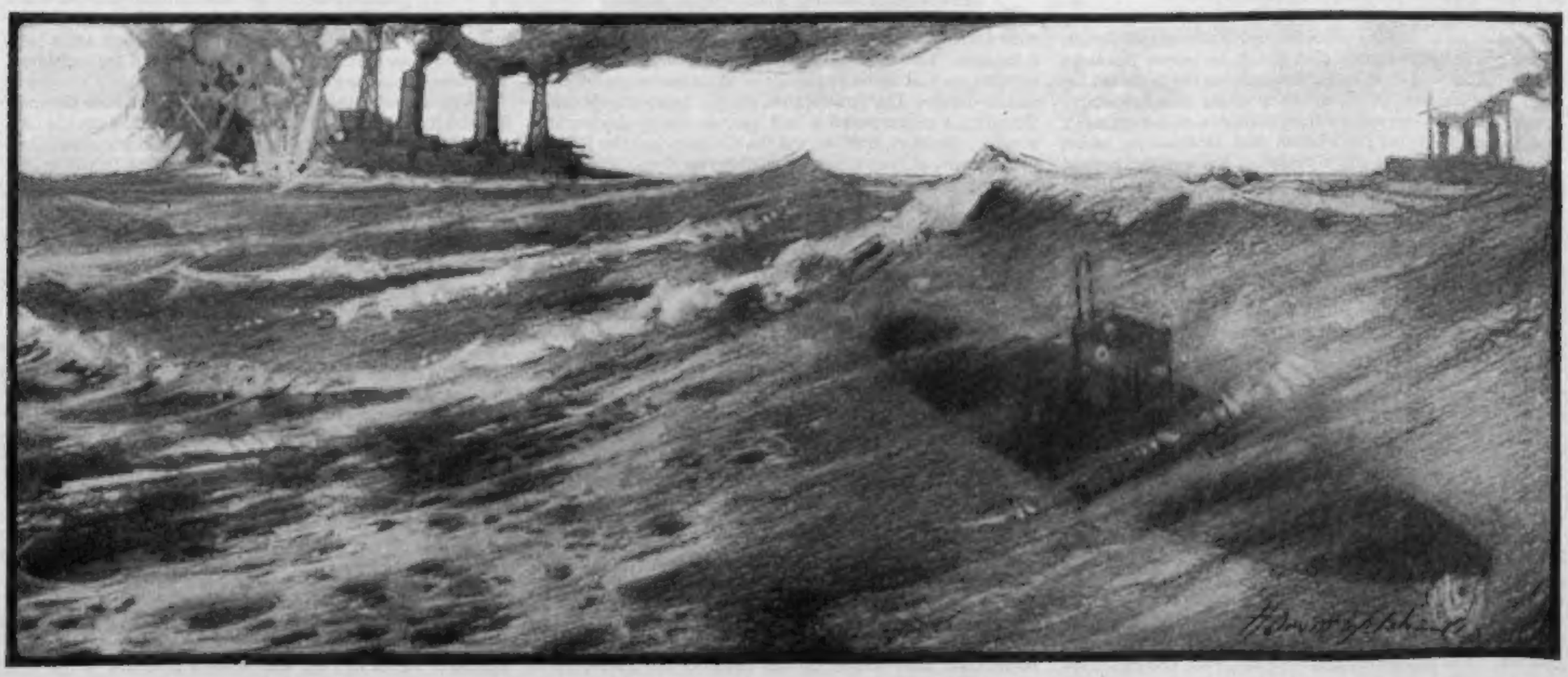
"I have no contribution to make to the solution of the problem. Yet this much seems clear: If there is to be any effective sanction behind the desire of the English-speaking peoples to preserve the world's peace and the free development of the nations, that sanction must consist largely in the potential use of sea power. For two generations and more after the last great war Britain was without a rival on the sea. During this period Belgium became a state, Greece secured her independence, the unity of Italy was achieved, the South American republics were established, the Monroe Doctrine came into being.

"To me it seems that the lesson to be drawn from history by those who love peace, freedom and security is not that Britain and America should be deprived, or should deprive themselves, of the maritime powers they now possess; but that, if possible, those powers should be organized in the interests of an ideal common to the two states—an ideal upon whose progressive realization the happiness and tranquillity of the world must largely depend."

Dollar Versus Pound

FOR a long time the British unit of value has been the most universal one, and there is a good deal of learned discussion now as to whether the dollar will supplant the pound sterling as the world's premier currency. Some say it will depend upon this or that particular thing, as the size of our gold stock, our facilities for discounting commercial bills, a free gold market in New York, and so on. But if dollar ever supplants pound it will be a product of our relative financial power and activity—which depends upon a million things at least. It will be an effect, not a cause. The question is not how to get a foreign man to write his bill with a $ in front of the numerals instead of an old English £. The question is how to get him to trade with us. The pound sterling became universal currency because England offered the best facilities for trading, financially and otherwise.

If we buy, sell, invest, discount, furnish the freest, broadest market all round—whether a foreign man wants to place a bond issue, finance a coffee cargo, or what not—to exceed England, our currency will be more used than hers.



THE ACTIVE DIRECTOR

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

UNLIKE the traditional sailor, Captain Matthew Simms was known along the Pacific Coast as a good business man, a substantial citizen, with a clear head and an eye to a fair profit in every transaction. Though he was distinctly a capable mariner, and possessed of a hearty manner and a hospitable disposition high virtues in the commander of a passenger vessel there was a well-defined notion abroad that Simms was "an asset to any firm." At various times his employers took pains to encourage his diffident suggestions on matters usually considered outside a skipper's province, and the president of his line added the supreme token of approval by letting him have a small interest in several profitable deals.

"The man is a genuine financier," Judge Mulcahy remarked in his club. "He's as biddable as a good dog; and yet he'll go on his own hook and carry through a business matter as smartly as I can myself."

"We Can," Said Matthew Simms. "We'll Have a Line Aboard Her Inside the Hour"

"He's a mighty nice chap to travel with," another assented. "He makes that wretched old packet of yours a favorite with folks who like a little comfort with their safety."

"Exactly!" Mulcahy agreed warmly. "But his ship never loses a penny, just the same. And, after all, what we need in the business world is a man who is trained in making friends at the same time he makes money."

"You seem to have preferred the money alone," his companion remarked acidly.

Quite undisturbed, the head of the Astoria and Fort Bragg Transportation Company grinned his infrequent sardonic smile and said simply:

"Some day I'll give Simms a show with you fellows. He'll hold his own with the best of you, and he won't have to bully his way into this club to find people who'll be civil to him."

It was characteristic of Mulcahy that when a notion once became fixed in his head he wasted no time in carrying it into execution. Four days later he fixed his emotionless eyes on the face of a tired bank examiner and said:

"So you think this bank needs new blood? You don't like my way of being vice president? And you don't approve of the cashier's having so much power? Well, go on!"

Slowly and coldly the examiner explained the unwisdom of certain loans, the evils of having a cash reserve double the needful amount, and the practical disadvantages of a board of directors whose interest in the bank was only spasmodic.

"Your president hasn't been inside the building in four months," the official concluded.

"He was picked to do the social tricks!" Mulcahy snapped. "He owns enough stock, heaven knows. What if he prefers Europe to Astoria? I'm here!"

"Part of the time," the examiner assented. "But you are much more concerned with your own companies, Mr. Mulcahy. Naturally, I suppose."

"If I don't see the use ——" came the suggestion.

"That's your business," was the reply; "but I'm talking about this bank. It's solvent, all right; but it's dead. No new business in nine months. Same old borrowers; same old depositors; same old haphazard methods. Here"—the examiner tapped his notebook—"is the record of twenty accommodations to William Jones. Each one is for eleven hundred dollars; each was indorsed by the same man; each for the same term; each for the same rate of interest; and each paid by a draft on the same firm in Illinois. Now ——"

"Jones is good as gold. We know all about him," Mulcahy snapped. "Why, he's been dealing with this bank for ten years!"

"And now when Mr. Jones comes in to borrow eleven hundred dollars the cashier merely reaches for his pen to make out a new note—eh?" the examiner said. "No meeting of the directors—eh?"

"Waste of time," Mulcahy retorted.

"Our cashier is perfectly capable of saving us all that routine. Why—the idea of talking over a loan to Jones! Of course ——"

"Of course," the examiner went placidly on, "the time came when Mr. Jones got eleven hundred dollars that he'll never repay."

"Eh?" Mulcahy rasped. "Jones? Why ——"

"He's been bankrupt for two years," was the response. "And exactly ten minutes before he sailed on one of your steamers for San Francisco he came in and got eleven hundred dollars in gold from your bank. He's on his way to China now," the examiner added thoughtfully. "I presume he expects to remain there."

Mulcahy's black eyebrows drew down over his metallic eyes.

"Our cashier ——"

The examiner held up one deprecating hand.

"You happened to be in the bank that day. You O. K.'d the note, Mr. Mulcahy. Eleven hundred," he continued thoughtfully. "And he had settled the previous note with a draft which I'm afraid will not be honored; at least your cashier suspects its value."

"Sit down, Mr.—er ——"

"Mandico," the examiner supplied, seating himself.

"You're the national-bank examiner, aren't you?" Mulcahy asked sharply.

"I am."

"I've seen your face before, Mr. Mandico."

"I've been in this district three years. I was in California before that."

"Then you're the man who saw us all caught in that Lime Point Bank—eh? I remember you quite well, Mr. Mandico."

"It cost you two hundred thousand dollars."

Mulcahy grinned.

"It did. I have five minutes. Have you?"

Mr. Mandico nodded.

"You know as well as I do that I'm vice president of this bank in Astoria because it's convenient. This back office is pleasanter than the shanty on the dock, and it helps my steamers besides. You know that the whole capital stock of this institution is only fifty thousand, and that it wouldn't pay me to spend an hour a year on this business. I'm vice president, and so on, merely to have my finger inside the crust if anybody discovers meat in the pie. The cashier runs this bank and he's as honest as the day. That Jones business is the fault of the way things have been going. Honest on Monday, sound on Saturday, is the watchword. No good! Jones has proved it. A scandal on a good name. This bank's fault too. Never took the trouble to inquire. We might have saved Jones from—China, you say? Business isn't always good business. Four minutes gone. New blood, you say? I've the president's stock handy. I'll call a board meeting. I'll put the cashier in as vice president, promote the assistant cashier, and ——"

Mulcahy stopped. Mr. Mandico took him up, lifting his plain silver watch to his weak eyes.

"Whom did you say you'd make president?"

Mulcahy frowned.

"Simms!" he snapped.

The examiner tilted his gray head slightly.

"Simms?"

"Captain Matthew Simms, now commander of the Wolverine," Mr. Mulcahy went on. "A first-class man; wide-awake, and the equal of any two men on the Coast. Keeps his head."

"I've traveled with him," Mr. Mandico said. "But ——"

"He's got money—plenty," was the response to this doubtful interrogation. "Simms is our man."

Mr. Mandico slipped his watch into his waistcoat pocket.

"I can be in Astoria ten days from to-day," he remarked.

Mulcahy grinned.

"So soon? I'll trust Simms. I think you'll find him the right man in the right place."

The examiner nodded and left. Mulcahy surveyed the empty office and reached for his hat.

"I must catch that five o'clock for Portland," he said to himself. "Funny that I should think of Simms. Confound that man Jones!"

He pushed the button that rang the buzzer outside in the cashier's little cage, and when that officer appeared stared at him.

"Jones?" he snarled.

The cashier of the Fourth National had great respect for the tremendous Mulcahy as a head of big business, but considered him a child in a bank. He answered the vice president's stare with one equally cold.

"I should have refused the accommodation on my own responsibility," he remarked in a firm tone; "but Mr. Jones said he'd spoken with you. You O. K.'d the paper and there was no need of my saying anything."

"I have five minutes," Mulcahy said. "Have you?"

The cashier sat down and looked through the big window. It was one of Mulcahy's ways to lower the heavy green curtain, so that every passer-by might view him seated in the inner office of the bank. He would have it that when the curtain was up public opinion would consider him still there, deep in financial mysteries. Now the cashier stared out on the rain-washed side of the opposite building and wondered what useless comments he was to hear. Then Mulcahy said quietly:

"You'll hold a meeting of the board of directors as soon as possible and retire me, elect yourself in my place, and make Captain Matthew Simms president of this bank. The bank examiner has been raising Ned about the way

this bank's being run. The Jones matter is only an incident. 'Active directors' is his cry. All right! Let's have some and see what you can do on your fifty thousand dollars capital in Astoria, with the Government forbidding any loan of over five thousand. I quit!"

"Simms?" demanded the cashier with sudden acrimony. "Who's he? Have you sold your stock?"

"I have not," Mulcahy returned. "I'm selling him the president's stock, which was left with me. Captain Simms will show you how to run a business. Four minutes gone! When can you have that meeting?" He looked at the cashier and went on: "You understand, Mr. Mace, that you'll vote your stock with mine?"

"Two shares," Mr. Mace commented bitterly.

"Buy more," Mulcahy commanded him. "As vice president you ought to own at least five thousand dollars' worth of this bank's stock."

"And starve?"

"I get you," Mulcahy said briefly. "Cashier has a salary; vice president has none. All right. Vote the vice president a salary."

He was gone before the cashier could bring to utterance the severe things he had to say, and Mr. Mace contented himself with going out into the main room and informing his assistant that there would be no need for his services after the end of the month. Later he closed his books, put the cash in the safe in the vault, and sallied forth to discover what he could of Captain Simms.

That individual, in full uniform, met him on the street and drew him aside under an awning.

"You are Mr. Mace?" the captain said. "All right, Mr. Mace. Mr. Mulcahy has just pulled me off my ship to be president of your bank. I've always wished to be a banker. I owe Mr. Mulcahy a great deal."

The cashier of the Fourth National liked neatness. He was glad to witness Captain Simms' well-groomed appearance, but he hated to stand under a leaky awning that flapped dismally overhead with little discharges of mist.

"I'm sure I'm glad to make your better acquaintance, captain," he said. "But as to your owing Mr. Mulcahy a great deal I'm not so sure. A bank is a heavy responsibility, you know."

"I'll have to step easily till I get my office legs," was the answer. "You're closed, of course? In my experience banks do close early. I fancy to-morrow will have to do."

"You're not in the bank yet, sir," the cashier reminded him.

"Mr. Mulcahy just told me I was president."

"Mr. Mulcahy," Mr. Mace said firmly, "is only one of the directors of the Fourth National. There must be a meeting, a transfer of stock, and all kinds of formalities. Probably a week or ten days—possibly longer."

Captain Simms drew the cashier still farther under the awning. In his most equable voice he said:

"Mr. Mulcahy took me off the Wolverine not an hour ago and told me I was to be president of the Fourth National, and that I was to take hold—I quote his words, sir—'take hold of the institution.' You are mistaken about its being a week or ten days. Though I'm unused to banking—not a business man at all, sir—I am sure that Mr. Mulcahy wouldn't have removed me from the bridge of a vessel about to sail, promoted my chief officer, and insisted on my stopping ashore immediately, if he hadn't intended that I should take charge immediately; in fact, he told me there wasn't an officer of the bank in Astoria. I judge that a bank, like a ship, cannot sail without a commander. Am I right?"

Now the cashier had been trained in a branch of a British bank, situated in the upper fastnesses of the Northwest Territory, and his most envied character in history was the manager of this branch, who had been lord paramount, dictator and social authority over a tract of some ten thousand square miles. Mr. Mace had first adapted himself to the restricted routine of an American small-town bank, then lost his youthful enthusiasm and resigned himself forever, as he supposed, to being a mere automaton. Now he forgot the whipping awning and peered into Captain Simms' ruddy, wholesome face. He had not been trained for naught; he discerned the resolution, the steadiness, the integrity of the man in uniform before him.

Mulcahy, he thought, was a hard man, a moneymaker and a tyrant; but he had never been known to warm up to anybody who hadn't the strongest claims on his esteem and respect. Mr. Mace vaguely recalled that sea captains had been known to be wealthy. It was incredible that Mulcahy should so abruptly resign his own position in the bank and place this man at the head of the institution unless Captain Simms was a power to be reckoned with. Then the thought came to him: "And I'm vice president!"

"In such a case I imagine the formalities can be dispensed with for a while," he said. "There are formalities but we can hurry 'em up."

"Good!" Captain Simms said. "My family live in Oakland. I think I had better get settled in the business before making arrangements to bring my wife and girl to Astoria. Now we'll go to the bank."

It was eight o'clock that evening when Mr. Mace looked at the huge walnut-cased clock, which directed the opening and closing of the Fourth National, and said:

"You see, we are in a pretty good position. Very few banks with our capital have such deposits."

"Six hundred thousand is a pretty fair sum," Captain Simms acknowledged. "It's almost as much as the other banks combined. But I notice that loans and discounts are less than half they would be if we loaned in proportion to our cash, as the other banks do. Now ——"

For ten minutes Mr. Mace declaimed on the iniquity of lending hither and yon.

"I'll warrant you people don't take much stock in banks that loan up to the limit when it comes to putting their money in a safe place. Look at our deposits!"

Simms leaned back against the great desk that ran down the center of the long banking room and shook his head.

"A good many people of all kinds travel with a skipper," he said modestly—"bankers among 'em. I've often talked with men high up in banks and figured a little myself. It's the loans that bring in the money. Now ten thousand loaned to a good hustling fellow in one lump is a piece of business that pays. Five thousand with another chap who'll spend the coin right here in town will beat lending a dozen little jags of money to pull dead horses across the road. And what I'd like to see is this bank making loans of fifty thousand dollars at good interest where the returns would be big. Fifty thousand out at ten per cent wouldn't be missed out of our six hundred thousand and it would bring us in five thousand a year without any trouble. See?"

Mr. Mace fairly trembled, suddenly inspired with a terrific hatred for this fellow, who assumed to know his way where experienced men feared to set foot. But he managed to restrain himself. A wicked plot was forming in his mind.

"And what if you lost it—the fifty thousand?" he murmured.

"Won't lose it!" Captain Simms said firmly.

"But Mr. Mulcahy lost eleven hundred just the other day," the cashier said, fairly biting into the captain's placid countenance with his eyes.

"Eleven hundred! Out of this bank?" Simms said sharply. "How?"

Mr. Mace explained with apparent regret but genuine gusto. His auditor listened quietly to the end and demanded to see the note. With this in his capable hand, he studied the figures and the signature.

"Due in ninety days," he remarked. "That's some time yet. How do you know this man Jones isn't going to pay us?"

The cashier related the circumstances of the repayment of the former loan by a presumably worthless draft and the evasion of the debtor to China immediately on receiving the money for the new note.

"China?" Captain Simms repeated briefly.

"China," Mr. Mace said positively. "He went down to San Francisco and sailed for the Orient. What if it had been for fifty thousand dollars?"

"I'd have got it," was the easy response. "Where's the telephone?"

"Hush!" said Mr. Mace, starting forward in alarm. "Don't tell the police—don't shake confidence in the bank. We never tell such matters to the public."

"Tell the police?" repeated Simms with a smile, taking down the trumpet. "Never fear, my lad!"

A moment later the cashier was listening to such a conversation as he had never heard before. It began with a query for the wireless station and then went on:

"This is Captain Simms, of the Wolverine. Yes; her call is WV. I wish you'd get the Mandarin, at sea, bound from Honolulu to Hongkong, and tell Captain Forsythe that he has a passenger named Jones who owes my bank twenty-two hundred dollars and interest for four months at nine per cent. We want that money, son. You'll see to it? Good!"

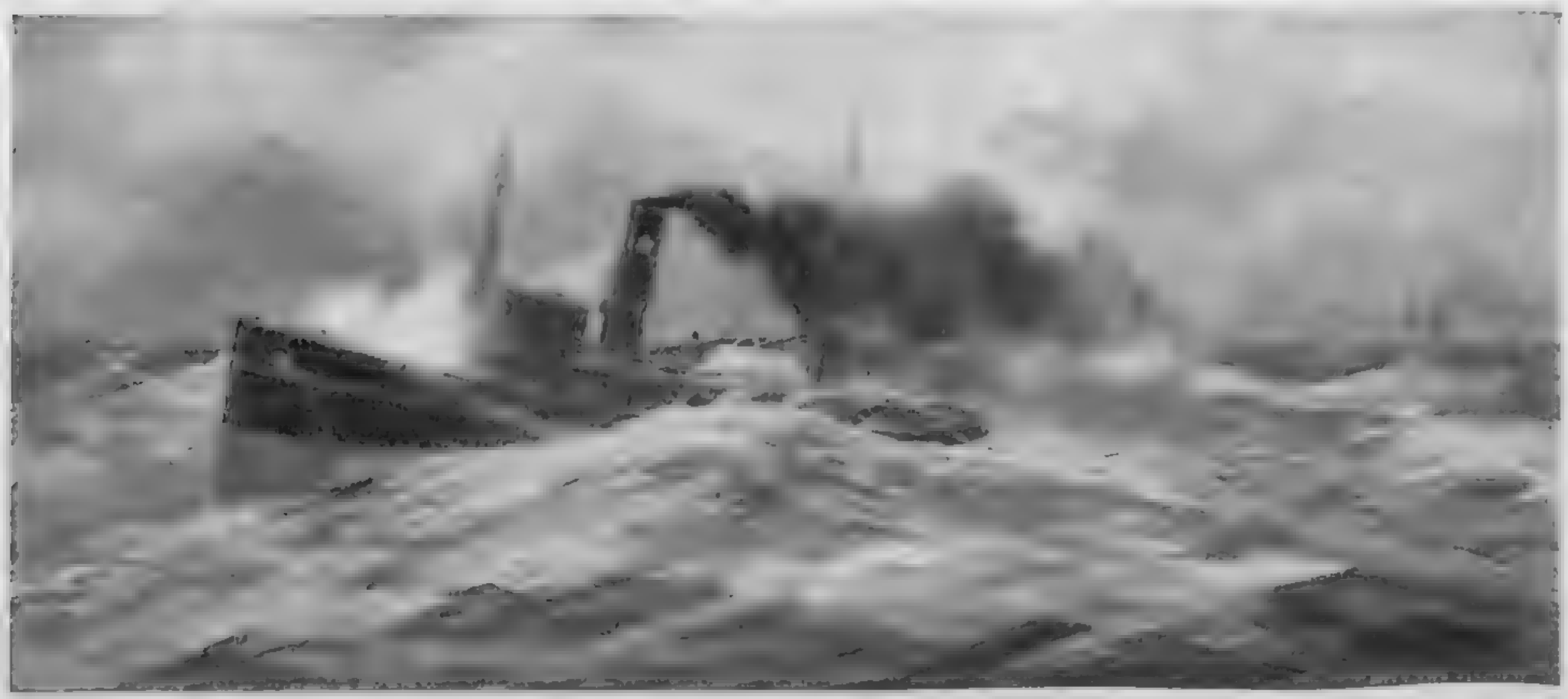
Having carefully replaced the receiver on its hook, Captain Simms said mildly:

"Forsythe will see to that! So quit worrying."

Mr. Mace presently went home fully convinced that the new president-to-be of the Fourth National was a grossly ignorant man, with a tendency to dementia. To his wife, who seemed to him to have lost sight of the gravamen of affairs in being the lady of a bank vice president, he stated that a very few days would bring Simms down from his lofty perch.

"And we'll be lucky if the bank pulls through at all!" he concluded.

Later Mrs. Mace loyally assented to her husband's opinion that the step from vice presidency to presidency of the



The Fearless Had Passed the Lightship and Vanished Into the Storm That Was Raging From Cape Plattery to Cape Blanco

"Why, You Miserable Creature, That Loan Was a Joke!"

Fourth National should be taken quickly, for the sake of the innocent depositors and stockholders of the bank.

The next morning Captain Simms, dressed in sober civilian garb, presented himself at the rear door of the bank exactly at eight o'clock, stepped past the unenlightened office boy, hung his hat, topcoat and umbrella on a hook in the closet heretofore sacred to the great Mulcahy, and then demanded the presence of Mr. Mace.

The assistant cashier came in to expostulate, stating that the bank did not open till nine o'clock and that Mr. Mace would not be down till half after eight.

"I'm the new president of the bank," Simms said pleasantly. "Who are you?"

"I was assistant cashier," the young man said tartly. "You fired me yesterday!"

"Nothing of the kind," the captain said quietly. "Mr. Mulcahy said yesterday that you were to be cashier. Can you arrange your bond to-day?"

"Bond? Why, I'm not—I don't believe anybody is bonded here," was the reply.

"Not Mr. Mace?" came the quick demand.

Satisfied as to the facts, Captain Simms devoted five minutes to the instruction of the new cashier in the requisites for his promotion and ended by saying simply:

"My pursers were always under bond. It simplifies matters."

To Mr. Mace himself he enlarged on this and made it perfectly plain that he expected that gentleman, in consideration of his salary as vice president, to supply sureties in the sum of six hundred thousand dollars. To amazed, angry and petulant expostulation, he repeated his brief ultimatum:

"Give a bond or quit!"

When the injured official finally suggested that Captain Simms was impugning his stainless honor, Simms carefully disclaimed any such intent; and when the argument was then advanced that the expense of supplying such a bond was prohibitive, he mildly said that, as no salary had been fixed, he would consider this expense when the time came to make the new salary list. He added:

"After the director's meeting this afternoon."

Here Mr. Mace was on firm ground, and with great pleasure he explained laws and by-laws that made imperative a called meeting of the bank's stockholders, with plenty of time given, and left no doubt in Captain Simms' mind that if all the legalities were to be conserved it would be not less than a month before the changes could be made. He took out a small notebook, and after figuring a little said:

"I see that Mr. Mulcahy and I own four-fifths of the stock of this bank. I guess no stockholder is going to kick if I take charge right away. Fix it!"

And Mr. Mace did—not unwillingly, but with a secret chuckling pleasure, due to the fact that he knew the bank examiner would return before very long and discover irregularities which would lead to an explosion. Mr. Mace, not ordinarily a plotter, would see to it that the examiner had ample cause for his official censure.

In his various conversations with Simms the cashier had found that his new superior was entirely ignorant of the chief of the cast-iron rules which the Government imposes on its national banks. That rule once broken beyond repair, Mr. Mace was satisfied that the control of the Fourth National would be placed in the safe hands of an experienced banker—himself. With Mulcahy out of the way and his administration marked by the Jones loan, and Captain Simms forever damned by the still more terrible breach of a Federal statute, who could doubt that a distracted board of directors would turn to Mace?

Yet the cashier was to have a tremendous shock that very day and a warning of the efficiency of Captain Simms' methods, novel and unprecedented as they were. The new president came into the cashier's apartment after luncheon and asked abruptly:

"What's the interest on that Jones note to maturity?"

For the moment Mr. Mace was nonplused. Recovering himself, he extracted the valueless paper from a bill book and flipped it over to the captain.

"Twenty-two dollars," he snapped. "If we charge the whole thing off to-day we'll save profit-and-loss twenty dollars."

Captain Simms picked up the note and folded it and put it in his wallet.

"Hey!" said the startled cashier. "You can't do that. That's bank property—worth eleven hundred on the books."

"The note's paid, with interest," the captain responded, quite undisturbed. "Of course we'll let Jones have his note now. Has that draft come back yet?"

"Notice came to-day that it was paid, all right," Mace acknowledged; "but I'd like to see that eleven hundred—I would."

Simms laid a large yellow oblong of paper before the cashier, who read as follows:

CAPTAIN MATTHEW SIMMS,
Comm'r S.S. Wolverine,
ASTORIA, Oregon.

Have twenty-two hundred Jones' cash in purser's safe. Jones sore. What's the rumpus about? Tell me what to do further.
FORSYTHE.

"That's an aërogram," Simms explained.

Mr. Mace collected himself, thought of what he wished to say, and said it consecutively:

"Wireless is all right. How did you know Jones was on that steamer? And by what authority does this captain seize Jones' money and hold it for you? And how did he know Jones was on board? How did he see through Jones' assumed name?"

Captain Simms seemed to feel compassionate before such simplicity and laboriously explained:

"You said this fellow Jones had left for Hongkong. The Mandarin is the only steamer that's sailed in a month. Forsythe is an old shipmate and friend of mine. A master of a ship doesn't need any authority for taking possession of stolen money. A man whose name is Jones would be an ass to change it if he wanted to be anonymous. This man is no fool. I'll wire Forsythe to keep eleven hundred and twenty-two dollars and remit, per draft, from Hongkong at current exchange. If we mail the canceled note to-day it'll go via Victoria day after to-morrow, and Jones will be all right. Eh?"

"But—maybe it's another Jones!" Mr. Mace said desperately.

"In any case we're protected," was the unmoved reply.

On the tenth day from the date of his last inspection Mr. Mandico turned up at the rear door of the Fourth National of Astoria promptly at eight o'clock, and was welcomed by Mr. Mace, who volubly explained the change in the bank's personnel.

"Though I'm vice president," he told him, "I will be frank and say that I simply do not approve of many things which have been done. The cashier is not my choice. I tried to make something of the young man when he was my assistant, but he seems to feel that he is no longer responsible to me. A difficult position, Mr. Mandico! But I feel a duty to the local people who have intrusted their funds to us."

The examiner nodded and vanished within the vault. In an hour he emerged, compared his figures with those in the books of the bank, and briefly gave permission to start the day's business.

"Cash is correct," he said. "Now let's go over your paper."

Five minutes later he looked up.

"Where's that Jones note?"

Mr. Mace shook his head and related the history of that transaction up to the time when he had forced Captain Simms to make the account good—"pending his expected remittance from this Forsythe"—by a personal deposit of eleven hundred dollars.

Mr. Mandico's reception of this news was disappointing, but Mr. Mace restrained his growing indignation. He felt that he could wait in view of the inevitable crash which must come within a very few minutes. He turned his head away and chuckled when he saw the examiner pick up a note, peer at the amount and the signature, study the back of it carefully, and then get off his stool and make his way into the inside office, where Captain Simms kept due state. Had he dared he would have followed Mr. Mandico in.

That official closed the door after himself and took a seat opposite Captain Simms, who smiled pleasantly and said:

"All going well?"

"Here's a note—a personal note!—for forty thousand dollars, Mr. Simms. Without any indorsement and unsecured. Signed by Mr. Mulcahy." Mr. Mandico paused, coughed and continued: "You know about it?"

"I made the loan myself," the captain replied. "See the rate of interest? The judge is paying us ten per cent. And I know for a fact that he never paid over seven in his life."

The examiner hesitated.

"Yes; I see. May I ask—I should like to know just how this note was made, and how the money was—er—advanced."

"Cash over the counter, sir," was the prompt reply. "Mr. Mulcahy came in, said he was short and needed some coin. 'Ten per cent,' says I. 'Oh!' says he. 'And how much can I have?'

"'Your credit is good, as I know, for a million,' I told him.

"'I'll have forty thousand,' he told me. He has it."

"To-day?" the examiner asked quietly.

Captain Simms caught the tone and leaned forward.

"To-day? The note is made for ninety days. What's the matter with it?"

Very briefly Mr. Mandico informed the captain of the law that prohibits the officers of a national bank from loaning any sum to a single borrower in excess of a certain percentage of its capital, of the enormity of lending to a director, and wound up by saying:

"This note must be paid immediately. This amount must be made good to this bank. I can give you till to-morrow to do it."

Simms studied the face of the man before him a little and then looked down at the great table, which represented his own new and cherished place. He slightly altered the position of the frame that held the photographs of his wife and daughter.

"Against the law, is it? I must make good by to-morrow?" (Continued on Page 62)

"Mr. Mulcahy Took Me Off the Wolverine Not an Hour Ago and Told Me I Was to be President of the Fourth National"

A LIFE JOB—By Maude Radford Warren

IF ALL the Simon-pure parasites in the world were set up in a row it would be hard for the critical eye to find one who was not pretty. And, looking at them, it would be hard for the critical eye to remain critical; under the stunning bombardment of so much loveliness it would be only human to believe that surely the inside character must correspond to the outward graces. If all these beautiful bloodsuckers were classified, part would be found to have brains which they used; part, merely cunning which they used; and part, brains which they did not use for fear the use would awaken a happily slumbering conscience.

There are some homes—or, rather, houses—presided over by parasites where the amount spent does not matter to the head of the family; but in many others undue expense means worry and added strain to the man who must find the money. In most of these houses there comes, once a month, an evening when husband sits down to a dinner composed of all his favorite dishes, while wife wears the frock he likes most and aims assiduously to reproduce the best allure of the honeymoon; for this is the occasion when he looks over the bills to find that she has exceeded her household allowance. Because she has no sensible excuse for the excess expenditure, she uses the two best devices of the parasite or the toy. The manners of a real helpmate, she instinctively understands, would not be in place, for she cannot really explain or defend. Some men do not see through the devices at all; some see through them without resentment; and some see through them with resentment.

When Irene Ridgely met John, her husband, on the fifth of the month, in the old blue gown she had worn the day he proposed to her, he knew perfectly well what was coming, even before she set him down to a meal of beefsteak, fried onions, Brussels sprouts, grapefruit salad and lemon pie—food that Irene usually despised as plebeian; for it was the sixth time in the seven months they had been married when she had so set her stage—except that this was the first time she had resurrected the blue gown.

Ridgely had met his wife in a way that he thought was casual—at a dinner dance. But it was not casual, having been supervised by Irene's canny Aunt Sara. The girl's parents had died when she was in her early teens, leaving only a few thousand. She had been put under the guardianship of Aunt Sara, who thought that the only market for a pretty girl was marriage—not necessarily success in marriage. She had spent all Irene's money in sending her to a fashionable school, where the educational emphasis was put, subtly enough, on such subjects and accomplishments as would make the most of charm and femininity. Irene could sing to her own accompaniment. She could dance and ride and play tennis well; she was a good bridge player and an excellent purveyor of small talk.

The aunt, looking upon her and finding her good, as it were, ran no risk of throwing her with ineligibles. She never allowed Irene to go to any place where she would be likely to meet a man without a good income; nor did she permit her to know any girls who would be likely to bring forward penniless friends. Moreover, when she spoke of men without money it was with a gentle sweetness—as of people for whom she must feel sorry, but who couldn't possibly count in one's world. Unconsciously, then, Irene looked upon poor men much as she looked upon girls who worked for a living.

In a sense Ridgely did not belong to the world of Irene's aunt; and then in another sense he did—just as any man with money, or the power to get it, would; for it is money that buys the parasite, and the source of that money, or the origin and character of the human instrument who purveys it, is inconsequential.

Ridgely came of nice people; but family exigencies threw him upon his own resources while he was still a freshman in college. Even in the modern college, where there is often little enough inducement for a boy really to use his brains, Ridgely had exercised his tendency to think. In the world outside, when he began as an insurance writer, he made up his mind that ninety-five per cent of the men in the world are led. He meant to be of the five per cent who lead, because he believed anything else to be a sign of failure. He liked to work in states where the conditions were hard and where all sorts of difficulties had to be met difficulties that he would have to settle himself, because there would not be time to refer to the home office.

Thus he sharpened his mind. He forged ahead and at a little past thirty found himself the manager of the Western office of his firm, with a salary of ten thousand a year, and half as much more coming from capital he had acquired through shrewd investments.

He had worked too hard to spend much time in the society of girls. He supposed they had their failings, like men. He knew that the competent woman who was his private secretary frequently had her troubles in quelling the "nerves" of the office girls, he had a business associate whose wife was driving him toward bankruptcy. But Ridgely's mother had had all the virtues—gentleness, consideration, a sense of economy and a keen logical power. He thought that the girl he should finally love must be like his mother. But, until he met Irene, no girl had touched his heart; each one he had met had been to him merely a feminine creature, dark or fair, pretty or plain, stupid or clever—some one who would have no special place in his life, and therefore did not require to be analyzed and labeled.

At thirty-two he had felt the need for a little change and gayety and had begun to accept the invitations of some of his mother's old friends. Thus he had met Irene—accidentally as he thought, but in reality his eligibility had been carefully canvassed by Aunt Sara. She had admitted him among a number of much richer men, because she thought he had it in him ultimately to give Irene a better place in the world than any of her other suitors. There was another virtue, too, that a selfmade man had over one who had merely inherited: what he had could not be easily taken from him.

From the first Ridgely liked Irene because her talk was attractive and because they danced well together. Before he knew it he was half in love with her, and he wrapped illusion about her like a rainbow mist. Irene accepted him because she loved him. It did not occur to her that she would never have been allowed to love him if her aunt had not been satisfied with his income. Neither could it have occurred to her that anyone without money would have thought of proposing to her. She assumed that she and he had come together because they never could have loved other people, and she expected complete happiness. She was the type of parasite with brains which she did not use; the following of a self-preserving instinct had, so far, secured for her all she needed. Very definitely, albeit unconsciously, she put herself and her wants first, her habit of indirection and her real warm-heartedness keeping her unaware of her limitations.

When they had begun housekeeping Ridgely had made her an allowance of five hundred dollars a month for food, service and clothes. At the end of the first month she told him, very prettily, that she hoped her big boy would not be angry, but somehow the naughty bills had run away from her and she had spent two hundred dollars more than her allowance. Her big boy, still blinded by the honeymoon mists, was not angry. He asked how she had happened to run over. Irene replied vaguely that there were "things" to get, and she invented a new little loveword for him. Under the spell of that he had assumed that "things" meant household furnishings he had neglected to count upon.

The second month the same thing happened. Ridgely became a little thoughtful. Then, with the notion of adapting an office scheme to his household, he proposed to start Irene with a bank account of her own. He said he would give her five hundred dollars, and whatever she might save out of her housekeeping allowance she could add to that, and pretty soon she'd be buying bonds. Irene agreed gleefully. It was her habit to agree to everything and then do precisely as she pleased. There was no excess expenditure at the end of the third month. Ridgely was delighted; but when he asked Irene whether she had been able to add to her bank account she managed to avoid answering.

At the end of the fourth month she was a few dollars in debt, and Ridgely, the honeymoon mists rather dispersed now, asked to see the bills. From an examination of them he gathered that she had spent all her bank account in paying the excess expenditures of two months. Irene had said naïvely she had supposed that was what the bank account was for, and had thought her half-feigned ignorance rather charming. Ridgely was not charmed; he explained in words of one syllable that a savings account was for the purpose of saving and not of spending.

Irene promised to do better; but he saw uneasily that she was really surprised that he wanted her to explain how the money had gone, and at the same time confident that she could coax away his expectations. Her view, he took it, was that it was a man's duty to pay all the bills his wife contracted, because he loved her. If he did not have enough money, then it was his business to make more, as other men did. In this he saw the teaching of Aunt Sara.

He talked to her about schemes of economy as they were handled in the insurance office of which he was the manager, with the idea that she might adapt them to her home. Irene listened with a wise expression on her face, and Ridgely, who knew she had a good brain, thought she really heard what he said. The next month she disarmed him, before she presented the bills, by saying that she had had to run into debt to buy some clothes, and that she was sorry she had not had enough money to buy a sufficient trousseau. Indeed, she wished she had been an heiress, so that she need never trouble her dear John about money. Ridgely felt that it would be ungenerous to speak about her extravagance till the next month.

Now it was the settling day of the next month, and he sat opposite her, listening to her pretty little table monologue with the pleasant guarded smile he was accustomed to wear in conversation with some business associate to whom he did not care to reveal his real mind. It was only when Irene wanted to get something that she made a monologue; on other occasions she did not want to do all the work herself and she insisted on interchange of talk.

Occasionally, as he ate, Ridgely flashed a speculative glance at her, but she was so intent on her own game that she did not get the connotation of his look. She was very alluring, with her creamy arms gleaming through her blue filmy sleeves, and her shining brown eyes and full red lips flashing provocative smiles at him. He reflected, quite without cynicism or bitterness, that a year ago, just because she had looked so beautiful and managed her social relations so deftly, and talked so entertainingly to him, and in general wound herself so irrevocably into his heart—that then he had taken it for granted she had ready for their life partnership all the sound qualities he expected of a competent office assistant—grasp, common sense, economy and perseverance.

"It isn't her fault that I thought so," he mused, determined to be just; "and part of her failure is due to her bad training. But it will be her fault and mine if she doesn't make good now."

He would not have had her lovely face and charming ways changed, but he wondered whether they were not a disadvantage to her as a homemaker; wondered whether a woman with less beauty and charm would not have had to make up for her deficiencies by the exercise of her practical qualities.

"Somebody doesn't see the dress I have on," pouted Irene.

"Yes, dear; I do," he said quietly.

It did not argue well for Irene's peace of mind that what he thought was:

"It must be something pretty steep this time or she'd never have put on a dress a whole year old."

He wondered that she could live by the day so utterly as she did. The blue gown was a special weapon of attack; she could not have anything beyond that. How did she expect to get the better of him the next month? He did not realize that it is not in the nature of the parasite to have much sense of the future.

"My big boy is frowning," chirped Irene. "Doesn't him like his dinner?"

"Some grand feed!" said Ridgely sincerely.

"It ought to be, for I've a new cook."

"Had a row with the old one?"

"No; but she burned the soup always and always, and that won't do if one is having guests to dinner. Besides that, she didn't make good bread, and I hate baker's bread; and you know she had no sense of time."

"So she wasn't on to her job?" queried Ridgely.

"No; and so, of course, I discharged her."

"Maybe she can get a life job," said Ridgely in a peculiar tone.

"A life job?" questioned Irene uncertainly.

"Get married."

"Oh!" Irene laughed merrily. "Well, maybe she will; and then if her husband truly loves her he will put up with her little ways, and not mind the burnt soup."

Irene led the way to the living room, where she leaned her head against Ridgely's shoulder.

"I'm afraid my bad boy is going to scold," she said.

"Which means that the allowance is overdrawn?"

She nodded, handed him a pile of bills, and sat humbly on a little stool at his feet, with her eyes fixed anxiously on his. It was a charming helpless attitude, the one she had assumed the first time Ridgely had gone over the bills. It was a very becoming posture, but it had ceased to have any emotional effect on Ridgely.

One by one he scanned the bills and added their sum total. It came to five hundred and fifty dollars. As he looked down at her she added:

"And there's a hundred dollars I haven't put down there, for—for bridge debts, and charities, and—and such sundries."

Repressing a smile at the way she lumped her gambling and her charities together, and guessing pretty shrewdly that very little had gone to charity, Ridgely said gravely:

"In the six months we have been keeping house you have overrun your allowance twelve hundred dollars."

"So much?" she murmured. Then she added roguishly: "But my big boy can make plenty of money."

"That isn't the point," returned Ridgely. "I have explained to you my theories of saving. I am afraid you haven't tried hard enough, Irene."

"But I never could learn to save," she said with a pretty little gesture.

"When you lived with your aunt you did not begin to spend proportionately so much as you do now," he said.

"Well, but I didn't have a husband. Anyway, John, Aunt Sara was always telling me there wasn't much left."

"That proves you can do it if you think there is necessity. Why don't you believe me when I tell you there is necessity?"

He did not relax to her coaxing hand.

"You've had a futile education," he went on, "since your aunt took you; but before that you'd graduated from high school and your mind must have been working on something since. Now I take boys and young men into my office who have had no more than a high-school education. In six months, unless they are made of cement from the ears up, they've kept their eyes open; and with my help they've either made something of themselves or else I discharged them."

"Oh, if you're going to compare me with an office boy ——" pouted Irene.

A lack of logic is one of the parasite's chief weapons if she can render it convincing through her charm. The man she feeds on likes it, because she is his, and because she makes him feel superior. Then, unconsciously generalizing from her whom he protects, he argues against suffrage for women, thereby injuring hard-working and sensible women who need suffrage and who can use logic. Ridgely refused to be diverted.

"The young men in my office make good," he repeated, "or else I discharge them as you discharged the cook."

Irene changed her tactics, assuming a humorous pose.

"But you can't discharge me, you know," she said, her eyes dancing; "for I'm your wife. I've got that life job you were speaking of."

Ridgely looked at her steadily for two or three minutes. Irene fidgeted; he was so plainly not seeing her.

"I don't see why I shouldn't discharge you, as a business partner," he said slowly, "if you can't make good on the financial end of our partnership. It's a very important one. For ten dollars a week and her board I could hire a woman to run this house and be my business partner; I could do that if you care to bring yourself to such humiliation. From the look of these bills I'm sure the servants do the ordering—and doubtless make presents of our food to all their friends. I'm sure it can't cost us two, and three servants, all this comes to. I really don't see why we need three servants. I don't know what you do with your time and your brains; but you don't use either your head or your hands on our home."

Irene's face flushed. She bit her lips. Then with eager tenderness she put her arms about him. Gently Ridgely evaded the caress.

It Could Not Have Occurred to Her That Anyone Without Money Would Have Thought of Proposing to Her

"Don't do that," he said. "I want to think. We are in a serious situation, Irene. It has got to change."

Irene tried the most potent device of the parasite—tears.

Ridgely was distressed but firm.

"It won't do, Irene," he said. "You've got to learn to help me if you want to keep my respect. I feel as if I should always love you; and yet, up to now, any affection I have ever felt for anyone has had to be founded on respect."

Irene flashed her eyes angrily. "If I am such a failure in your eyes, why did you marry me?" she asked.

"You know the answer," Ridgely replied. "You also know that when you were married to me you undertook certain obligations."

"Aunt Sara says you could afford a thousand a month," Irene stormed.

Ridgely resented the interference of "in-laws" exactly as much as any man does. His irritation only strengthened his determination.

"Your aunt," he said coldly, "seems pretty well posted on my affairs. She's not, however, posted on how I propose to have my money spent. I make it; and so long as I allow enough to have us comfortable I have the right to say how much shall be spent. Yours is the duty of spending it so as to get the most out of it."

"I haven't bought one thing we didn't need. I can't help it, can I, if things cost a lot?"

Here was a lack of logic that had nothing in it of allure.

"Listen to me, Irene," Ridgely said sternly. "What do you think you do for me in return for my love and support?"

"I love you," she said indignantly—"or I have. I pick good servants, capable of buying and cooking nourishing food. I take care of my good looks and I dress well, so that you can be proud of me. I see that we keep up our circle of friends—in other words, I do for you socially what you do for me in the business world."

"Get that out of your head," Ridgely said. "I don't care a hang about your social circle—and especially Aunt Sara's end of it. I want a pleasant home, efficiently run. I've been patient with you for six months, because you haven't had any training. You've only been trained to charm. But my fundamental expectation of my wife is that if I should put her in two rooms and ask her to make us comfortable on fifty dollars a month, she ought to do it. Equally she ought to do it in fourteen rooms with five hundred dollars a month."

"But you know you've got plenty of money, so that I oughtn't to have to think ——" she began.

"I'd be risking our happiness," he said, "if I didn't see that you do begin to think. Now I'm going to give you a last chance. There's a School of Domestic Art and Science on Michigan Avenue. Go down there and register for a course in marketing and cooking. One of our department managers is sending his daughter there, and I know it's a good school. I don't ask for more, in one month, than just a certain measure of improvement."

"And if I refuse to go?" cried Irene.

Ridgely's face took on a look that she had never seen.

"You won't refuse!" he said.

He left the room, and she heard him taking his hat and coat; then she heard the front door close. She went to her room, angry, sobbing, hurt, bewildered. Like all parasites, she had supposed that she could always manage her man by means of her fascinations. Also, she was his wife; she fell back on duty, the law, religion. Even if John was dissatisfied with her, didn't love her as he had, he had married her, and it was his duty before God and men to cherish her.

Irene spent the next two hours alternately raging and weeping. Some little prudent voice deep in her consciousness warned her that she had better be sensible, better try to think, as John had bidden her. It was to down this voice that she raged and wept. She didn't want to think, because she feared that exertion for herself would follow. What she wanted to do was conquer John and have things run along in the old carefree way—carefree to her. The only weapon she had for conquering John was herself, her charms. So she revolved in a profitless circle.

When John let himself into the house at midnight she was asleep in her armchair. For a long time he studied her face, anxiously, lovingly. So beautiful it was, but her conduct had made him question her character; he studied her sleeping face for signs of weakness, of incompetence. He did not find them; that stern little chin, that broad brow and that firm-cornered mouth meant force, if Irene cared to use it. Afraid of the passion of tenderness that surged over him, he went softly to his own room and locked the door behind him.

Irene heard the key turn in the lock; she saw the light under the door. She tapped; she called him softly, longingly. When he did not reply she went back to her own room, and the tears she now shed had something in them of fear as well as of pain. The next day at breakfast she was wistful and languid. John was pleasant, but somehow unapproachable. She realized that he didn't mean her to reopen their discussion—if it could be so called—of the night before. When John kissed her good-by he said:

"I've written down the address of that School of Domestic Art and Science for you. It's under the blotter on my desk."

Irene had an engagement that morning with her hairdresser, but afterward she went to the school and asked, in a half-hearted way, what courses were given. A vigorous young registrar took her in hand, plumbed her colossal ignorance and lack of interest, decided that she should and could devote every morning to work, and registered her for a practical course in marketing and cooking and food values and a semipractical course in household management. She was to begin work the next morning; and she was warned that, as she was starting a little after the term had begun, she would be rather at a disadvantage, but could soon catch up if she tried hard.

When Irene returned home, depressed and rebellious, she found Ridgely packing. He had been hastily summoned to New York and he expected to be gone a fortnight. It was their first parting, and in the stress of it both forgot resentment and disappointment. They only knew that they loved each other and that infinite days of absence faced them.

The next morning Irene had an appointment with her tailor; but she put it off, determined to go to school and learn whatever her John wanted her to learn. From the first instant she felt miserably at sea. It was four years since she had even pretended to study, and when she was in the habit of it, she remembered, she had always found it hard to begin a new term. Now she had joined a class some ten days behind her fellow students; and all those students were strangers, and strangers whose clothes did not attract her and whose faces were too serious. In neither class did she get at all in touch with the subject.

The next morning an imperative dressmaker summoned her, and the morning after that she had an appointment with the dentist, which he found it inconvenient to change. Then came Saturday and Sunday. On Monday morning Aunt Sara was ill and sent for her, and on Tuesday she had a headache. Thus it was a week before she went back to school. For two or three days she struggled with her

classes, hopelessly at sea. Then some of her intimate friends started a morning reading class, which she wanted to attend. A series of morning musicales was organized by another circle, to which she some day hoped to belong, and so she must hear their music. That left only three days a week for her classes.

Ridgely was still away, detained beyond his expectations. She felt that, if only he was with her, she could make him understand that she had started too late to be able to get anything out of the school. Perhaps another term —— Besides, his letters were so adoring, so full of longing, that she was sure she could make him think precisely as she did. As to the bills, she knew they would be smaller, for she had told the cook to be more economical. Besides, with John away, there could not be so much food used.

Ridgely came back the first of the month. For a day or two, in the joy of the reunion, nothing was said of practical matters. On the third of the month he told her he should expect to see the bills as usual on the fifth and asked her how she liked the school. She said she was a dull pupil, but that she had done the best she could. When the front door had closed behind him she went slowly to her room, dressed and went to school, where she listened with deaf ears to the lecture on home management and blundered hopelessly in the cooking lesson. After lunch she went over the bills confidently enough; but her confidence dwindled, changed into fear, for, in spite of her husband's absence, which should have affected kitchen and grocery and milk bills, and in spite of her instructions to the cook, the bills were as heavy as ever. She had again exceeded her allowance.

Irene went to bed; she had a slight headache and perturbation increased it. When Ridgely came home he was all sympathy and tenderness. Irene felt tremendously well the next day, but she stayed in bed. By the evening of the fifth, in spite of her nervousness, she was looking radiant. Ridgely sat by her bed and went over the bills. She watched him until he had put the last one down; then she turned her head away from him, her heart beating heavily.

"I can only say I'm sorry. It's the cook's fault. I have given her notice."

There was a moment's tense silence. Then Ridgely said, in a harsh, grating voice she had never heard before:

"I suppose you did nothing more than register at the school?"

"I did go several times," she murmured; "but I started too late. The other students were too far ahead of me, and, of course, the teachers couldn't be expected to hold back the class for me."

"Have you done the ordering this month instead of letting the cook do it? Have you examined the butcher and grocery bills day by day? Have you gone through the ice chest or estimated what the waste was?"

"But John, dear, you didn't tell me to do all that!"

He looked at her speechlessly. Irene reached for his hand.

"Dearest," she murmured, "can't you take me just as I am? Won't my love make up for my deficiencies?"

He drew away his hand.

"I oughtn't to have to tell you what to do in your own house," he said, "any more than you should tell me what to do in my office. You have failed me, Irene, and you have failed in your job."

"Failed you!" she said angrily. "When did I ever fail you? I've never looked at another man but you since we've been married, never thought of one. Failed! You've failed me! I could reproach you for not being so rich as the Browns—but I don't. Why should you reproach me because I haven't the sort of gifts Mrs. Smith has?"

"It isn't a matter of gifts. What you really mean is that you're so pretty that it doesn't matter whether you use your brains or not. What I mean is that any woman with a little brains can learn to be a good housekeeper and a good home-maker. I gave you a chance of a month—and you haven't made good in the slightest degree."

"What are you going to do about it?" cried Irene furiously. "We're married, aren't we? I haven't disgraced you ——"

"I am going to do this," he said quietly: "I told you I was giving you a last chance, putting you on probation. I am going to discharge you."

She looked at him with wide eyes.

"You spoke a few days ago of your life job. You got it because I loved you; you're to keep it, and my love and respect, by learning to be an adequate business partner. This crisis in our lives has determined me to accept the position that has been offered me as Eastern manager of our firm. For some reasons I didn't want to take it; but it will be a chance for you to start over, unhampered by the influence of your Aunt Sara and your time-wasting friends here."

Angry tears sprang into Irene's eyes.

"You treat me as if I were a prisoner, a criminal! What have I done, except spend a little money that you know you can afford?"

"In New York," pursued Ridgely steadily, "we will board—or, rather, you shall board. I have to go abroad for a few weeks and I shall not take you with me. I shall not put you in an expensive hotel, but in a good boarding house. I shall pay your tuition at a Domestic Art and Science School. I shall make you a small allowance for sundries. You will be utterly unhampered by me, your relatives or your friends. It's in you to make good; I give you this one more chance."

"And if I won't?"

"What can you do?"

They looked at each other. Their love had momentarily receded; stripped of any illusion or sentiment, they saw each other starkly, were estimating each other's strength. Ridgely knew that, since he made their money, he had the absolute power. In that moment Irene knew it too; and she also knew that her power over him hereafter depended not upon herself but upon him. Heretofore he had taken what she had to give. Now what he demanded she must develop, or else lose him. She realized this; and yet, her old habit strong, she fell back on emotion.

"You never loved me!" she cried wildly—"never! Never!"

"I do love you; but you've got to earn what I've given you before you're my mate again."

Irene sobbed helplessly. He took her lax fingers in his and kissed them.

"Dearest, help me!" he said. "I'm only working for our self-respect and happiness."

She made no reply and presently he left her. In the morning when he tapped on her door she did not answer.

(Continued on Page 47)

THE TOSTICATED TRIGONS

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

TRIGONOMETRY is a branch of mathematical science that drives Freshmen to drink and enables engineers to cover sheets of paper with abstruse calculations. Professors say it is a supreme discipline for the mind and intricately expound it as such; but, until this date, I doubt that it ever before has functioned as a regulator for a great political party.

That is what we now observe, for the present situation in the Republican party is a triangular one; indeed, it is a tetra-triangular one, with each trigon tossing excitedly amid wild and raucous ballyhoo. The discipline feature of it, not now so apparent, will be discovered later. And these are the trigons:

First. The Triangle of Candidatorial Possibilities: Roosevelt on one side; Hughes on the second; and "some good strong man" on the third.

Second. The Triangle of Manipulation: the Old Guard on the first side; the rank and file of the party on another; and the control of the Chicago Convention completing the figure.

Third. The Triangle of Perturbation: Peace—War—Preparedness.

Fourth. The Triangle of Eventualities: Roosevelt, President of the United States; Root, Secretary of State; Hughes, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

So there we have it—a fascinating geometrical situation; and there are as many ways of figuring out the problems presented as there are figures, almost. Still, the professional political Euclids of the Republican party are sticking rather closely to their well-known and time-tried formulas; and, as they are likely to be most expert, it may be as well to report here how they are attacking the propositions. They haven't finished as I write. I don't know what the results will be. Nor do they. The rank and file won't get to the blackboard until their delegates reach Chicago. They may never get there. Possibly the professional political Euclids will have the solutions ready for demonstration on or about convention time. Possibly not. The interest of the thing centers in the way the various figurers are figuring; and, as that is more or less being done in the dark, it may be opportune to let a few rays of light in on the solvers and salvers who have the various matters in hand.

Did you ever see a Chinese magician with an armful of steel rings, seemingly solid and separate, put those rings together in complicated combinations? Possibly a Chinese magician could put steel triangles together in the same mysterious manner and with the same entangled results. If so, and he used four triangles and intricately merged them, he would hold up to the audience, in his steel triangles thus coalesced, a fair semblance of the Republican situation as I write.

They may remain thus commingled until convention time, or they may not. If they do there will be wild proceedings at Chicago. If they are separated the wild proceedings may come after Chicago. In any event the making and mixing of them is worthy of report as a preliminary to the Chicago Convention, and as a record of the politics of the spring of 1916; and whatever the outcome is, it will be the better understood when the politics played is known.

Politics has been popping in the United States—presidential politics—ever since the first of the year, and at the present time it is beyond the popping stage and is detonating. The entrance of Colonel Roosevelt into the Republican situation started the heavy guns. Before that the firing was of small caliber. When Roosevelt got in the howitzers began to operate, and at this moment the uproar is deafening; and the casualties, which will not be counted until after the Chicago Convention, are likely to be sickening.

I have commented on the recrudescence of The Colonel, and the reasons therefor, and the reception thereof, up to the "Are You Heroic?" proclamation, issued at Port of Spain. The Colonel returned to find that, in part, the persons to whom he addressed his inquiry were as heroic as circumstances and he seemed to demand; but that some of the people, who must necessarily be extremely heroic in order to allow The Colonel to avail himself of what he has in mind—which is the Republican nomination for President—were not a durned bit heroic.

Furthermore, The Colonel discovered that there was a wide and growing sentiment for the nomination of Mr. Justice Hughes, based on the assumption that Mr. Hughes is the only man on whom the Republican party can unite with a prospect of defeating Mr. Wilson; and on the further fact that Mr. Justice Hughes apparently is in the position that, though he is in no sense a candidate for the nomination, he is quite willing to be the nominee.

Obviously, if The Colonel is to succeed in grasping the Republican nomination, no predominant Hughes sentiment must prevail; and there was an immediate plan on his part to make it apparent to the Republicans that The Colonel is their refuge and strength. In other words, it was up to The Colonel to put a muffler on the Hughes boom.

Now, as I have shown, the Old Guard of the Republican party are not at all entranced with the idea of nominating Mr. Hughes, but the Old Guard are willing to nominate Mr. Hughes as a last resort, rather than nominate Mr. Roosevelt. Therefore, it palpably was the strategy of The Colonel to show the Old Guard that, in addition to the support of the producing but erstwhile predacious plutocrats, as evidenced at the Gary dinner, he too—The Colonel—has elements of strength that the Old Guard considered their monopoly. Thus, the Bacon luncheon was arranged; and at that luncheon Mr. Root broke bread with The Colonel for the first time in five long years—Mr. Root, for whom Mr. Roosevelt once said he would crawl on his hands and knees from the White House to the Capitol, if such diverting exhibition by a paunchy President would have the effect of securing for Root a presidential nomination—Mr. Root, who presided at the Chicago Convention, where, as The Colonel has claimed, he was robbed of the nomination in 1912, and where, as he has also claimed, Mr. Root was the jimmy used in the operation.

Well, Mr. Root and The Colonel broke bread; and Robert Bacon was there and some others, including Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, and Major General Leonard Wood, who, aside from The Colonel, was the only man who got anything worth while out of the Spanish War. It was stated that the luncheon concerned preparedness; and so it did—preparedness for the nomination of The Colonel, for it foreshadowed support by Lodge, and by Bacon and Bacon's financial friends, and complaisance by Root.

Have the Old Guard Licked The Colonel?

THE thing resolved itself into this shape after that—not publicly, of course, but really: Lodge and his crowd in Massachusetts are much disturbed over the idea of Governor McCall's being a presidential possibility. Major General Wood was there to give the proper preparedness tinge, he being a military man. The agreement reached was that The Colonel is willing to accept Root as the presidential nominee if it is made apparent to The Colonel that he himself cannot be nominated. The Colonel is willing to take Root, just as he was willing to give Taft to the people. As a candidate before or after the convention—whenever tested—The Colonel can safely be for Root, for he knows that Root cannot be elected. If Root should win at Chicago he would fail in November, in all probability.

Therefore, The Colonel will be in shape to say, "I told you so—you should have taken me," at one time or the other; and 1920 is only four years ahead. Also, if Root should fail at Chicago, provided he is a serious circumstance there, the fact that The Colonel is willing to take Root, as evidenced by the inside of that Bacon luncheon, seems to make it logical that Root's friends, who are powerful producers, should be willing to take The Colonel. Equitable enough, it would seem.

Root has many friends. They want him to get the nomination; but if they cannot get Root they then must, in all fairness, take Roosevelt; and the interior information is that Root is willing to take Roosevelt, also, if he himself cannot win. Furthermore, there was that necessity of beating Hughes. The only way to beat Hughes is to make a combination between Roosevelt and some conservative. Root is very conservative. The Colonel does not want Hughes, because he thinks Hughes will not make the same sort of failure as President that Taft made, and will leave The Colonel out in the cold as a party savior, provided Hughes shall be elected. Consequently The Colonel makes his combination with the conservatives; and, Hughes eliminated and Root impossible, the heir apparent is Roosevelt himself.

The nerve center of the situation is, of course, whatever understanding The Colonel may have with certain of the big Republicans, including the producing plutocrats. That will develop later. The plutocratic Republicans do not want either Hughes or Roosevelt, in reality; but they are almost convinced they must take one or the other. Hence, they are casting about to discover with which one the best terms can be made. They think Roosevelt will be most amenable, and his combination with Root makes that view tenable.

The Colonel is using the big stick on the Old Guard. He will have the Progressive nomination; and with that, if he chooses, he can defeat the regular nominee if he can command anything like the support he had four years ago. Furthermore, it is the opinion of the Roosevelt men that, after the Old Guard get through with the bloody job of defeating Roosevelt in the convention at Chicago, the party will be so demoralized that victory will be impossible. Hence, The Colonel is in a strong position to demand: "Take me!" It is being asserted that if The Colonel is not taken the producing plutocrats will not contribute, and that will have its strong effect on a good many of the Western leaders. Up to this time the chief job of The Colonel has been to make Hughes impossible from a professional viewpoint. He is belaboring the Old Guard to that end.

So far The Colonel has not frightened the Old Guard much. Those stern and rock-bound patriots, at this time—mid-April—vigorously assert that The Colonel cannot be nominated and will not be. It is asserted by those who are responsible for the opposition to Roosevelt—the Old Guard—that about half the delegates to the Chicago Convention are chosen, and that out of those Roosevelt cannot claim more than one hundred. They further claim that when all the delegates are chosen Roosevelt will not have more than two hundred, all told; and it will take a few less than five hundred to nominate.

The conclusions of the Old Guard are based on their careful canvasses of the preferences and records of the delegates already chosen, their long-framed manipulations to get tried-and-true men selected as delegates, and upon the fact that in the primaries yet to be held there are not many chances for Roosevelt to secure delegates, so extensive and perfect have the arrangements and instructions been. Of course The Colonel has taken his name from primary ballots in various states, and the delegates held to be for him are not instructed for him, but so set down because of known preferences and former friendships. If the Old Guard are not fooled they say they have The Colonel beaten.

What remains to be seen at the convention is what effect the present Roosevelt wave, and such succeeding waves as may be started, will have on the delegates already selected and to be selected, and who may be influenced by The Colonel's campaign. The Old Guard say the assaults of The Colonel on their delegate strength will make their delegates firmer in their Old Guard allegiance. They are used to such assaults. They withstood a very formidable one in Chicago in 1912. The facts of that 1912 situation are that at one time the Taft men had only two votes majority over Roosevelt, and they came out with only twenty-one votes of a majority; but they came out with a majority, which is the main point.

The Old Guard, as I write, have it in mind presently to develop and show to the people what they claim is the Roosevelt weakness, in both party and candidate strength. The Old Guard hold firmly to the belief that The Colonel is trying to kill off Hughes, thinking Hughes is the only man to be feared by him, and uncombinable. The Wilson people hope that The Colonel will take the Progressive nomination and, if he does not get the Republican nomination, will make a fight similar to that in 1912. The Wilson people do well to hope this, for Mr. Wilson is a minority President, and the combined vote of Taft and Roosevelt was about thirteen hundred thousand more than the Wilson vote. However, it is not expected that The Colonel will run independently, because he already is in political partnership with so many old-line Republicans, and because the primary showings of the Progressives are very small.

The Hughes side of the triangle is the perplexing side. A great many Republicans, who, whether they like Hughes or not, think that, because of the wide prevalence of the Hughes fetish, he is the only man who can hope to win against Wilson, are willing to be for him for the sake of party success. As will be seen farther along in this article, there is much Hughes sentiment in the country among the Republican voters. It is held by some people that Justice Hughes cannot take the nomination unless it comes to him almost unanimously; and it is expected that sufficient opposition can always be mustered to make that impossible—provided, of course, the Old Guard, as a last resort, and as the only way to beat Roosevelt, do not unite on Hughes as their saving instrument. The Old Guard may do just that.

The Triangle of Perturbation

THE Old Guard have their work cut out for them; for it will be extremely difficult to whip Roosevelt and Hughes at the same time, and they have no predominating Republican to offer as a substitute. However, if between mid-April and mid-May the Old Guard can accomplish the destruction of Roosevelt, they will have three or four weeks to demolish Hughes. The Hughes demolishment will be most difficult. A good many of the strong men in the Republican states are convinced they can win with Hughes. They want to begin now. These must be held in check, and that will not be so easy. And Mr. Justice Hughes is standing pat and saying nothing.

The Democrats are very eager for Roosevelt as an antagonist. They are all for Roosevelt. The Democrats think there will be enough Republicans—Taft men of 1912—remaining angry at The Colonel for having, as they say, wrecked the party, who will vote for Wilson rather than vote for Roosevelt, to elect Wilson, despite the numerical predominance of the united Republican party over the Democrats. The Democrats hope that if The Colonel is not nominated by the Republicans he will run again as an independent, or as a Progressive, on a preparedness platform.

Now to come to the Triangle of Perturbation: Eighty per cent of the general mail received from constituents in their home districts—and this holds for the entire country, but especially for the Middle West—by the members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives is peace mail. Nearly all of the general mail received at the White House is peace mail. Michigan, voting for a favorite

son to be put forward at the Republican National Convention, named Henry Ford by a good majority over Senator William Alden Smith—Henry Ford, the most active and the most affluent of all our peace protagonists. Moreover, based on the widespread idea in Congress that this country is hellbent for peace, have you noted the heavy sledding the preparedness measures have had in Congress? Note it; and note, also, the heavier sledding the big naval program will have. That program may be adopted, but the fight will be bitter.

Do these facts mean anything in your political life?

Whether or no, they mean a great deal in the political lives of numerous others, including the political life of President Wilson, who will be the Democratic candidate. Roosevelt, as it looks, is not a peace candidate. The principal asset of the President is that "he has kept us out of war." Maybe he will not be in that position by the time this is printed; but until the time it was written we were not at war, albeit we have ten or twelve thousand soldiers in Mexico chasing Villa. Moreover, the President will stay in that position if it is a possibility.

Congress is opposed to any war. Even if we break diplomatic negotiations with Germany and send Ambassador Bernstorff home, and recall Ambassador Gerard, it is unlikely there will be any greater rupture than that, though there may be. Nor will there be intervention in Mexico until it can be staved off no longer. Intervention must come, sooner or later. "He has kept us out of war" is likely to continue to be the President's greatest asset; and if by chance we should get into war, then the country, the Democrats think, will support Wilson and hold him in Washington for that very reason.

As it stands, the German Democrats will vote against Wilson; but most of the German voters in the country are Republicans. In case Roosevelt is nominated against Wilson it is expected that the Catholic German Democrats will stick by Wilson; but the German Lutheran Democrats will divide. An interesting side light on the situation is that most of the German Republicans seem to be for Hughes. This may develop into a consequential factor in the final determination. Another little side light, as showing the temper of the Republican National Committee, was the selection of Senator Harding, of Ohio, as temporary chairman of the Chicago Convention. Harding is anti-Roosevelt.

Faint Hopes and Loud Shouts

MEANTIME all brands of candidates are for preparedness in varying degrees. Also, the President has grabbed a portion, at least, of the tariff issue away from the Republicans by advocating a tariff commission. The country is not keen for preparedness. The Congress knows that. The country is keen for peace, and prefers settling disputes by diplomatic notes rather than by undiplomatic shot and shell. The Mexican situation will be a big factor in the campaign. It will be seen that the preparedness program finally adopted by Congress will reflect this widespread peace sentiment in the United States; and if President Wilson can do some preparing, and "keep us out of war," he will be in a good position to fight Roosevelt, if Roosevelt is nominated, having both ends to play against the Roosevelt bellicose middle.

With all this hurly-burly, the person who would attempt to say on a certain Saturday what will be the case in any specified locality on a Saturday fortnight would be a most presumptuous prophet, and likely to be as foolish as presumptuous; but, for all that, there are certain basic trends in all localities that will not be changed by superficial shiftings. Big things may change them, but little things will only add to the general excitement; and where the ballyhoo is greatest the fundamentals are likely to be most secure, because the loud political shouter shouts loudest when he seeks to strengthen his hope with his yawp.

There are several localities—a good many—where Hughes sentiment predominates; and that Hughes sentiment is likely to dominate until convention time unless Mr. Justice Hughes makes a definite, flat-footed announcement that he will not accept a nomination, not run if nominated over that rejection, nor accept if elected. It must come just that directly and emphatically to stop it. Likewise it will take an authorized and signed statement from Roosevelt that he is only fooling to stop the Roosevelt trends. And there may be a broad general agreement on some man—Roosevelt, Hughes or another—by leaders in enough states, and handling sufficient delegates, to make the result of the Chicago Convention foregone. Eliminating these big and possible contingencies, the sense of the Republicans and their sentiments in various localities is obtainable; and, unless some one of these things happens, what is true as this is written will be true on June seventh.

So, to get a general idea of the Republican sentiment in the country, by localities, I made a canvass of my own in mid-April, asking the undoubtedly highest political authorities in each state, except the solidly Democratic ones of the South—all men who have observed politics for many years and who know their localities intimately, and who are fair-minded men—to tell me what they found to be the political case in their various territories at the time of asking. Their replies came in promptly, and I synopsize them herewith, not as showing the situations that will exist at convention time, provided any of the three things outlined above happens, but as giving the general sentiment seven weeks before the convention meets, which has its great value as an indication of the state of Republican feeling, and will have its added importance when the convention's results are known. If things continue with no definitive statement from Hughes, no cessation of the Roosevelt campaign, and no preconvention agreement, it is safe enough to say that the delegates from the states I canvassed will come to Chicago in about the candidate tempers herewith ascribed to them.

This was written before the results of Roosevelt's visit to New England were fully known; but, even with that in mind, it is a fact that there would be more Roosevelt sentiment in Massachusetts, for example, notwithstanding the announced support of Lodge and Meyer, and so on, if the impetuous Gardner and the ardent Cushing had not mussed up the situation. Indeed, it is likely that the return of Senator Lodge to his former patron, who always spoke of him as "My dear friend Cabot," was not so much for the sake of Roosevelt as it was because the Senator could not assimilate the idea of Governor McCall's getting into the presidential possibility class. And so on. Moreover, the Hughes talk in that locality began to increase in intensity because of the necessity seen by some to start a back fire against Roosevelt.

Meantime, pending the result in Massachusetts—where Weeks ought to have most of the delegates, provided he doesn't flop to Roosevelt also—the Maine convention was large and harmonious, and seemed to be for Hughes first and Roosevelt second. It is expected that the New Hampshire delegates will be for Weeks; and that Vermont will be for Hughes, with Weeks as second choice; and Rhode Island for Hughes, if Hughes is in it, for various reasons, including the potent one that Hughes is a Baptist and went to Brown University. The patriots from Connecticut will probably await the trend of events. The Connecticut Republicans are sure-thing players.

Jumping across the continent to the Pacific Coast, we find that in California, where of late years there is a Verdun in politics about four times a year, there is a complicated situation, with two sets of candidates for delegates to Chicago, one labeled Republican and one United Republican. The latter cohorts represent the Progressive and near-Progressive elements in that domicile of H. Johnson, and the Republicans are the old crowd of standpatters, Tafters and anti-Hiramites. The California laws do not require the statement of party affiliations until the ballot is called for in primary elections, and a great many Progressives registered as "politics not stated," which left them wide open when it came to the primary. There is a rather dominant tendency for Hughes, albeit the United Republicans in large number favor Roosevelt. However, the standpat Republicans throw fits and fall in them at the mention of Roosevelt's name.

The women voters are inclined to follow Wilson, because they consider him a man of peace. The cool, reasoning, statistical sentiment of the bulk of the California Republicans appears to be for Hughes, because they think Hughes can win against Wilson. As one of my correspondents puts it: "It is my opinion that whichever set of delegates is elected will be for Hughes. This is not a matter of sentiment, but the result of cold calculation and a belief that he is most likely to win and thus afford loaves and fishes. There is no Republican issue in this state other than the loaves-and-fishes issue. The only Republican sentiment in this state, properly defined, is for Roosevelt; but it is held in check by the fear that he cannot win."

In Oregon, at the time of writing, Hughes was leading, with Roosevelt as second choice. The Taft men, who cast 34,673 votes in 1912 to 37,600 for Roosevelt, are mainly for Hughes as against Roosevelt; and there is a heavy woman registration for Hughes as opposed to the belligerosity and warlike attributes of Roosevelt—that is, the women voters are for the peaceful Hughes rather than for the militant Roosevelt, and may, at a pinch, be for Wilson on peace grounds rather than for either of them. Burton and Cummins will be voted for in the primaries.

In Colorado, Utah and Montana

THE possibility of the nomination of Roosevelt has concentrated the opposition Republican sentiment on Hughes in the state of Washington. It is odd enough to observe in Washington that some of the former Progressives now prefer Hughes to Roosevelt, while a number of the standpat Republicans have swung over to Roosevelt. It is thought that either Hughes or Roosevelt can carry the state next November. The party leaders favor an uninstructed delegation to Chicago, but there are possibilities of a widespread Roosevelt sentiment in that state which will need a Hughes to hold it in check. It is doubtful whether any other candidate can do that.

Colorado is held to favor Roosevelt as against Hughes, and it is expected that the unpledged delegation to Chicago will have at least six Roosevelt votes. Root has some admirers. The best opinion is that the Utah delegation will be for Roosevelt, for it is reasonably clear to Utah observers that Senator Smoot is ready to support him if nominated; and Utah Republicans think Smoot is willing, also, to go a step farther and help nominate him. It is noted in Salt Lake City that the paper friendly to Senator Smoot is saying kindly things about Roosevelt now, and these, to be conservative about it, are not the sort of things that paper used to say about The Colonel. Also, the Mormons feel kindly toward Roosevelt. Many Mormons were not in favor of the authoritative opposition to Roosevelt four years ago, which made Utah one of the two states that gave Taft electoral votes in 1912, the other being Vermont.

There is a bitter fight in Utah over the proposed elimination of Governor Spry, and that may affect the personnel of the delegation to Chicago. The Spry men, opposed by Smoot, say that the delegation will be unpledged if they win; and they believe Smoot will pledge the delegation if he controls it. Smoot holds Roosevelt responsible for his chance at a Senate career, and, though he operates exclusively with the Old Guard, may try to show his appreciation at Chicago.

It is likely that Senator Cummins will be the primary choice in Montana, for his name is the only name filed and on the ballot, albeit the law permits the writing in of other names. However, Montana is not really for Cummins and will not be, except perfunctorily. The Montana Progressives, who gave Roosevelt 22,456 votes to 18,512 for Taft, are mostly for Roosevelt again this year, and so are many of the old-line Republicans, though there will be no Montana dissent if Hughes is nominated. Idaho will give Senator Borah a complimentary vote and then proceed to get in line.

There is the usual diversity of opinion in Kansas, which is a state that knows its politics and its favorites—and, knowing, dares proclaim. The best opinion is that there are no out-and-out Roosevelt men on the delegation, and that there may be five or six who prefer Hughes. However, that does not mean that there are not many Roosevelt men left in Kansas, and it does mean that Kansas will go to Chicago ready to help nominate the man who seems most available for the situation as it exists.

The results of the Nebraska primaries will be interesting, for the names of Henry Ford, Henry D. Estabrook and Senator Cummins are on the ballot, together with the name of Robert G. Roos, an ambitious person who filed for both the Republican and Democratic delegates.

Mr. Justice Hughes, as I remember it, took his name off the Nebraska ballot, and so did Colonel Roosevelt. After that, when Mr. Hughes loomed up there was a

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THE MISSING SEVENTEEN

By Edison Marshall

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

It Was as if the Summons Had Come From Out the Grave

I AM old now, and it does not matter; so old that words of blame—because I didn't understand or learn the way there—will hardly pierce the marred and wrinkled membranes of my ears. And as for those men that I served and loved—the members of the Alexander Club—their work is done and they will not mind my telling. Two years have they been gone. And lastly, there are others to whom the memory of my masters is still dear; there are others who are rightly curious, and, before I go away for good and all, it is right that they should know. All that I ask of you is to listen. I care not the snap of a finger whether or not you believe.

I must begin at the first. And the first was so long ago you will not mind if I hesitate and falter. Pardon it; pardon me when I say of certain things: "They are not clear."

My name is Absalom—Absalom Martin, and, of all that I have told you yet, this matters least; for my story is that of the queer, queer disappearance of the Alexander Club, which no one—no one yet—has tried to explain. Yes, they have tried too; but no one has told the truth.

My granduncle was the first serving man of the Alexander. Years and years ago was this, and all that I remember of him was that he was old and his last name was Martin too. I was looking for a place then, and he recommended me, as his hands had become too unsteady properly to pour the wine. You see the custom was different then—but of that I will tell later. I came and, at first, was frightened. The members of the Alexander Club were younger then, and gayer then, and some of them even smiled when I came into the room. Sometimes, under the influence of too much wine, they joked with me and told me I was a "chip off the old block," after the manner of the Americans. The custom was different then, and more gayety was the humor of the gentlemen. Even I would hear them, from my little pantry, clink their glasses and sing. Would not that be a queer thing in the Alexander Club? But it only shows how times have changed. Or should it happen that you have never heard enough about these gentlemen to know even that?

I feel that I am not holding to my purpose, which was, indeed, to begin at the first and tell and tell clear to the end. But you will pardon these transgressions, for at my age queer tingling memories turn the current of the thought.

As I said, I succeeded my uncle and the club was different then. It was not so exclusive. It was not so bound by honorable traditions. Some of the men were quite young—and many of them had other diversions than the sessions of the Alexander. I remember that Sir Willard Kirby was a great hunter, who had slain lion and elephant and all manner of creatures in Africa, and bison buffalo I think the plainsmen call them—on American plains. He traveled out and far, and in my boyishness I know that I admired him greatly. He was one who smiled when I came in: but his type grew more rare each year in the Alexander Club.

Then there was Lord Mortimer, who rode in the steeplechase. I always trembled, in my boyishness, when I poured his wine. Then there was De Forest, the famous duelist, who—and his relatives, if he has any, will pardon me if I tell this—was dropped from the list of membership. Then there were Calvin and White and Thomas—men you would have laughed to see at the sessions of the Alexander Club in its last years—not that they were not gentlemen, but their type was so different. Perhaps some of them are still alive; but all of those three were middle-aged then. Indeed they were gentlemen, and many of the most exclusive clubs were pleased to have them as members.

I remember the day I first came. My uncle boarded the lift with me and we rode together to the fifth and topmost floor of the Alexander Club Building. The gentlemen had not come in yet, as it was before dinner. He showed me my pantry, and comfortable was it for such as I. A soft chair, a tiny table, and all round thick, frosted glass, through which hardly any sound could come. Above my head was a bell that would summon me when one of the gentlemen pulled a bell cord in the main room—a low and tinkling little bell, I remember it. Then he showed me the wine cellar, the key to which he gave me. I had never seen such wine. Never shall I again. There was case and case, and long rows of dark and cobwebbed bottles. I saw their seals—some of them were made in Asia Minor and some in Bohemia and some in France. It was not wine; it was treasure. Even then some of it was old—old as I am now. There was mellowed Rhenish, yellow as melted gold. There was Burgundy that sparkled with a thousand little fires when I poured it out in the glasses of the gentlemen. There was Amontillado out of sun-kissed Spain.

There were rare Tokays—some of them golden and some of them a wonderful silver. There were common wines—yet so old and so rare that you could not believe in them: Madeira and sherry and port. Then there was case and case of amber old champagne. There were other kinds, unknown to me—row on row—from vineyards of which I had never heard.

From thence he led me into the great session room, which occupied most of the remainder of the floor. There was a great pillar in the center—chimney I had best call it—of a rod at least in diameter. Built into it were four fireplaces, one facing each way. Round it were grouped many large chairs, the arms of which were wide, for holding glasses, and many little tables. Beside these stood pails for ice.

There were many of the great chairs then—thirty-five perhaps; but that was in the early days of the club, before its customs became so set.

Now that was all, almost, concerning the room, except that the windows were wide and high, and a tall clock ticked off the seconds loudly from the corner. Thick rugs, on which my feet made no noise, covered the floor.

Out of that room led but two doors: One led into the cloakroom, and from thence into the lift; the other was the entrance to my pantry, and from thence to the wine vault.

I remember my uncle describing my duties; his hands shook and he looked most soberly at me, as if they were a trust. I was to come every evening, before the gentlemen arrived, and seat myself in the pantry. The caretaker of the building would have built the fires in the four fireplaces and have fuel in plenty in the great chests that lay between them. I was to wait in my pantry, and when the bell rang I was to come. Usually my duties would be to bring and open wine; sometimes to take away wine that did not please the gentlemen's taste. After they had gone I was to gather up the wine bottles, return the unopened ones to the cellar, and leave the empty ones where the caretaker could find them. Then I, too, could go.

There were rigid customs even then, but the Alexander was—may I say?—frivolous compared to the club in its last years. For instance, I must not enter the club's room unsummoned. I must not leave before the last of the members had gone. I must not come after the first of them had come. I always poured their wine then—instead of often leaving it, opened, on the tables. Sometimes the members addressed me, then, other than to give orders.

It was my privilege to drink of any wine that had been opened and sent away—of course after I had taken it to my pantry, where were glasses. And so often did this occur that even gentlemen of less exclusive clubs, I should judge, had not the supply of wine that had I, serving man of the Alexander. Of course I drank but little, as my uncle had warned me. But, in spite of my boyishness then, his warning was unnecessary; for after the first night, indeed, with unsteady feet I would have sooner faced a legion of angels than the gentlemen of the Alexander Club.

Ah, they were worthy masters! By your pardon, I will tell even of private matters of mine with them. In payment to me they were most liberal. Never did they tip me, nor did they leave money on the tables. But on Christmas they sent me presents of money, and every year my wage increased. They were liberal with the caretaker too though, in spite of this, Webber, who had the position when I came, and whom I slightly knew, grumbled about his pay, and only stayed ten years from then. But Sharkey, who succeeded him, seemed more content. And surely they recompensed him well, for one afternoon I met him on Piccadilly dressed quite like a gentleman. But I, too, had many comforts all those years.

Then slowly—so slowly—I saw the club begin to change. Some of its older members died and some of the younger failed to come back. I know that Sir Willard Kirby and Lord Mortimer both fell away. I know that new members, to fill the empty chairs, were chosen slowly. The hunters and the riders and the duelists, and those of them that cared for society, dropped out one by one. I know that Wade, who was always reading, left my second year. I know that Hotchkiss, who was always talking to the other gentlemen, whose voice was always heard loudest in the

Their Faces Were White in the Gloom—as White as Their Snowy Hair

lift, and who on two occasions spoke to me other than to give an order, left my fourth year. I know that Grantham, who was very fond of Burgundy, and whom once I heard singing in a queer key, left my sixth year.

I know that less often and less often I would hear the gentlemen laughing or talking, though always they were whispering to one another when I entered at their summons. Stillness, stillness—except for this, except for the tick of the great clock and the crackle of the fires, became the custom in the Alexander Club.

I came to know them—every one. I came to learn their preferences in wine, and often had the bottles cooling for them when they came if such was their wish. The long years passed, a score of them, with changes slower than the hour hand of the clock.

Every night I came and every night they came. Every night they drank their wine and stared into the fires and whispered. They did not read. They did not talk aloud. They did not laugh. They did not drink so much that their steps were unsteady in the hall. They sat and sat in their easy-chairs and listened to the crackling fires and the tolling clock. Late in the night they would go, sometimes one by one and sometimes all at once. They never seemed to notice me when I walked among them; and if I did catch their eyes they seemed displeased. So I came to walk most silently; and if it was necessary to question a patron as to his order I did it in a whisper. I never smiled as other waiters make a practice of doing. I do not know why.

Summers came with their hot nights, and winters with their fogs pouring against the windows. The street lights flickered below, as I could see from my pantry window; but otherwise I might have thought those clubrooms in a different world. Not a sound steamed up from the street. The gentlemen talked so low that not a sound penetrated to my pantry. They hardly looked at each other as they talked.

The wine cellar was never depleted, and it seemed to be the gentlemen's pride. After I had served a score of years a queer custom developed in regard to its tending. Each week at least one of the gentlemen would be absent—for the whole week; and always on Saturday a new shipment of wine was stored in the cellar. And strange wines they were to me, with curious labels such as I had never seen. Sometimes two of the gentlemen would be absent, and those weeks two shipments came; but, curiously, when there were two shipments the wines and the labels of one of them were more familiar to me. I concluded after a while that the gentlemen took turns as the wine buyers for the club; and one of them, and sometimes two, in turn took seven-day journeys on the Continent for that purpose.

In my lonely hours I tried to see the system and the method of the scheme; and often when I thought I had it all deciphered—which one went first, and second, and so on—the order would vary and I would be perplexed again. At last I concluded that some of the gentlemen, at first nine or ten, and then five or six, and lastly only three, were not such connoisseurs as the others; and when their turns came in the cycle one of the others supplemented them. But I was not sure. Nor was I even certain that the custom originated after my twentieth year of service; it might have been in existence from the first.

Night after night, year after year, I sat in my pantry. Through the frosted glass of the door I could see the gentlemen in session, their black-and-white shapes blurring. I could see their arms and heads move sometimes, and one by one I saw them rise and go—night after night, year after year.

But the club changed. One by one those of different likings dropped away. After a score of years ten of the thirty or more chairs had been taken from the circle. Ten of the remaining held members who had joined since my coming. They were mostly men of the same kind even then—gentlemen forever, silent and grave and courteous, but caring seemingly for little except their easy-chairs and their wines and their somber clubrooms.

Yes, they were somber; but not so much at first. At first the gentlemen read quite often in the rooms, and the lights were bright. But one night I found that all the transparent globes had been replaced by heavily frosted ones. Thereafter the meeting place of the club was shadowy, and what light poured down from the chandeliers mixed weirdly with the rosy glow from the fireplaces.

Years and years and years it seemed, and some of the men began to grow old. Some of them died and a few younger gentlemen came in. But they were not like my young masters that I had known before. They were old men, whose hair had not yet whitened.

Yes, my hair began to gray; but the gentlemen did not seem to mind. I could have still poured their wine with a steady hand, but now most of them preferred that I should leave the bottles open on the tables. Only rarely now I could hear their voices in the lift. More and more they whispered instead of talked, until the room was full of the weird, hushed sound, like the rustle of garments or the swish of the wings of waterfowl. I answered their bells and plied their wine and fed their fires, but they did not seem to see me.

No; I do not know what pleasure they gained in their sessions at the club. It was not for me to question. All but one—or, at most, two—were present every night, however. They sat and sat in the quiet and watched the flames leap up. Every week would see the absent one return and some other face would be gone from the circle. Every week came the wine shipment, which hardly ever lasted out the week in which it came. But the vault was always almost full.

There were outsiders who were interested in the club, even in those days. Some of the men I came to know outside would question me—particularly Figgin, the officer whose watch was just in front of the club building, and who every night saw the clubmen go home—but, of course, I told them nothing.

Once or twice gentlemen questioned me, and several times ambitious journalists. But I never talked of my patrons' affairs.

And at last came a time when all the world was to hear of the Alexander Club. It was such a queer thing. You will have heard the first part—unless, as might be, the stirring international events that occurred about the same time obscured the episode—and you likely found it hard to believe. But no one, other than the gentlemen themselves, knew the story's sequel.

It was June, of two years ago, in the forty-fifth year of my service, that darkness fell upon the Alexander Club. The night of which I speak, that which marked the beginning of the end, nineteen of the gray-haired clubmen were in their chairs. Only one was absent from the session.

I was dozing, listening to the summer rain on the windows, when my bell rang. When I entered I found that Sterling, one of the gentlemen, was making a low but impassioned speech. I thought it most queer; never had I remembered such a thing! He stopped during my presence and had me fill his glass. Then, on returning to my pantry, I noticed another curious thing: Three of them—three of the oldest, who had been members longer or almost as long as I had been servant—were asleep in their chairs.

The three were Carter and Craige and Clifford Hawes. Their faces were white in the gloom—as white as their snowy hair—and I wondered whether they were sick. The door closed behind me—and all at once the clubmen laughed. I had never heard such a laugh in the quiet rooms of the Alexander. It rose high an instant and stopped abruptly—as if something serious had caught their attention. I looked through the glass and saw that the gentlemen had left their chairs. They had gathered about Sterling and they motioned with their arms in their earnestness. Never had I beheld such a thing in all my years of service.

They gathered about him; and while some of them were laughing, many of them were almost arguing. One by one they went back to their chairs at last.

As slight an incident as this prepared me for what happened in just a month.

That night I had come early, glad of somewhere to go in the fog. Though the time of year was midsummer, the fogs trailed up and down the streets like the garments of an omnipresent ghost. They made the buildings just across the thoroughfares seem as shadows. The passers-by hurried down the reeking streets, and their talk was all of some ultimatum you call it?—that the Austrian was sending to one of the Balkan States.

I came early, and the rooms of the Alexander Club seemed more than usually silent. At once I lighted the fires the caretaker had prepared, so that the rooms might warm before the gentlemen arrived. At last they began to come.

One by one they trooped in, until every chair was full. Not even one had gone in search of vintages. They sat a while, as always, in silence. I brought them wine when they rang, and through the frosted glass I watched their arms raise as they lifted their cups to drink.

The bell rang again, and Sterling asked that I take away a bottle of wine which had apparently not met his favor. For the first time in my long service he spoke to me as one gentleman to another.

"Absalom," he said, "I don't care for that—in spite of the fact it is supposed to be the best wine in the world—most expensive, anyway."

"Is that so, sir?" I said. "May I bring you something else?"

"I judge not, Absalom," was Mr. Sterling's reply; he looked at me strangely.

I took the bottle to my pantry, most curious as to what this extra-expensive wine was like. The clock ticked so loudly in the still room that I turned to look at it. Nine-five, I remember it registered; so, before I drank, I set my repeater with it. Then, curious, I poured out a glass of the light-yellow wine. It was a new flavor to me, but no better or no worse than any other of the wines I knew.

Then, stretching out upon my chair, I began to doze. Such is often my custom in the long nights. The bell, I thought, would waken me.

You will hardly believe that when I wakened again it was after midnight. I had slept from nine until one. At first I thought my repeater was wrong, but it was still ticking naturally. Had the bell rung, unheard by me? The first tinkle had always roused me before. Had the fires burned out? Had the gentlemen gone?

I turned to look through the frosted glass and saw that each of the gentlemen was still in his chair. A particularly long session, I thought. I waited a while, expecting every minute that some of them would go; but they did not seem to move. I looked closely; and I tell you I could not see a form stir in its chair, a hand raise with a cup, or a head turn to whisper to a neighbor. The clubmen were never restless, but to-night they sat like images of stone. I could see the red glow of the fires; they seemed to have burned to coals. I could see the muffled chandeliers. But not a muscle of those clubmen twitched.

Someway I began to grow afraid. My repeater ticked loudly, but the beating of my heart was louder. Those gentlemen sat so very still—like blocks of wood. I almost prayed that the bell would ring.

Perhaps an hour more I huddled in my chair. I dared not go in, unsummoned, to investigate. I dared not stay in my tomb of a pantry, with my ticking watch and my thumping heart. Still I could not see a flicker of life.

The muffled lights glowed evilly through the glass of my door until I could stand it no longer. At last I sprang up,

I Remember That the Spot of Light Above, Gleaming Like a Star, Was a Mighty Consolation

"This is Queer!" He Whispered Over and Over Again

bewildered, afraid, fearing—not ghosts or men or beasts, but things! Men are most afraid of things.

I opened the door a little way, unsummoned, as I had never done before. The silence of the great room swooped about me and only the clock addressed me. The forms in the chairs were still and rigid.

"Did one of the gentlemen ring?" I asked.

My own voice frightened me; it sounded so loud in the whist of the room. Not a voice answered. Not a head turned to look at me.

"I was dozing and I thought the bell rang. Did one of the gentlemen ring?" I repeated; and my voice was absurdly trembling.

Still no one turned or answered, and I thought the forms in the chairs looked starched and queer.

I started to go back, and then turned and tiptoed farther into the room. At last I stood where I could see the faces of the gentlemen. I think I screamed a little, for the faces I saw were not those of living men. Each was white and vacant and horrible, and the forms in the chairs were hideously rigid. They looked at me with wide, unseeing eyes. It was as if some nightmare devil had brought about a monstrous transformation.

Just for an instant I stood gaping, my muscles gone soft under me, while the fires glowed with red and angry eyes, and the sickening pendulum of the clock swung back and forth. The only sound in the horrible room besides the echo of my scream was the slow, ungodly ticking of the clock. The pasty faces leered at me; the rigid forms were dead, dead; and I ran from them in terror.

The boy in the lift was sound asleep.

"What's the matter?" he kept asking crazily. "Absalom Martin, what's the matter?"

"Something's happened to the gentlemen!" I told him as the glass doors opened.

He seemed to twist and pull the levers endlessly before he could start it down. And in the glass of the lift my face showed not my own; it was as white as those I had just seen.

"Wait!" I told him, and ran out onto the street.

Figgin, the officer, stood on the corner, gazing sleepily into the fog. "What's the matter? What's the matter?" he asked, drowning out my words with his senseless queries. "What's that? What's that?"

"Something has happened to the Alexander Club. Something has happened to them!"

"What do you mean? What has happened to 'em?"

"They're sitting in their chairs like dead men. They're unconscious—or dead! I believe they're dead. They're sitting in their chairs ——"

But he did not wait for me to finish. He ran toward the entrance of the building and I followed. The big-eyed boy raised us to the rooms, at the door of which I stopped and let the officer enter first.

"This is queer!" he said as his eyes grew accustomed to the gloom. "Devilish queer!"

His voice did not sound just right. On into the room he tiptoed hesitantly, and I followed. He stretched out his hand until it touched the hand of one of the clubmen.

"This man's unconscious—not dead," he muttered. "He's got a pulse. Can't we get some more light here?" He looked at me impatiently. "His hand's still warm. Better send the boy after a doctor."

But the boy had heard the order and we could hear the lift descending. Then Figgin stepped to the telephone and tore the wads of paper from between the bells. I heard him cursing softly.

"They must like stillness here!" he said, as a man might whose nerves were all on edge.

"Hello! Headquarters?" he asked, his voice jerky. "This is Figgin and I'm up at the Alexander Club. . . . Yes; the Alexander—that's the place. All twenty of the men are stretched out in their chairs unconscious. . . . No; I don't know what's the matter. Will you send help right away, sir?"

And he came back and stood near me at the doorway.

"This is queer!" he whispered over and over again; I think he said it was "bloody queer!" "All twenty of 'em stretched out like dead! They look so pasty—sort of unreal. But we can't do anything till the doctors and the constables arrive. We mustn't disturb anything, Absalom. Indeed we mustn't!"

We waited seemingly hours, but I suppose it was only minutes. At last we heard the lift come up. A physician, whom the boy had flagged as he passed in his motor, and another officer, in plain clothes, came into the clubrooms.

"What's this? What's this?" the constable was saying; he talked for an instant with Figgin. "And who's this?" he went on, pointing at me.

"The servitor here—Absalom," I told him.

The man looked at me as if he might laugh; but he shuddered instead. "Absalom who?"

"Absalom Martin," Figgin interrupted.

Then the constable said a ridiculous thing:

"The servitor here, eh? And you've been here years and years. It's a wonder you've got a last name left."

The practitioner hurried farther into the shadows of the room and touched the hand of one of the still forms.

"Unconscious, eh?" his strained voice came back. "This man isn't unconscious. He's dead—has been for hours!"

Then he cried out at the horrid thing that happened next. As his scream went slowly echoing about those high, dark walls, we saw that the finger he had touched had broken off and rattled to the floor.

For an instant we three men in the doorway looked into one another's eyes. I heard the clock strike once and Figgin curse. I saw the sweat shoot out of the pores in the constable's forehead. Then he set his teeth; and Figgin drew out a long, black-barreled revolver.

"No need of that," said the constable, jerking himself together. "Killing enough already! It isn't right—it's bloody wrong! But it must be investigated; yes, it must ——"

His words trailed off, for he had followed the doctor to his place among the rigid forms. He flashed a light into the face of one of them. He gasped again—and the next instant laughed!

I tell you that his laugh was almost as nerve-breaking as the doctor's scream; it was the last thing in the world Figgin and I expected. The practitioner's twitching fingers left his throat.

"Dead men, eh?" cried the expert. "Dead men! These are dummies—wax dummies! Dummies, I tell you! Someone's having a joke of some kind. Damn queer one, I will say! They're dummies!"

"Dummies? The thing I touched was no dummy. It was something that had blood in it."

It was Figgin's voice and his face seemed drawn in the half light.

"You're dreaming! Dummies, I tell you. See? Some sort of a crazy joke."

We gathered about the form and the expert lifted a limp arm. He showed us, by pulling back the evening coat, where it was attached. He showed us the stub of a finger, and surely it was wax. We touched it fearsomely, and all of us gasped again when the constable broke off another finger.

"It's built to look like Harris," I told them, for the expert flashed his light upon the face again.

Yes; it was just a figure of wax—and yet I was afraid. Even such a diabolical transformation as this seemed so possible; except for their whispering, whispering, I could not remember that the gentlemen had much more of life about them than these mockeries, these figures in the chairs.

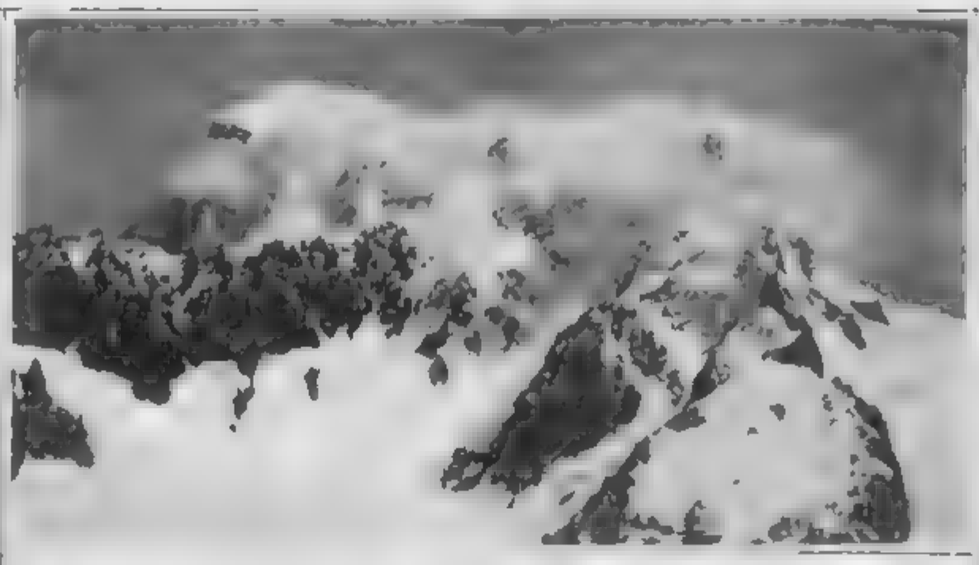
"But what I touched was a man!" Figgin cried again, as if he would be heard.

But a whisper would have undulated in that still room. The voice of the clock filled the intervals between our words with sound that should not have been heard at all.

(Continued on Page 85)

An Ascent of the Shark's Tooth

The Lowest Point of the Shark's Tooth



The Giant's Tooth From the Shark's Tooth

The Summit of the Shark's Tooth

By DORA KEEN

ONLY for first-class alpinists; very difficult," said my Baedeker. Indeed, the Dent du Requin, or Shark's Tooth, ranked third among the renowned aiguilles, those rock needles at Chamonix, which all Alpine guides seem to agree are worse than the Matterhorn.

My experience in mountain climbing was not very extensive, but I had done enough to learn that the effort is as nothing compared with what is gained; and the harder the climb, the greater the reward. I had climbed a little in the course of travel—in the Dolomites, the Bavarian Alps, the Canadian Rocky Mountains, the Selkirks and the Andes. The summer before, I had made four first-class ascents at Zermatt, including the Matterhorn, under exceedingly bad conditions. And now I had come back to the High Alps expressly to try the ascent of the two most difficult of the aiguilles—the Grépon, the most acrobatic performance, and the dreaded Aiguille du Dru, almost as hard and a thousand feet higher.

A late season had, however, left the snow far down on the mountainsides, unmelted; and a phenomenally bad season was constantly bringing new snow on the peaks. With ice and snow in the handholds, fingers would grow numb and be unable to hold. I had already been waiting three weeks for these two peaks to be pronounced safe; but in vain. It was mid-August, nearly the end of the climbing season. I could wait no longer. Probably neither the Grépon nor the Dru could safely be attempted this season. Even on the Shark's Tooth there was only a chance that we should not have to turn back.

Practice Climbs Up Easier Peaks

I HAD arrived from America only three weeks before, but I had written ahead to the "climbers' hotel" for good guides; and, because of the infrequent good weather, they had persuaded me to start in training on the very first clear day—the day after my arrival. Luckily bad weather had compelled a day of rest between two days of practice climbs—welcome indeed to muscles suddenly required to climb from Chamonix' 3415 feet to the 9300-and-more feet of the Aiguille de la Glière on one side of the valley, and two days later to the still higher twin peaks on the other side.

Barely had I thus got muscles and feet hardened when we started on a six-day tour. It was to begin with Mont Blanc, 15,782 feet, the highest mountain in the Alps, and to end with two of the hardest of the aiguilles—the Dent du Géant, or Giant's Tooth, and the Dent du Requin, or Shark's Tooth—all three first-class ascents. On the first day we had gone halfway up Mont Blanc; spent two nights and a day of snowstorm, at ten thousand feet, at the Grands Mulets cabin, amid the glaciers; on the third day had gone on to the top and all the long and perilous way down the Italian side; next day had climbed from Courmayeur, four thousand feet, to the hut on the Col du Géant, just below an eleven-thousand-foot snow pass; the day after had climbed the Giant's Tooth in a snowstorm; and the sixth day descended again to Chamonix. The new snow had made the Shark's Tooth unsafe to try and we had passed under instead of over it.

Two days later we had made a third first-class ascent—that of the Aiguille des Grands Charmoz. Then it had stormed for a week, after which the only safe climb was a ten-thousand-foot snow pass—the Col des Grands Montets; and now, at last, the very next day we were to try the Shark's Tooth.

It was only 11,214 feet high: two thousand feet lower than the Giant's Tooth and forty-five hundred feet lower than Mont Blanc; but the latter is what the English call merely "a long snow grind," with huts en route. And one of the first things the alpinist learns is not to judge of the difficulty of an ascent by altitude alone, for of almost equal importance are the character of the ascent, the number of thousand feet above the snow line, the latitude—which determines the snow line, timber and water—and lastly the length and difficulty of the approach.

The chief difficulty of ascents in the Alps is the steepness of the rocks, and the Shark's Tooth was now doubly difficult, because slippery with new snow. Even when the rocks were bare no one had found a way to climb this needle until 1893, when Mummery, the celebrated English alpinist, had at last reached its summit.

It was one o'clock in the morning as we left the Montanvert Hotel, at six thousand feet, to travel halfway up the Mer de Glace from which the Shark's Tooth rose. Soon uncertain weather changed to a drenching rain, driving us to shelter under a great rock in the center of the glacier. So nicely was the rock perched over a yawning crevasse that there was barely room for us to sit on our wet rope, which was at least warmer than the ice; and yet I nearly fell asleep. By the time we reached the base of the peak, at six o'clock, it had become clear that we could not reach its summit that day and we turned homeward. Our eight hours up the glacier and back in the rain had been in vain.

Miss Keen and Démarchi at the Summit

The Trail Over the Glaciers

NOW, four days later, we were setting out again; but again the fine weather of the evening had turned doubtful at midnight. This time we did not get started until two A. M., and once off we had to send back, first for the forgotten extra rope and again for my puttees. It is hard not to forget something when stealing about by candlelight—sleepy, excited, hurried, and yet trying not to rouse the whole hotel with hobnailed boots on bare floors. So it was nearly three o'clock when at last we were under way—late for a difficult ascent, for the aim is always to have the worst part of the climb over, both up and down, before the day's warmth has softened the snow.

For the first three-quarters of an hour we walked rapidly along a trail that at times fairly overhung the Mer de Glace below. Joseph Démarchi, the leading guide, lighted the way as well as he could by the one candle of his folding lantern, which must presently go in his pocket. When the trail became mere spikes driven into the rock he would flash the light for each in turn. We were passing under the Grands Charmoz and the Grépon, approaching the great bend in the Mer de Glace. The Shark's Tooth lies beyond the bend, nearly opposite the Giant's Tooth, but not in view from the Montanvert. It is thus unfamiliar to tourists, except to such as may have seen a trick postcard in which a man near its summit is reaching for a hold that I now know to be forty feet above him.

The first rays of the dawn were appearing as we descended to the glacier and put on our ice creepers, the French *crampons*—German, *Steigeisen*. For some distance yet the ice was bare of snow, but its crevasses delayed us greatly so long as darkness compelled a halt every few moments while Démarchi flashed the lantern about in search of the best way round or across one wide crack after another. We were rising steadily. Soon we had reached the snow, but as yet most of the crevasses were visible, and with the daylight our progress became fairly rapid.

At six o'clock all was suddenly changed as we turned sharply upward on a tributary ice stream, the Glacier du Plan. At once now we were rising so fast that the snow grew deep and soft. We halted, ate a hasty second breakfast—"a pear and a peanut," as one might describe it—and put on our puttees to keep the snow out of our boots,

and used the rope for safety. From here on we must keep at its full length apart, so as at least not all to fall in the same hole, for snow now concealed most of the crevasses, making them treacherous.

Presently our going became labored, for at each step upward we sank to the ankles. The sky grew lighter, the clouds began to break, and soon the glory of the streaming sunshine, alternating with flitting clouds, gave welcome excuse for halts for pictures and breath as well. So steeply did the glacier flow over its rocky bed that the ice had broken under the strain. Now to right, now to left, now above, huge crevasses loomed. Soon it became hard to tell which way to turn; and, whichever way we tried, without warning one or another of us would suddenly sink through to the knee or the waist in what had appeared to be solid snow or a safe bridge. On every side were yawning chasms of beautiful blue ice, half covered, half filled by flimsy snow. Huge icicles fringed their edges, luring me on to their brink; but a near approach was unsafe, so that never could I see far into their bottomless depths.

That we were progressing at all was the wonder; yet if Démarchi felt doubt or anxiety, at least he showed none, but went quietly and steadily onward, merely changing the direction when anyone stepped through into what proved to be a crevasse. The uncertainty of each step kept attention keyed to a high point. Little by little my hopes and my confidence grew, and with success came exhilaration. Gradually these mountain ascents were coming to seem to me symbolic of life, truly revealing experiences. Day by day I was learning that it is not so much brute strength that makes for success, even on the mountains, as courage, judgment, foresight and endurance.

It was nine o'clock when we reached the steep rocks, where our real task was to begin. Delayed by the deep snow, we had been nearly three hours coming up the steep glacier, on which usually most of the crevasses were visible. The weather, at least, gave no more anxiety, except for the heat of the sun, which boded ill for the condition of the snow on the rocks. Black and jagged, they stood out in vivid contrast against a deep blue sky, across which flitted scurrying clouds, while the great sweeps of untrodden white snow covering the glaciers looked as if gashed with a knife by monster crevasses.

Like Going to Jerusalem

FOR a distance upward a snow-filled gully, or *couloir*, gave the easiest ascent; but, with a murmur and an anxious glance above, Démarchi took to the steep rocks in preference. A trough like a toboggan slide showed that an avalanche had already swept it, and when at length we were forced to cross it, and for a time climb in it, we kept a sharp lookout above.

It was a relief to reach the rocks, but relief quickly changed to anxiety when we tried in vain to find any footing that was solid. The rocks were precipitous and every crevice was filled with snow, which five warm nights had made so soft that it slid with the least pressure. Sometimes it would slide slowly down a gully to the glacier below, and keep on sliding slowly but surely into the depths of a yawning crevasse. More often it would pour lightly off the rocks like a waterfall. How to keep from sliding with it was the problem; and the higher we rose and the hotter the sun, the more anxious our situation became.

Higher and higher we crawled, like flies on a wall, the sheer descent below us growing more and more appalling. At each step Démarchi would pound with his foot until the snow seemed solid enough to hold him, test it, and at last go forward. But at every third step it would slide right from under his foot or, if it held him, would give way under my tread, following. Proceeding as cautiously as possible and holding firmly to the rocks with hands and ice axes, still one or another of us had constantly to be saving himself from sliding off into space with the snow that his weight dislodged. Like children playing Going to Jerusalem, we would hesitate at each step, balanced for instant change from foot to foot in case of need, and all the time prepared for a jerk on the rope in case someone else slipped.

The important thing was not to be disconcerted, even when the snow did slide from under our very feet; to keep our heads as well as our balance. Quietly and with perfect composure, when his footing gave way, Démarchi would merely pound a new footing, pound until the snow held; and soon I tried and found that I also could stamp new steps, no more terrified than he. The moral effect of a cool and courageous leader is his best service to his party. No one talks during such an ascent. Each is preoccupied with the business in hand. It is enough for the leader to find the way and for the rest to try to follow. The joy too, and the value of mountaineering, is that, except in case of danger, the tourist is constantly trying, testing, strengthening his own powers, learning by experience and example.

Démarchi Preparing to Climb the "Chimney"

Roped to Démarchi Forty Feet Above

Getting a Firm Hold at Last

It is what we do ourselves that counts. So where at first it had seemed to me too perilous to proceed, as I watched soon I realized that there was a way to go safely. The excitement was intense, but no one spoke; and both the guides were so cool, so expert, so ready for each emergency, apparently so unconcerned at each slip, that soon I, too, lost all sense of fear or panic and thought rather of what to do and how best to follow, than of danger. The essential thing was for each to do his part as well as possible, and the suspense gave the zest of adventure.

The sun grew hot, the day glorious. Avalanche after avalanche began to pour off the rocks, but still no accident befell us. We went forward, upward, never flinching and always saving ourselves at the critical moments. The rope, tied waist to waist, gave security in case of a serious slip; but none occurred and always we took care to move only one at a time at the worst points, the two others braced and keeping the rope taut.

The panorama was beginning to open out majestically. Only the sound of the sliding snow broke the silence. We were in a world all our own. We must work out our own salvation. There must be no slips, no mistakes. Indeed, just because it is so absorbing, so invigorating, so inspiring, because of the intense call such a climb makes upon all one's powers, mountaineering is accounted the most complete recreation by those who have tried it.

Like the chamois, we were finding a way where none was apparent. Across the narrowest of ledges, holes and cracks gave room for toes and fingers, but no more. At times we fairly hung over wonderful sheer drops; but, so long as our holds were firm, there was no cause for fear, and to lose all sense of fear is worth all it costs. With each hour the isolation, the silence, the solemnity and grandeur of the scene grew more impressive—indeed, awe-inspiring.

With every hour, too, the conditions were growing worse. Yet hurry we could not. We had reached the "shoulder," a jutting promontory, to which an overhanging rock so effectually barred the way that to reach our goal we had to crawl on hands and knees through the snow over a narrow ledge below which was mere space. Here at least, for the first time, all three could find room and safety to halt for a hasty lunch. Here usually a *caravane* took a brief nap in the sun, the men said; but now there was a ten-foot snowdrift and no time for napping. Démarchi was plainly worried that we were so late. Usually forty minutes was the time over the rocks. We had been two hours, and the wonder was that we had reached here at all.

At the Roots of the Shark's Tooth

I STOOD aghast, for now for the first time, and without warning, I saw the final Tooth, which the shoulder had concealed. It was almost perpendicular, tapered nearly to a point, and was so close that every detail of its formidable character stood out with appalling clearness. Certainly no way up was apparent. There it loomed, tremendous and baffling, just one great slab above another, without crack or ledge for hand or foot for thirty and forty feet at a stretch—at least on the sides we could see. A great cleft separated the two points and the farther was the higher. Even the walls of its base appeared too sheer to venture across, with few holds for hands or feet, and those slippery with snow that was ready to slide.

Hurriedly we rewound our puttees, lest they catch on the rocks, left our packs and started. At first we went down a few steps, and then directly across those impossible-looking walls. For an hour we went so slowly and cautiously that we seemed hardly to progress at all. For more than an hour there was not a place, not a moment, when I had a free hand for my camera. Even its slight projection as it hung from my shoulder became a source of danger, so that it had to go into Ravanel's pocket. Moving one at a time we edged along, at times with hardly room to hold on, much less to move. We twisted and squirmed, reached as high as we could, pulled as hard as we could, and bit by bit lifted ourselves up chiefly by our arms. Thanks to the intervals when it was the turn of someone else to move I kept my breath, but no more.

Even while waiting I must watch every move, watch and remember every handhold, every foothold that I could see. Even to start wrong might bring me out at some place where it would be impossible to change from one foot or hand to the other; and now it was hard to watch, for Démarchi seemed always to be disappearing above my head or round some corner. Often the full fifty feet of rope between us would be exhausted before he could find a place to brace himself safely before calling to me to come on.

If he could still see me he would watch and direct. If not, at times Ravanel would come up from below to direct and, if need be, to hold my foot or offer his shoulder for

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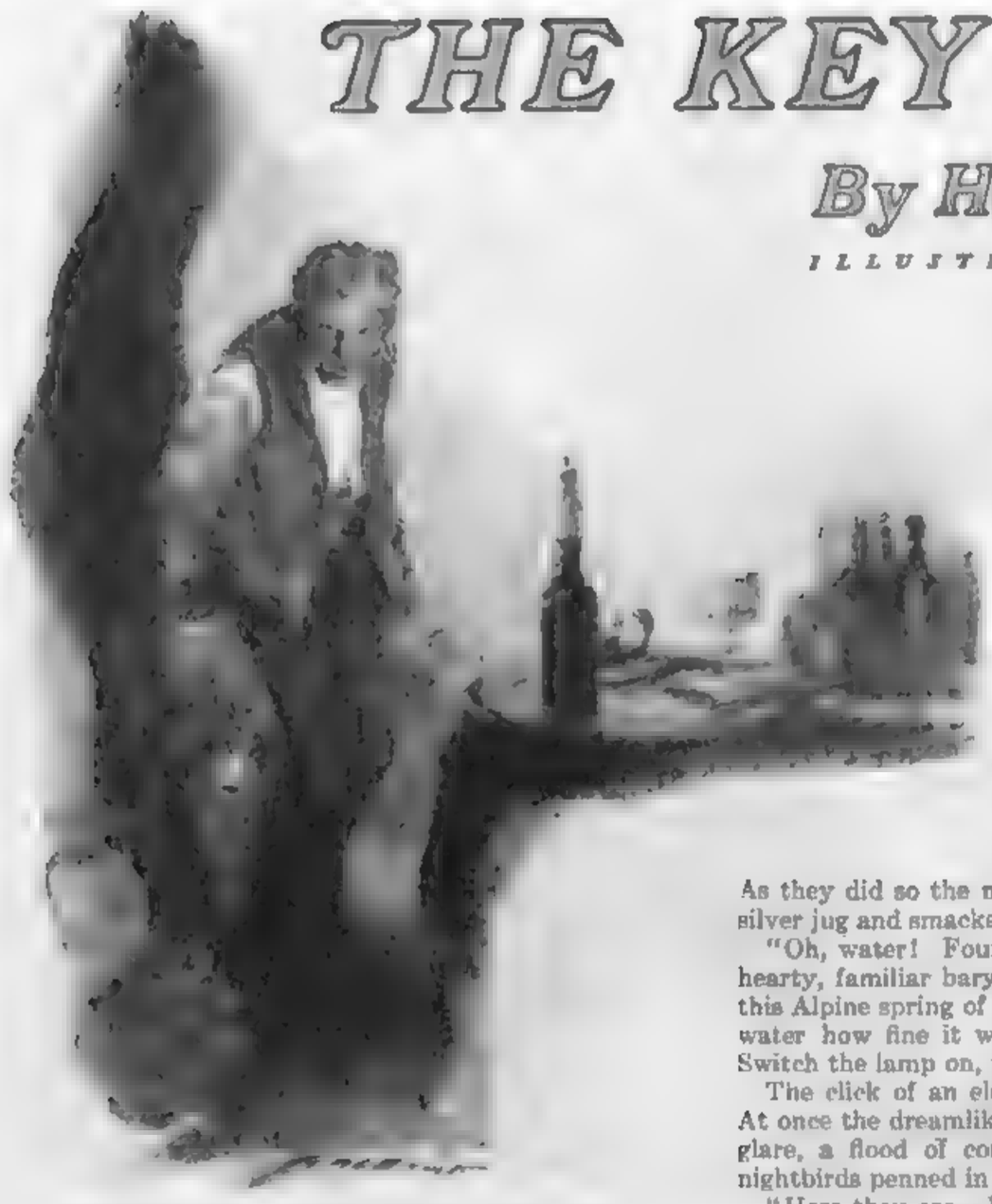
THE KEY OF THE FIELDS

By Henry Milner Rideout

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



"But for You, Jon, and Your Party, Here Is One Gate Into France"

IX

THEY recoiled not a moment too soon, halfway down the leafy tunnel. Before them the front gate silently swung ajar, then opened inward to show a tall man blocking the way.

Puig and Jackdabos flattened themselves among vines.

For a moment this man stood peering as though he saw them eye to eye; but he could not have done so, for under the trellis lay tangles of black-and-white obscurity too thick and deceptive. He paused, holding the latch. The gateway framed a magical picture of three distances and depths—a white road, low olive tops fringing the mountain spur, and beyond these a pale moonshine vapor which dissolved both sea and sky.

The stranger, holding the latch at arm's length, turned his head, raised his free hand and beckoned somebody without. His bosom flashed white as he moved. Three burly silhouettes filled the road—Italian police, with admirals' hats and carbines, like figures conjured from La Tosca. The tall man in the gate consulted them, whispering.

If the trap had sprung, it was not tamely to catch mice. No sooner did the stranger turn his face away than Puig and the Jackdaw began sidling back from pillar to vine, from vine to pillar, quiet as a pair of black spirits.

"Garden too bright," breathed one. "Into the house. Hide in a cupboard, or else ——"

"Jump out a window," whispered the other.

They slipped under a spiny, low-hanging palm, and thence to the house door, where formerly they had rung the bell and shouted. Now they backed slowly into the room, hearing a crunch of heavy boots approach under the trellis.

"Caught?" sighed Puig.

His young companion said nothing, but gave a glance behind, then suddenly pinched his elbow. Puig turned and saw what the Jackdaw had just seen. The long chamber this time was not empty.

At the table where the silver pitcher gleamed sat a man. A large man, sprawling at length in a high, medieval chair, he sat with his back toward the intruders and pensively regarded the moonlight through a window. While they watched him he roused, but without turning, and listened to the footsteps outdoors.

Then he reached for his pitcher. There stood a glass ready to hand, but he lifted the great silver weight like a trifle and drank from it magnificently.

"Lazy beggar!" said Jackdabos under his breath. He laughed silently, despair of their own case rendering him light-hearted. "Lazy devil! That's *pukka!* That's the kind of rich man to be."

The heavy boots came scuffing the garden stairs, directly up the terrace, into the house. Puig, with his long bundle under his armpit, looked wildly about the room, then slid into a corner of the bookcases. Jackdabos promptly ranged himself alongside. They waited there, among the darkest moonlight glimmerings, ready to fight or run.

"Hello, old man," hailed an English voice from the door, cheerful and friendly. "I did my part. If anyone's prowling round your garden to-night we've bottled him."

A tall shape entered the room—a shape that bore the long white bosom of evening dress.

"Bring your men up, Alfredo," it continued affably. "I thought I saw our gentry come sneaking this way."

The three carbineers crowded the door with their admirals' hats. As they did so the man at the table plumped down his silver jug and smacked his lips.

"Oh, water! Fountain of health!" he exclaimed in a hearty, familiar barytone. "I do love to come home to this Alpine spring of mine. If 'twas only wicked to drink water how fine it would be! Good evening, neighbor. Switch the lamp on, will you, please?"

The click of an electric button answered these words. At once the dreamlike mist in the room became an aching glare, a flood of common light. Jackdabos and Puig, nightbirds penned in a corner, stood blinking.

"Here they are. I thought so," declared the tall man in evening clothes. He was a lean Englishman, gray-haired, not old, not young, whose long, delicate, beardless face and smiling gray eyes turned on the wrongdoers with neither malice nor mercy. "Here they are, and a wicked pair too. Shall we tackle 'em? Do you want a row in here?"

He spoke to the man in the high-backed medieval chair, who lazily began to rise. The three policemen stolidly blocked the door. Puig showed his teeth like a rat, and seemed doubtful whether to draw the knife from his hip or yield. Jackdabos, crossing his arms, looked on.

"No, I hate rows," yawned the water-drinker, standing up and shoving his chair away. "No, Alfredo, not to-night—it was a mistake. A great mistake. These two gentlemen are friends of mine whom I expected."

He faced them while he spoke—a slow, amiable, black-bearded giant.

It was Barjavel.

A moment of stupefaction followed. Then Puig hurled his flat bundle clattering on the floor.

"Singed!" he cried. "Burnt and betrayed. You played us for fools. Damn the rich, anyhow!"

But Jackdabos bent double and laughed himself into a spasm of coughing.

"You old Assyrian bull!" he whooped. "You simply came here and waited for us! I have seen farces in my day ——"

He ran, caught Barjavel by the shoulders and shook him, transported with delight. Barjavel smiled like the father of a prodigal son.

"If you," said he, addressing the policemen over the Jackdaw's head, "will go shout for René at the back gate he will furnish you, my friends, with a little supper. René is the cook, and a remarkably good one."

The three carbineers touched their great hats and filed outdoors. Alfredo, their leader, a roly-poly Ventimiglian with huge mustaches, winked solemnly at Jackdabos as he went. The wink was returned.

"He arrested me once," the Jackdaw explained.

"It does him honor," said Barjavel, lightly embracing and releasing the Jackdaw. "And now," he continued with a gesture of welcome, "let's be comfortable. Won't you light the fire, my son? The room has grown chilly."

He went about closing windows and glass doors, drawing curtains, placing chairs round the table. Jackdabos knelt on the hearth and skillfully lighted a fire of *boulets*. The gray-haired Englishman, like one who knew the ways of that house, fetched a tall, many-branched silver candlestick and set it by Barjavel's chair.

"Switch off?" said he.

"Please. I loathe electricity," replied Barjavel.

A moment later they were ready to sit down by pleasant candlelight. Only Puig hung aloof, and glowered and sulked.

"What!" cried the friendly giant. "Puig, man, you thought me a traitor? Nonsense, never! Join us. The police merely came to see that the wrong persons didn't walk off with this house. They've gone—drinking in the kitchen by now. Come, your chair. What luck?"

"We got it," grinned the Jackdaw.

Puig emitted a grunt, stooped, took from the floor his muddy prize, stalked across with it, flung it on the table and himself into a chair.

"We got something," he amended skeptically. His green eyes surveyed the room with envious contempt and seemed to find a personal affront in the Englishman's clean linen. "Open it if you want to. I've been made a fool plenty long enough."

Jackdabos, radiant, whipped out his penknife.

"Shall I?" he asked, reaching for the moldy bundle on the mahogany.

"Wait. Hold on," commanded Puig morosely. "I thought our secret lay among three. Who's your fourth?"

The Englishman calmly began shoving his chair away.

"I'll trot home if you like," he offered.

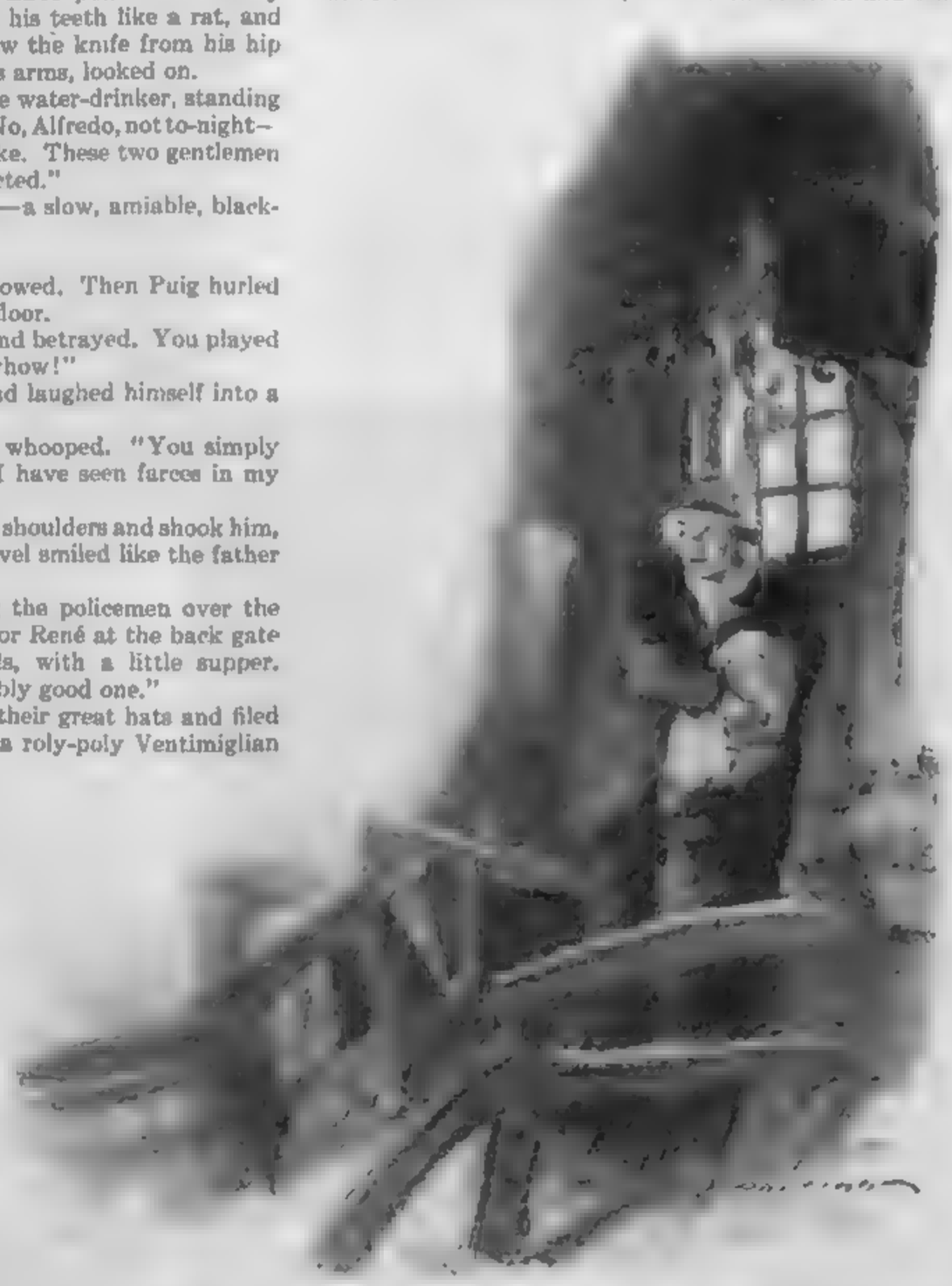
Barjavel stayed him with a glance.

"Puig's better than his manners," stated the giant. "His question is a fair question. I'll answer it. Boys, this gentleman knows more about bronze, gold and silver, ancient or modern, than any other person alive. His opinion will be worth having in case we can show him anything fit for his consideration."

The gray-haired stranger leaned forward and lighted a cigarette amid the little forest of candles.

"Handsome of you," he drawled. "Go on, my son. Cut the cake; you're the youngest."

Jackdabos slit with his knife the muddy envelope. Heavy tarred canvas it was, well sewn with cobbler's twine, but so rotten that it flew apart like cheesecloth and sent



At the Wine-Shop Door Above Stood Puig, Hesitating, Clinging Still to His White Bundle

crumbs of earth showering the mahogany. Then appeared a bluish wrapping of tea lead, which the Jackdaw quickly unfolded. The third cerement was oiled silk, yellow and blotched as if with sweat, but tough. The penknife blade ripped this from end to end with a gritty noise that set the men's teeth on edge.

"There!" cried Jackdabos, and tore away silk remnants from something which gleamed. He flung all three wrappings on the floor. "What'll you bet?"

"Great guns!" murmured the Englishman, forgetting to smoke. "Troy town!"

All four jostled their heads together and stared.

Before them lay an oval platter of dull gold, as large as an ordinary serving tray. The edge was a crusted garland of golden leaves, laurel and myrtle interwoven; the rest, a glorious theater of human forms crowded into action, like the shield of Achilles. Jackdabos and his knife had cut the ancient world open. Troy stood midmost in the gold, its high walls breasting the surge of the Greek army, well-greaved and helmeted Achæans whose waves broke powerfully under the Scæan gate. Above the battlements, outshining Priam and his elders, enthroned, a lost and lovely queen, sat Helen looking for her brothers. She yearned for them and feared them. They would never reproach her. They were dead, and buried in the dear soil of Sparta, their native land. But like her dream and memory of their young splendor, to right and left of the siege appeared her brothers as Helen had known them—the great Twin Brethren, Castor taming furious horses, Pollux boxing with a king. A flight of doves crossed the curving sky, Troyward bound from Cyprus; and rimming the bottom of this plate in a script as beautiful as any of the molded limbs above, ran the lines:

Sic te diva potens Cypri
Sic fratres Helenae, lucida sidera . . .

"Never Dare Say That!" He Ordered in a Whisper That Cut Through the Crowd

Barjavel stood up and blew like a dolphin. The Englishman ran his fingers, burning cigarette and all, through his gray hair. Puig lifted the plate greedily, weighed it in each hand, then put it down. Jackdabos, coolest of the company, was the first to speak.

"Helen's legs," he observed, "are the legs of the Fontainebleau Nymph. And what helmets! Oh, my golly!"

Until now the Englishman had shown no curiosity, nothing more than a polite tolerance, toward his captives; but on hearing these words he sat erect, darted one glance at the sunburnt Jackdaw, met his glowing eyes, nodded, and thenceforward, though studying the golden wonder close and hard, spoke only to the Jackdaw, as friend to friend.

"Your view of Helen's legs is very sound and scholarly," he rejoined, smiling. "They're draped, of course, and the Nymph's are not. But all the same ——" After more study of the plate, with muttered exclamations, he launched into a rapid technical discourse which ran for a quarter hour, and which two of his hearers admired greatly without understanding a word. "Yes," he concluded, wringing his long fingers in satisfaction. "Not one of the books ever mentioned this, not Cellini himself—there's the puzzle! That chatterbox, never to drop a hint about any such design. Incredible! But, youngster, you hit it. Helen's figure is the same, done from the same model, I'll stake my head—from that little, wild, brunette girl Jeanne—what's her name, poor young thing?—the Scorzone."

Again the lecturer sought Jackdabos with his eyes. He leaned back, smiling thoughtfully, as if he had found the young man more problematic than the plate.

"Do you mean to say," boomed Barjavel, striding up and down the chamber, "that it really is Cellini?"

The Englishman nodded.

"Unmistakably," he answered. "Made in France, by Benvenuto, for Francis I. Look, by the way" and he pointed to the golden door of Troy—"there's the king's own salamander. Oh, it's quite all right. The greatest find of our day, my friends."

Jackdabos bent down and became absorbed.

"Salamander's badly done," he murmured. "The only one thing wrong, though, for all the rest is perfect. But his curves ought to go like this."

Dipping his hand into the silver pitcher, the young critic sketched with wet fingertips a design on the mahogany.

"I'd bend that salamander so."

The Englishman whistled under his breath.

"Right again," said he in amazement. "Where did you learn these things?"

"Making graveyard statues," replied the Jackdaw impatiently, as though everyone made them; "and goldsmithing a bit, and doing pottery. Bah! You know. Odd jobs—that kind of rot."

He was lost again in the world of Troy, Helen's contemporary, sharing her present woe and her memories of the far-off brethren.

"The Twins always were my favorite gods," he meditated. "If a fellow prayed hard to 'em, could he manage one piece half so fine as this before he died?"

With the air of a righteous man who had endured enough nonsense, Puig grasped the gold platter and weighed it once more. His mustache bristled with calculation.

"What's it worth?" he demanded. "Set a fair price for us. We might get cheated."

The scholar shook his gray head.

"No price," he answered, looking distantly among the candle flames.

"What?" yelled Puig. "It's real, ain't it? You said so"

"More real than you or I," mused the Englishman coldly. "Its value is what the owner thinks."

The blacksmith openly jeered as he set the gleaming legend down.

"Well, just so. We're the owners, and we want to know what to think."

"Owners?" Jackdabos cried in hot disdain. "You fool, nobody can own a thing like that, any more than a mountain or a star."

The Englishman glanced over to where Barjavel bestrode the fireplace. Barjavel acknowledged his glance. Together, like secret judges, they watched this angry, mud-stained couple brawling over their treasure.

"Neighbor," propounded Barjavel mildly, as if to change the subject, "how do you like the man-trap I set in my garden?"

His neighbor laughed with a quiet relish.

"Humph!" said he. "You caught one."

x

ONCE more they had gathered in conclave round the Trojan plate, and sat speechless, intent, in various eager postures of admiration, when suddenly the Jackdaw wriggled from his chair and left the group. All eyes turned to watch him. Straight from the end of the table, quick and soft-footed as a mousing cat, he reached a door at the innermost corner of the room. There he stood, listening, cocking his head against a panel.

"Eh?" said Barjavel.

Jackdabos, with a flash of his black Egyptian eyes, warned them to go on talking. They nodded, and exchanged glances full of significance.

"A gorgeous evening," declared the giant promptly. "You've no idea what a lark it is to have old cronies drop in. About time, don't you think, for a little supper? As for drinkables ——"

He rambled through a bountiful inventory of his cellar, while Puig and the Englishman forced a few comments. All at once Jackdabos twisted the knob and jerked the door open.

A black corridor, so far as the candlelight would reach, yawned empty. Jackdabos craned his neck, leaned into the darkness, listened again, then softly closed the door.

"Got away," he said, returning to lean against the table, his lips quirked in their odd smile, but his brows contracted. "The man's gone. Must have been his going that I heard."

Mild reflections from the sculptured gold played on his face while he stood thinking.

"Puig," he demanded suddenly, "where did you leave your trowel?"

"Chucked her down," replied the smith, staring. "Why not?"

"No reason why not. Stuck mine into that ivy," mused the Jackdaw. "Doesn't matter. The hole's there. And Alfredo's patrol was ordered to call your cook, Barjavel, from the back gate. If they found the hole now what would they say?"

Barjavel wagged his beard thoughtfully.

"No harm done," said he. "Gardeners dig holes, even lazy gardeners like mine."

"We're in Italy," retorted the youngster. "Alfredo's a jolly round man, but no fool. Gardeners, moreover, don't dig holes in "

A sound of footsteps coming along the corridor broke short his explanation. Jackdabos leaped back, made a downward swoop, amassed the muddy wrappings from the floor, and stuffed them behind a row of red morocco bindings on a bookshelf. Next moment somebody tapped at the door. Before the tapping ceased, Jackdabos lunged halfway across the table, reached with both arms, and recovered like a fencer. A broad gleam passed through the air. Helen of Troy vanished in a golden mist.

"Come," cried Barjavel

The door opened. Alfredo, the Ventimiglian, showed his plump red face, huge mustache and twinkling eyes. He entered with a gesture of apology and, tucking his pompous hat under one arm, closed the door, beside which he placed his roly-poly figure at attention, an easy, fat man's attention, not even half military. He excused himself—no one more polite.

"I came to thank you, sir," he said, bowing toward Barjavel. "My men and I are about to leave. We enjoyed your bounty, and wish you a felicitous good night."

"Good night, my friend," the giant sleepily drawled "You found all to your satisfaction?"

Alfredo smiled a merry smile which tilted his buffalo-horn mustache.

"*Ecco!* Abundantly, sir," he reported, and turned to go. "By the way," he added, with his hand on the door-jamb, "we discovered someone had been digging recently near your ruin. I suppose it's all right, sir?"

Barjavel yawned.

"Quite, thanks. My gardener had word to spade up a new flower bed. Lazy fellow; I dare say he didn't finish his work before night "

Alfredo's merry smile grew broader.

"I dare say not, sir," he agreed, lingering on the threshold. "The fact is, your gardener may have misunderstood you, for he made his excavation in the path, and not with a spade but a trowel. I nearly broke my shins. Lucky I'm fat."

He laughed, and cast a look of great friendliness round the company. Barjavel sat unmoved, as though he had finished a trivial conversation; the Englishman started another cigarette and calmly began reading a book by candlelight; but Puig, weary and sullen, glowered the defiance of a man who expects to be haled into custody. As for Jackdabos, he stood in the best available shadow, listening quietly with arms folded. No one could have guessed what golden loveliness he hugged, like a breastplate, under his velveteen jacket. No one could fail, however, to spy the mud clotted on his elbows, or the earthy smears which rendered Puig's face more haggard than its wont.

"Good night, gentlemen," purred Alfredo, brushing the magnificent hat.

"Good night," the culprits answered in various tones.

"Glad to meet you again, old one," added the Jackdaw.

"It was a pleasant surprise to see you," Alfredo chuckled. "I hope I may have the honor repeated -soon!"

He scattered largess of cheerful nods and took his departure, smiling.

"Soon, by all means!" called Jackdabos, running to the door. "We must talk over old times. I'm bound south, you know. May I look you up to-morrow at Ventimiglia?"

"*Ecco!*" answered the policeman's voice amiably from the dark corridor.

Jackdabos closed the door and made a wry face. For a time no one spoke. Then Barjavel shrugged his shoulders and inquired:

"All serene?"

Jackdabos, frowning, shook his head.

"Not a bit of it. Alfredo is o-n, on."

The Englishman laid his book down.

"Right," he observed very dryly. "If Alfredo overheard my lecture on Benvenuto you'll never carry that thing out of Italy—not, at any rate, past him. Alfredo speaks half a dozen languages, and he's far from deaf. Italian soil is a ticklish material to scratch. There's a government after its kind, and something called a Commission of Arts." He stretched out his long shanks and gripped the arms of his chair, ready to rise. "Now you've got it," he asked quizzically, "aren't you lost?"

Barjavel soon dismissed that question.

"I claim no part in it," he boomed. "I wash my hands of the whole affair."

The tall Englishman rose.

"Pontius Pilate was not altogether an ass," he laughed. "I do the same. Good night, gentlemen. No, thanks, no supper. The hour's late. Time elderly devils went to bed." He lounged across the room, parted a brocade curtain which covered the glass door, and became a shadow on the moonlit terrace. "Let me know how you dispose your booty," he called from without. "This happens only once in a dozen generations."

Barjavel locked the glass door carefully, drew the heavy brocade into place, then came and took his friends one by each hand. They moved toward the fireplace, where for a time they remained, searching one another's face in the glow cast by the ruddy *boulets*. Jackdabos kept his free arm across his breast, holding the Trojan plate concealed. Puig scratched his head and pouted at the fire.

"Good boys, both," said Barjavel with emotion. "Good boys." His large gray eyes glittered solemnly. "I'm glad of your success. The thing is all your own. And now, what next?"

The blacksmith saw lions in the way.

"Too much moonlight. We can't get back into France by the way we came; and to-morrow this Italian jackass will have men watching the whole border line. He knows. God bless our luck, he knows! It's your fault, Barjavel, for you called him here. You couldn't trust us."

"And thou, Jacko?" asked the giant.

"Made in France." Jackdabos rapped his breast, which gave a sound like muffled armor. "Made in France for a French king. It never was meant to stay in Italy. Over the border we go."

"How?" the other two demanded.

"On our feet," he replied. "It is thus, brothers: Two courses, as you and I and Alfredo know, lie open to us—either we keep the treasure here in this house a while, or we run it out of the country at once. If we keep it here we're lost; that's only a question of time, of police work, watching. If we run it out to-night, the shortest way, we'll run plump into Alfredo's arms, anywhere between this fireplace and Torrent Saint Louis. His men are doggo in the heather or else picketing the olive grove. Now, you heard me tell Alfredo that we were bound south and would call on him at Ventimiglia."

Puig and Barjavel nodded.

"Because why?" said Puig.

The Jackdaw smiled.

"Because Alfredo is very subtle, for a policeman. He knows from Holy Writ that all men are liars, and from experience that I'm a fairly good one. So what's Alfredo thinking outdoors in the heather?" Jackdabos looked very young and ingenuous while he posed this question. "Why," he continued, "our dear Alfredo thinks we'll do the contrary—we'll go, not south but back to France. I'm such a rotten liar, don't you see? The last thing he dreams of is that I told an honest fact, and that we're bound for Ventimiglia direct as fast as boot leather will carry."

"But, man," objected the smith, "you're only falling in deeper then—farther into the damned Italy."

"Oh, bosh!" cried the Jackdaw. "Can't you follow? It's a jolly old circumbendibus. We spoke the truth to Alfredo. Great is the truth, and doth prevail; for at Ventimiglia we turn due north for the Alps, shoot up the valley of the Roia, leg it like the devil on stilts, cross the frontier this side o' Breil—swim the river if we must, but I know a better way—then grimp the mountain rocks up over the Col de Brouis—and so, early to-morrow, drop easy as a bird into Sospel, safe and hearty in good old France."

The beauty of this plan, or the firelight, or both, made his dark face glow like a girl's. Puig and the giant, watching him, caught something of his ardor.

"Not so bad," observed the one. "Your brains live too near your hat, but they're all there."

"Excellent!" proclaimed the other. "I foresee a night that has some fun in it. Wait half a jiffy."

So saying, Barjavel released his friends and ran to the door of the passageway.

"Tie up your bundle, meantime," he called as he disappeared into the darkness. "Newspapers and twine are in that box seat under the window. Get ready to jump while I see René."

He was off to the kitchen. Jackdabos wasted no time, but whipped from his bosom the gold plate and laid it on the table. Then, kneeling by the window box in question, he flung back the lid, pulled out a rustling armful of printed sheets and rose to work. A moment his quick fingers played, and there lay Cellini's grandeur as a flat, thick, commonplace package, wrapped in several dozen copies of Figaro and Le Petit Marseillais.

"Barjavel's a keen old dog," he mumbled as he bit the loose twine off the knots. "Nobody looks twice at a newspaper parcel."

Puig took it under his arm jealously. They recovered their caps and stood waiting, while overhead a rumble of voices and footsteps traveled through the upper chambers of the house. Soon afterward Barjavel came laughing into the room and joined them. He wore the old, black, rumpled serge clothes in which they had first seen him by the roadside.

"Ready?" said he. "All's well. René has lighted the whole top story as if we were going to bed. Our Italian friends will watch those windows till lights out, of course. Hope they won't catch cold in their ambush. Come on. Douse the glim."

He swept his broad felt hat over the candles, and all was dark except the ruddiness from the coal fire. Then, with a chink of curtain rings gliding on a rod, one end of the room became a pale, checkered lattice. Barjavel's big shadow moved against the moonlight, opening this window—a tall, wide eastern window which looked away from France, sheer down over house and garden wall.

"Fourteen-foot drop," he whispered. "Are you game?"

Jackdabos climbed on the sill.

"I'll go first," he murmured. "Puigo, toss your baby down when I give you the word."

"Jump into that black spot," advised Barjavel. "It's *dagache*." The Jackdaw spun out of the window and landed crashing in the shadow of the house below.

"Gimme the child," he called next moment.

Puig tossed out his white parcel, and followed it.

"Golly," he cried, coughing. "My spine's drove among my teeth."

He and the Jackdaw stumbled upright, unharmed, in a patch of soft, wide-growing savin.

"Good-by, old man." They hailed the window above them guardedly. "Thanks for all. Where shall we meet again?" The householder looked down on them—a blurred face in a dark square.

"Get out!" said Barjavel. "Don't talk so loud, and stand clear o' the mat. Think I wasn't coming?"

They leaped from their savin bed just in time as the black shape came hurtling down.

"*Achcha!*" grunted Barjavel, flat amid evergreen needles. "Missed it for the world!" He bounded off the bush, caught his footing, and pointed down a moonlit mountain flank into Italy. "Come along. I'm with you, old as I am. This is better than living in a house!"

They ran. Behind them, above Goiffon's garden, a row of lights in an upper story told the world that a quiet household was going tamely, domestically to bed.

■

WHILE they ran the three friends chuckled and whispered and joyfully swore. The pleasure of being together again, outdoors, foot-loose under the moon, gave to their flight a relish further enhanced by the likelihood that danger was following them. Barjavel cut capers, pranced, and galloped like a Percheron stallion between two ponies. The bedroom windows, false lights that dwindled and grew higher and higher aloft, soon vanished behind the crest of the hill.

(Continued on Page 56)

"It's My Own Fault. Sorry We Didn't Stop Where You Wanted, Ruth"

THE MAN NEXT DOOR

By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

XXIV

I NEVER went to bed none at all that night. I couldn't of slept, nohow. I set there in the ranch room thinking and trying to figure out what I had ought to do. I concluded that might depend some on what Bonnie Bell was going to do; and I couldn't tell what that was, for she didn't seem clear about it herself.

Along about daybreak, maybe sooner, when I set there—maybe I'd been asleep once or twice a little—I heard the noise of a car going out not far from us. I suppose, like enough, it was over at the Wisners'; maybe some of their folks was going or coming. In the city, folks don't use the way they do on a ranch, and night goes on about the same as daytime.

I'd been studying so hard over all these things, trying to see how I'd have to play the game, that I didn't notice Old Man Wright when he come in that morning, about the time he usual got up for breakfast. He wasn't worried none, but seemed right happy, like something was clear in his mind.

"Well, Curly," says he, "you're up right early, ain't you? What makes you so keen to hear the little birds sing this morning?"

He fills up his pipe. I didn't say nothing.

"Well," says he after a time, smoking and looking out the window, "I suppose I'm a fond parent again right now. Maybe I'll be a grandpa before long—who can tell? I never did figure on being a grandpa in my born days," says he; "but such is life."

"What do you mean, Colonel?" I ast him.

"Well," says he, "I ain't a real grandpa yet, maybe, but I reckon it's like enough. All them flowers and that sort of thing—and that late executive session last night."

He still looks right contented. What could I say to him then?

"Too bad," says he, "you couldn't of stayed up to get the happy news, Curly!" says he. "I expect Tom Kimberly would of been right glad to tell you or me; but I knew how the thing was going. I been a young man once myself. He don't want old people setting round—he wants the whole field clear for hisself. It takes young folks several hours sometimes to set and tell things to each other that could be told in just a minute. Proposing is a industrial waste, way it's done customary.

"Well, well!" he goes on. "I'm glad my little girl's going to be so happy. She's a good girl and she loves her pa. Sometimes I even think she's right fond of you, Curly," says he. "I can't see why. You're a mighty trifling man, Curly," says he. "I don't see why I keep you."

Then I knowed he was feeling good. He wouldn't turn me off noways in the world, but he liked to joke thataway sometimes.

"Well," says he after a while, "what do you say about it your own self, Curly?"

"I say she loves you as much as any girl ever did her pa. She loves me, too, though I don't know why, neither."

"Shore she does!" he nods. "And she'll do the square thing by us two—that's shore."

"Is it?" says I. "Well, who knows what's the square thing in the world? Sometimes it's hard to tell what is."

"That's so," says he, thoughtful. "Sometimes it is. I might of liked some other man better'n Tom, maybe, if there'd been any other man; but there isn't. I'm glad she's taken him. He'll turn out all right. He's a good boy and his folks is good. He'll come out all right—don't you worry."

"No," says I; "I don't reckon it'll do no good to worry, Colonel."

"What do you mean?" says he. "Ain't it all right?" says he.

"That remains to be saw," says I.

"She accepts him, don't she?"

"If I knew I'd tell you," says I; "but I don't know for shore."

"Of course," he says to me, "the girl wouldn't be apt to talk very free to you about it, especial since you was in bed."

"Was I?" says I. "Oh, all right, if I was in bed! If I didn't talk to Bonnie Bell a while here last night, then everything is done, and I'm glad to know it."

"Well, where's she now?" says he. "I'm hungry as all get out; and you know I can't eat till she comes down to breakfast—I've got to have her setting right across the table from me, like her ma used to set. Oh, hum! I suppose some day she won't be setting there no more. Just you and me'll be setting there, looking at each other like two old fools. That's what fathers is for, Curly," says he. "That's the best they can get out of the draw.

"Well, that's what I've been living for ever since she was knee-high—just to make her happy; just to give her, like her ma told me I must, the place in life that she had coming to her. No little calico dress and a wide hat for Miss Mary Isabel Wright now, I reckon, Curly. Her game is different now. Them Better Things is coming her way, I reckon now, Curly. She's left the ranch and is playing a bigger game—and she's won in it. Well, I'll tell 'em both how glad I am; but I wish she'd come down to breakfast, for I'm getting right hungry."

"I Never Went to Sleep That Night, Neither Did Bonnie Bell"

She didn't come. I couldn't say anything to him yet, for I didn't exactly know what the truth was; Bonnie Bell hadn't told me whether or not she accepted Tom, but only said he was going to come back again. I wish't she'd come down and take this thing offen my hands, for I was getting cold feet as shore as you're born.

He walks up and down, getting hungrier all the time, and singing Oh, Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairee! But she didn't come. At last he calls our William; and says he to William:

"Go send Annette up to ask Miss Bonnie if she's ready for breakfast."

"Yes, sir; very well, sir. Hit's all growing quite cold, sir," says William; and he went away.

He come back in a few minutes and stood in the door and said his Ahum! like he always did, and the old man turned to him.

"Beg pardon, sir, but Miss Wright's mide says Miss Wright 'as not come in."

"Not come in! What do you mean?"

"She's not in her room, sir. The mide thinks she's not been in her room during the night."

"What's that? What's that?" says he. "Curly, didn't you just now say she was here? Wasn't you up after I was?"

"I seen her around midnight," says I—"maybe later; I don't know. I thought she went to bed. I never did hear her go out. She couldn't of went out—I'd of heard her."

"You'd of heard her! With you in bed yourself? What do you mean?"

The old man turned on me now and seen my face. He come close up to me.

"Where was you?" says he. "What do you mean?"

"Colonel," says I, "she was here after midnight. I ain't been to bed at all to-night."

"What did she say to you? Why didn't you go to bed? Where is she? What have you done?"

"I ain't done nothing," says I. "I've been trying to talk to you for days, and I couldn't. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to interfere in any girl's business, and this shore is hers."

"It's hers?" says he, cold and hard. "I'm in this too. There's something in here that's got to come out. Come!" says he.

He motioned to me, and I followed him up the staircase to the part of the house that was Bonnie Bell's—the second story and on the corner toward the lake. She had a fine, big bedroom, with wide windows, all the wood in white, and all the silks a sort of pale green. We walked into the room; and he didn't knock. The room was empty! Her bed hadn't been slept in. On a chair, smoothed out, was her pale blue dress, which I remembered.

"That's the one she wore last," says I, pointing to it. "She's changed it."

"She's—she's gone!" says her pa. "Gone—without asking me—without telling me! Where's she gone? Tell me, Curly. Has—has anybody —— My girl—where is she? Tell me!"

He had hold of my shoulders then and shook me; and I ain't no chicken neither.

I got a look at the bed then, and there was something on the pillow. I showed it to him. It was a letter.

If you've ever seen a man shot, you know how it gets him. He'll stand for a time like he ain't hurt so bad. Then his face'll pucker, surprised, and he'll begin to crumble down slow. That was the way Old Man Wright done when he read that letter. It was like he was shot and trying to stand and couldn't, only a little while.

"She's—she's gone!" says he, like he was talking to someone else. "She's run away—from me! She's gone, Curly!" He says it over again, and this time so loud you could of heard it for a block. "Our girl's left here—left her father, after all! Curly, tell me, what was this? Could she—did she —— How could she?"

I taken the piece of paper from his hand when he didn't see me. It said:

"Father"—I never knew her to call him that before—"Father, I'm going away. I'm a thief. I've broken your heart and Curly's and Tom's. I'm the wickedest girl in the world; and I'll never ask your forgiveness, for I don't deserve it. You must not look for me any more. I'm going away. Good-by!"

Well, that was all. The letter had been all over wet—and a man can't cry.

"Curly," says her pa to me—"why, Curly, it can't be! She's hiding—she's just joking; she wouldn't do this with her old pa. She's scared me awful. Come on, let's find her and tell her she mustn't do this way no more. There's some things a man can't stand."

"Colonel," says I, "we got to stand it. She's gone and it ain't no joke."

"How do you know?" He turned on me savage now. "What do you know? There's nothing wrong about my girl—you don't dare to tell me that there is! She couldn't do no wrong; it wasn't in her."

"No," says I; "she wouldn't do anything but what she thought was right, I reckon. But, you see, you and me, we never knew her at all. I didn't till last night about half past twelve or one o'clock."

"What do you mean? What did she say?"

"She told me she'd got to be a woman."

He stood and looked at me; and now I seen I had to come through, for the girl couldn't be saved no more.

"Colonel," says I, "I might of known all along the thing would have to come out—it was due to break some day. I ought to of told you, of course."

"What do you mean?" says he; and he caught me once more in his hands—he's strong too.

"Turn me loose, Colonel!" says I. "There can't no man put hands on me—I won't have it. I worked for you all my life pretty near, and I done right, near as I knew. Turn loose of me!"

He let go easylike, but kept his eyes on me.

"I want to be fair," says he, and he half whispered—"I want to be fair; but the man that's done this'll have to settle with me! Tell me, did you and her plot against me?"

"I didn't plot none," says I. "I was only hoping she'd forget all about it and get married and settle down."

"Forget about what? Did she have any affairs that you knew about?"

I nods then. I was glad to get it offen my mind.

"Yes," says I; "she did."

"Who was it, Curly?" says he, quiet.

"It was the man next door—the Wisners' hired man," says I.

I'd rather of shot Old Man Wright and killed him decent than say what I did then.

"You're a liar!" says he to me after a while, quiet-like.

"Colonel," says I, "you can't call that to me, nor no other man, and you know it."

"I do call it to you!" says he. "My girl couldn't of done that."

"I wish I was a liar, Colonel," says I; "but I ain't. I'll give you one day to take that back, and you ain't going to study about no proofs neither. I've worked for you a long time. I've loved the girl like you did. It ain't no way for you to do to talk thataway to me. I'll say I've knew this some time and tried to stop it—it was my business to stop it. I tried a hundred times to tell you about it, but I couldn't without pretty near killing her and you too. She ast me not to tell you, and —— I loved her, same as you did."

"How far has it gone, Curly?" says he. He come over now and patted his hand up and down my shoulder, looking away, which was his way of saying he was sorry. "Don't mind me, Curly," says he. "I'm crazy! You mustn't mind me, but tell me all you know now. I know you couldn't lie to either of us if you tried."

"Yes I could too," says I; "but I haven't tried. But I just couldn't go to you and tell you all this thing, for I knew what it would mean to you.

"It's been going on quietlike for quite a while and I've been doing all I could to stop it. It begun maybe when she hauled him out of the lake—I don't know. They didn't meet often. I heard 'em talking once on the dock, and I told him I'd run him off if he come across the fence or said another word to her.

"She begged for him then; but I never promised her nothing. I knew it was my job as your foreman to take care of that, so I didn't go to you."

"Go on," says he. "Tell me!"

"She didn't say anything to him for a long time—she didn't meet him, not after she said she wouldn't. Then he sent letters over—tied to the collar of our little dog—two or three letters; maybe four or five, for all I know. He was crazy over her. All the time he owned up to her and me that he oughtn't to do what he done. He said in his letters he oughtn't to raise his eyes to her—he knowed he ought to of come around to the front door and not to the back door; and he said that very thing. But he said, like a man will, that he couldn't help it.

"She didn't never answer his letters, so far as I know. I don't know as she ever got any word to him at all. So far as I know, they never did talk much, only that one time when I heard 'em. But, as to something going on—why, yes, it's been going on for quite a little while. And I've knew it; I've knew I ought to go and tell you. And all the time I couldn't, because I loved her and she ast me not to."

"Did she ever tell you anything? Do you think she cared anyways for him? You see," he goes on, "I never seen him to know him. I don't know who he is. I didn't hardly know he was alive on earth. Gawd forgive me! I ought to of known. I told her once not to talk to their hired man; but if I'd thought anything of this I'd maybe of killed him then."

"Yes; and I ought to of told you, Colonel," says I. "It was only the way things happened and because she ast me not to."

"She had that secret from her father!" says he, slow. "Who in hell can tell what's in a woman's heart?"

"That's it," says I; "now you got it. She was a woman—she told me so."

"What more did she say, Curly?"

"Once she come to me crying, and she says: 'Curly, I love him!'—she meant that man next door. And I know for shore now he wasn't fit to wipe her feet on."

Old Man Wright he sat down then, quietlike. I couldn't help him none. I had to set and see him take it.

"She said that—she loved him? How long ago?"

"A few weeks, maybe," says I. "I never could get the nerve to tell you then. I hoped she'd get to see how foolish it was for her to care for a cheap gardener—I thought she'd be too proud for that. And then I allowed she'd, like enough, marry Tom Kimberly, and that'd change her and it'd all come out all right. All the time I was hoping and trying to save both her and you. I been nigh about crazy, Colonel. And all the time, of course, I was only a damn fool cowpuncher without any brains."

"She's gone!" says he after a time.

"Yes," says I; "near as I can figure, she's thought about it all night and concluded it'd be best for her not to marry Tom, feeling like she did about this other man. She's shook us, Colonel. But believe me, she wasn't never happy doing that. It must of been like death to her."

"Why did she do it, Curly?" he whispered. "How could she? Why?"

"I done told you, Colonel," says I. "It was because she found she was a woman. She hadn't knew that before—nor us neither."

At length he got up, but he couldn't stand up straight.

"How can we keep this quiet?" says he.

We couldn't keep it quiet at all. It was all over the house right now. That Annette girl had read all them Peanut letters before William ever got 'em. Like enough he had too. They was scared when we walked into their part of the house.

"Where's that dog?" says Old Man Wright.

William he got pale.

"Very good, sir," says he, and pretends to go after Peanut, which he knows wasn't there.

"Hi suppose she took 'im along with 'er, sir," says William after a while.

Annette she chips in:

"*Oui, oui*—yes, yes; she took him with her."

"Took him with her? What do you mean? What do you know about it? Keep quiet, you people!" says Old Man Wright. "Get into that room!" He locked them in.

"Now, Curly ——" says he.

I knew he was clear in his own mind by now that the girl had run away with that gardener. He was going over there.

"No, Colonel," says I; "you keep out of this."

"What do you mean?" says he. "Ain't you my friend at all? Ain't I got a friend in all the world?"

"You're alderman here," I says, "and that's the same as being sher'f. When you was sher'f you couldn't do what the law said you couldn't—now could you? You have to keep up the law when you're a alderman or sher'f. With me it's different. Besides, this is my job, not yours."

"Curly," says he, and I could see his jaw get hard all along the aidge, "Curly, ain't there no place on earth for a pore old broken-hearted man?"

"Never mind just yet, Colonel," says I. "It ain't your turn," says I—"that's all. Sometimes," I says to him, "it's best to go a little slow at first and not make no foolish breaks. Let's just take it easy till we see which way the cat has jumped—we don't know much yet."

"She—she wouldn't kill herself," says he sudden; and he got even whiter.

"I don't think so," I says; "and I'll tell you why. I don't think she was thinking so much of dying when she said 'I'm a woman.' It was life!"

He looked at me quiet.

"She said that?"

"Uh-huh!—sever'l times. And it was like you said, Colonel, after all. There ain't no fence high enough to keep a young man and a young woman apart. It was bound to come, and we didn't know it—that was all."

"We give her every chance. There was Tom."

"Yes," says I; "and there was the man next door. These things goes by guess and by Gawd. For instance," says I, "what in the world could Bonnie Bell's ma ever see in you, Colonel?"

That hit him hard, though I didn't mean it that way. He turned his face away, like he seen something awful before him.

"Oh, don't!" says he. "I done that myself, yes. I stole her ma away. She loved me and I loved her. Ain't there no one to show a pore old helpless man what he ought to do?"

"It's life, and she's showed us the way," says I. "When you stole Bonnie Bell's ma you was ready to meet her folks, I reckon, if they come to take her away. You taken your chance when you married her. So's the man that's run off with Bonnie Bell. Let him have a even break, Colonel. He loves her, maybe—and he seems to have a way with women."

"He's ruined her!" says Old Man Wright. "It's marriage he was after, of course; but look at the difference. I never touched a cent of her ma's money. We made our own way. But here's a low-down sneak that's come in at our back door and run away with my girl for her money! Don't you see the difference? What's this skunk like?" he says to me after a time.

"He ain't such a bad-looking fellow," says I, "if he was dressed up. He's a sort of upstanding fellow. His clothes was always so dirty he didn't look like much. He was a good-talking fellow enough."

"They all are—the damn fortune-hunting curs! I can believe that."

"I was too much a coward to tell you, Colonel," says I. "I love that girl a awful lot. I'd do anything I could to help the kid, even now when she's in so bad."

"Yes," says he.

"She had it in her natural," says I. "Her pa and ma run away. She was plumb gentle till she bolted—and then all hell couldn't hold her. Ain't that like her pa?"

"Yes," says he, humble; "it's like her pa."

"And she's handsome, and soft, and kind, and gentle—so any man couldn't help loving her. Ain't she like her ma thataway? Wasn't she thataway too?"

"Yes," says he, choking up like; "she's like her ma."

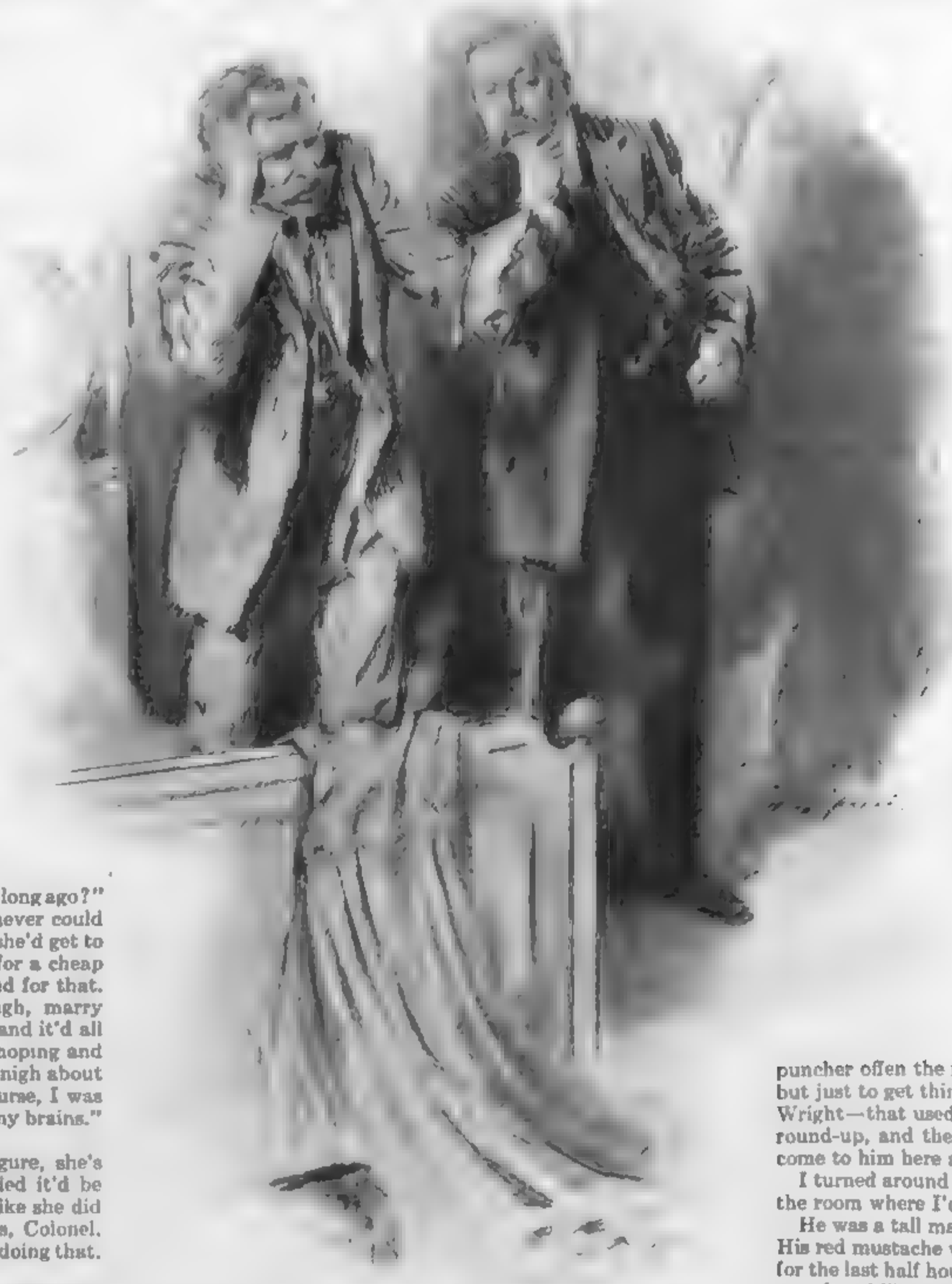
"Well, then?" says I. "Well, then?"

So I pushed him outen the room into another and went on out down the walk. I allowed I had to go over there to Wisners'.

I looked around at our house as I was going out. It was big and fine, but somehow the curtains looked dull and dirty to me. Everything was shabby-looking someways. This place was where we'd failed. And then I seemed to see my own self like I was—Curly, a bow-legged cowpuncher offen the range, with no use for him in the world but just to get things mixed up, like I had. And Old Man Wright—that used to be our sher'f and the captain of the round-up, and the best cowman in Wyoming—what had come to him here at this place?

I turned around to look back. Just then he come outen the room where I'd pushed him in.

He was a tall man, but now he stood stooped down like. His red mustache was ragged where he'd gnawed the ends for the last half hour. His face seemed different colors and wasn't red like usual. He seemed to have got leaner all at once. His knees didn't seem to keep under him good and



"Why, Curly, it Can't Be! She's Hiding—She's Just Joking"

his back was bowed. He'd changed a lot in less than a hour. He seemed to be thinking of what I was thinking of, and he sort of taken a look around at the house too.

"I made it, Curly," says he, and his voice was sort of loose and trembling, like he was old.

"I made it for her. I made a lot of money for her. I tried to make her believe I was happy here, but I never was. I ain't been happy here, not a hour since we come. It's all been a mistake."

He hammers his fist on the wall by the door where he stood.

"Brick on brick," says he, "I built it for her. I pretended I liked all these things, but I didn't care a damn for 'em. It's all been a bluff; we've bluffed to each other and we've all been wrong. It's been a failure; all we tried to do for her has been no good. She's throwed us down. Curly, I don't count for nothing no more."

It was true, all he'd said. We'd played our little game and lost it. I never felt so bow-legged in my life, or so red-headed, as I did when I turned to walk down from our house to Wisners'. I looked back just once. There was Old Man Wright standing in the door, tall and bent over, a hand against each side of the door frame.

I left him there, holding on to the frame of the front door of what he called our home, that he'd worked so hard for—that we'd both tried so hard to make her happy in. He'd found one game at last where he couldn't win.

And she'd shook us now—our girl—shook us for a man that never had knocked at our front door!

XXV

I WAS almost down to our front gate, with half a notion to go over and have a talk with them Wisner people, when I heard our William calling to me; he'd got out of the room where we locked him up and run around the back of the house.

"Oh, Mr. Wilson! Mr. Wilson!" says he. "Hi beg of you, don't!" says he; and he come running after me.

"What's the matter with you?" I ast him.

"Hi beg your pardon, sir," says he; "but Hi'm most deeply concerned in hall of this," he says.

"What do you mean, you shrimp?" says I. "Have you been mixed up in anything here?"

"Hit was the mide across the way, sir—across the wall, that is to say. Well, perhaps Hi've been too attentive to their Hemmy, sir, from the hupper-story window; but she was that pretty—and so fond of me! Hi 'ope Hi did no wrong, sir; but you see, sometimes when all was quite still, sir, Hi did flash a light across from my window on 'ers, and we did 'ave quite a 'appy time, sir, come midnight—quite silent, sir, and quite far apart; quite respectable, Hi assure you, sir—nothing more—all above the wall; for otherwise Hi couldn't 'ave seen 'er at all. We've never met, hindeed."

"Was you busy with that sort of thing about one or two o'clock this morning?" I ast him. "I want to know what you done—what happened?"

"A great deal 'appened, sir. Quite without plan, I saw a man appear at the window of this 'ouse across the wall; 'e was right by the window and looking across. At first Hi thought 'e was looking at my window and Hi stepped back, not wishing to compromise a lady like Hemmy—that being the 'ousemide's name across the wall, sir."

"What was this man doing?"

"Hi cawn't 'ardly tell, sir. 'E looked and 'e made some motions. There seemed a light on 'is window too; in fact, all between the two 'ouses seemed quite bright at the time, what with 'im and what with me. A short time afterwards a car went out."

I turned on down toward the gate.

"Oh, Hi beg of you," says he, "to say nothing over there. Knowing as Hi do that both you and Mr. Wright are very violent men, and caring as Hi do for Hemmy, the 'ousemide, sir, Hi feel most uneasy—Hi do, hindeed."

"Well, if that's the way you feel, William," says I, "you go on back in the house."

"You don't mean any violence, Hi 'ope, sir?"

"I don't know yet what I mean; but go on back in."

He turns around just about in time, for now I seen two or three people coming in at our front gate. I didn't know any of them. They was young fellows. One of them ast me if I knew anything about the alleged elopement. Then I seen word had got out somehow—like enough from our Annette or their Emmy, and these was maybe newspaper reporters come up to see about it.

"I haven't heard of any elopement," says I. "I was just calling our butler down for flirting some with one of their hired girls over there."

"May we talk to your butler?" ast one of them.

"No; you can't," says I, "because he's gone in to see about breakfast."

One of the young fellows looked up.

"I say," says he, "are we on a high love story or one of the servants' quarters? Tell us, friend"—he says to me—"can't you help us out on this?"

"It ain't in my line of business," says I; "but it seems plain, if their hired man has run away with our maid, or our butler run away with theirs, it ain't story enough to bother a alderman about."

"Well, lemme get a picture of the wall, anyways," says he; and he done that before I could help it.

"Have you got one of your butler?" he ast.

"She Never Said She'd Marry Me; She Said She'd Tell Me Sometime"

"No, we ain't; and you can't get none. We don't bother about the lower classes," says I.

So they laughed and bimeby went on away. I give them some cigarettes—all I had; and they said I was a good scout, like enough.

Well, of all the papers that tried to get a story that morning, not one printed a word except one. It come out with about a colyum in the paper all about a mysterious disappearance in Millionaire Row. It allowed that nobody could tell who had disappeared, but some said that Old Man Wisner had run off with one of Alderman Wright's hired girls, and others said that Old Man Wright had eloped with Mrs. Wisner, while others declared that the Wrights' butler had eloped with the second-floor maid of the Wisner household; though still others insisted the Wisner gardener had disappeared with the heiress of Alderman Wright, the well-known citizen whose reëlection at the coming term was practically assured.

That paper printed some pictures too—one of Old Man Wisner and one of Bonnie Bell, allowing that he was our butler and the one of Bonnie Bell was the picture of the second-floor maid of the Wisner household. I reckon they had them pictures already in their newspaper office. But they printed a new picture of the Wisner wall and said some more funny things about that, like they had before.

This wasn't no funny time for us. But next day there was a big fire or something, and all those people got to writing about something else; and they let us alone.

After they'd gone away that morning Old Man Wright ast me if I'd learned anything. Then I told him about how William had made signs that morning across the wall to people in that house.

"Now it seems to me like this, Colonel," says I: "I never went to sleep that night, and neither did Bonnie Bell. When she seen them lights on the windows maybe she went to her own window. He was maybe standing there and seen her. Maybe she seen him. Maybe all at once it come over her that she'd have to—she'd have to —— Well, you know what I mean."

He nodded then.

"You see, it must of come over the pore girl all at once," says I; for to save my life I couldn't help trying to excuse her every way I could. "She hadn't sent no word over to him and he hadn't got no word to her for weeks so far as I knew. It must of all come to them both just in that one minute. It was like cap and powder—you can't help the explosion then. I reckon maybe she's somewhere—with him."

"Yes; with him!" breaks out Old Man Wright. "It was neck against neck—me and Wisner. I had him beat; I'd of had him on his knees. And now he's put the greatest disgrace on us any man could of figured out, no matter how hard he tried—his hired man has run away with my daughter! I could of laughed at Wisner once. Can I laugh at him now?"

"That ain't the worst."

"No," says he; "it ain't the worst. The worst is, she's married a low-down cur that's been after her money all this time. All this time, Curly—and I didn't know it. And you let him go thataway—right here; you heard the wheels that took 'em away!"

"Yes, Colonel," says I; "that's true. Now it's a little late, but I'm going to get on this job the best I know how from this time down. That means I've got to go away from town for a little while, Colonel. I want you to set here and leave this thing to me. Please don't say 'No' to that. I may need you after a while—in case I locate them. Since the newspapers has got fooled by this thing we pulled off this morning, maybe the best thing I can do is to go away while things is quiet."

"Stay here, then, Colonel," says I. "Don't drink no more and no less than you been doing. If anybody comes tell them Bonnie Bell is sick. Wait till you hear from me."

XXVI

I ARGUED that when you look for a man who has done a crime you got to figure on what he said and done last, so as to get a line on what he's going to do next; and when I come to study over what that hired man had mostly said to me I remembered it was about Wyoming and ropes and cows—things like that. I knew he was batty, like so many people is, about Western things—not that Western men is any different from anybody else, though a lot of people think they are.

Now I figured that the place he'd make a break to was, like enough, the range. He's told me he knew the Circle Arrow, too, his boss being a whole lot interested in the Circle Arrow

I put one thing together with another; and, without saying anything to Old Man Wright about it, I bought a ticket for the Yellow Bull country and pulled out for there as fast as I could go.

It was a good bet. When I got to the station for our old ranch, below Cody, forty miles from where our ranch was when we lived there, there wasn't very many people round the station that I knew. A good many new men was there, with wide hats, and leggings on their legs, and breeches that buttons on the side—folks that had come out West to be right Western. Most of 'em come out to raise bananas on the Yellow Bull and be gentlemen farmers, I reckon.

I looks around among these people for a good while. None of them paid much attention to me. At last I seen him. Yes; it was that hired man. He was getting ready to drive out of town with a pair of mules hitched to a buckboard. He was fixing in some boxes and things. I knew him in a minute.

But where was she? I waited to see if Bonnie Bell would come out anywhere; but she didn't.

I walked over to him; and he seen me standing there looking at him just as he was going to pull out. I went on over and got on to the seat with him.

"Drive right on straight out of town," says I, quiet. "Don't say anything. Just act like nothing had happened," says I.

Under my coat I pushed the muzzle of my gun into his ribs. He looked straight ahead and done what I told him to. If he was scared bad he didn't let on.

"I haven't got any gun," says he after a while. "I don't pack one."

"I haven't packed one for years myself," says I. "Sometimes a man has to pack one for coyotes and such things," says I.

(Continued on Page 54)

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 20, 1916

Preparing for Preparedness

WE ONCE heard of a game of chance, played with cards, whose rules provided that a player, before participating in the betting, must contribute a certain number of flat circular tokens known as chips. This preliminary contribution was called an ante. When the preparedness campaign came before Congress, politics demanded an ante in the form of Federal aid to the National Guard.

There are forty-eight military units, each largely under control of its own state. Everybody knows what will happen in normal times when thoughts of war are far off. Some units will hold to the mark. Others will not; indifference and politics will protect them.

It would not be amiss, if the appropriation goes through, for the President, on behalf of the people of the United States, to kiss the seventy-five million dollars good-by when he signs the bill. Politics demanded that ante. We must pay it in order to get into the preparedness game.

Post-Office Pensions

IN COMMON with every big private enterprise nearly all departments of the Government have the problem of the aged employee. He is not so efficient as he once was or as he should be. Is he to be retained so long as he can get through a day's work in any sort of fashion? Is he to be turned out, to the discouragement of his companions, who see themselves in his position a few years hence? Is he to be pensioned and replaced by a more vigorous man?

Those are the questions on its narrowly economic side. A large and increasing number of private employers have answered it by pension systems. They find it pays. Pensions, on the whole, are cheaper than physically inefficient employees or than a discouraged force. On a broader economic view, what right has any employer to use up a man's efficient years and then dump him on society?

The Government is one of comparatively few big employers that still theoretically claim that right. Practically it exercises it just as little as possible, which means that nearly all departments contain age-burdened employees, who are so many brakes on the departmental machinery.

A short bill before the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads authorizes the Postmaster-General to retire, with an allowance of six hundred dollars a year, any postal employee in the classified civil service who has lost his efficiency through superannuation. We believe this is sound economy and sound politics in the largest sense.

The War Talk

OUR reaction to the war presents some melancholy aspects. Whatever else one thinks about it, the war is one of the most momentous phenomena that have ever occurred in human society. An onlooker might well sit down in sad sincerity and try to understand it. About a baseball game, a tennis match, a local election, he might spout the first notions that came into his head; but about this portentous thing, with its ocean of blood and world of suffering, he might—in mere self-respect—decline to gabble. Excited and uninformed gabbling is what much of the war talk comes to—a melancholy reaction to so prodigious a spectacle. Not one of us understands the war. The web is too huge and obscure.

If you ask what got twenty-five million men in that unreasonable position, and has kept them there nearly two years, the answer is "the Kaiser," or "Sir Edward Grey"—obviously a ridiculous answer, for no such trivial cause could possibly have produced so tremendous a result. Nothing short of the total mind of Europe could have produced the war. Not one of us really understands that.

We can see something of it, and our most melancholy reaction to the war is that one which would have the United States like-minded with Europe in the respect which did most to produce the war—namely, in respect to its militarism, competitive armaments, and all that.

The Yield of an Acre

FOR about fifteen years, ending with 1890, the yield of an acre of the chief grain crops decreased in the United States. This was due to the great extension of farming in the seventies and eighties, rapidly increased area being coincident, generally speaking, with poorer cultivation. But for the last twenty-five years the yield of an acre has crept upward at the average rate of about one per cent a year. So much appears in a series of charts published by the Department of Agriculture.

It is only by taking a long period and groups of years that one can find the tendency, because weather conditions cause sharp variations from year to year. This twenty-five-year gain means, as to wheat, that yield has risen from just under twelve bushels to fifteen bushels. A century ago the French yield was about fifteen bushels. Better cultivation has brought it slowly up to twenty bushels, but the gain was made at an average rate of about three-quarters of one per cent a year. At that rate, if you got fifteen bushels last year you would get fifteen bushels and three and a half quarts this year; but in a nation-wide field it is only by such glacial movements that agriculture improves.

Great effort has been expended of late years to induce better cultivation of farm lands in the United States. Now and then one runs across expressions of impatience at the apparent paucity of the results, when nation-wide returns are considered. But such an improvement takes time.

Public Libraries

HERE is a town that had a Carnegie Library, as pleasant to look at and as empty as a baby's crib in a furniture-store window. The Woman's Club took it in hand. But the club did not go round town asking for contributions of dog-eared books, mostly novels, that the owners had no use for and whose usefulness to anybody else was quite limited. It went to the Town Council and demanded a tax for the support of the library—and finally got it. We recommend the precedent.

Mr. Carnegie has bestowed a thousand or two library buildings, whose usefulness depends entirely upon what the community puts into them. We wish he had gone a step further and organized a vigorous local interest in the filling. Local enterprise must do that. We advise local enterprise not to go at it beggarly, with humble solicitation of crumbs and crusts and cast-off clothing. Let it say boldly that the library is no seedy vagrant, to be welcomed with a hand-out at the kitchen door; but a royal comer that must be supported in a style befitting its rank.

A library that calls itself public should be maintained out of the public treasury with as much care as the fire department. Any community which votes money for public schools ought to see that.

Immigration

WE HAVE gained virtually no population from abroad for more than a year. Some people think that condition will continue indefinitely after the war, because of war's destruction of labor power; because there will be a great demand for labor in Europe to rehabilitate industries; because nations from which we have drawn many laborers, notably Austria-Hungary and Italy, are likely to restrict or prohibit emigration.

That would be like cutting off a supply of raw material upon which our industries depended. For a dozen years before 1914 we drew an average of nearly a million immigrants annually. They fed our expanding steel mills, and so on. We cannot expand industrially without a continually expanding supply of labor. Just now employers in many lines are hunting high and low for men and not finding as many as they want.

But look at Europe. England alone, with about four million prime workmen withdrawn from normal production, is producing quite as much as ever. Germany, France, Russia and Austria are in the same state.

Suppose stoppage of immigration put us to something like the same test. Undoubtedly there are immense reserves of labor power here—to some extent on account of idleness, but far more because much labor is employed at low efficiency. For example, there is a great quantity of black labor in the South that might be much more productive than it is. Suppose we were obliged to search out and use to the best advantage all the labor power we have. That would be no calamity.

Others hold that there will be a tremendous inflow of labor after the war. You can take your choice of the two guesses. But, with a complete stoppage of immigration, industrial expansion is still possible.

Which Swiss System?

THE United States is urged to adopt Switzerland's system of preparedness for war. That republic gives military instruction in the public schools; then all able-bodied males up to thirty-two years of age are required to train for a short period each year; after which—up to forty-eight—they are enrolled in the reserve. This gives the country a fairly efficient militia, whose first line comprises about two hundred thousand men—although figures that pretend to be authoritative vary considerably—with a reserve about as numerous.

Now the cost of this system, in the last year before the war, was a little over eight million dollars. For a first-line militia less numerous than Switzerland's, and doubtless less efficient, we propose to pay out of the Federal Treasury seventy-five million dollars a year, in addition to whatever sums the forty-eight states expend.

Is there not something besides the militia in Switzerland's system that we might adopt?

Price of Farm Lands

WITHIN a year war has added—or powerfully assisted in adding—nearly five dollars an acre to the price of farm lands in the United States. Reports by correspondents of the Government's Bureau of Crop Estimates give an average value of forty-five dollars and fifty-five cents this spring against forty dollars and eighty-five cents a year ago. Reaction from a temporary depression in the South counted; but high prices for grain and hogs, in which war demand is an important element, seems to be the chief cause.

We are used to the idea of high-priced farm land; but in only two states of the Union is the average price of plow land as much as a hundred dollars an acre. Those states are Iowa and Illinois. In the famous agricultural group, comprising Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, the Dakotas, Kansas and Nebraska, the average for plow lands is only sixty-nine dollars, and for all farm lands, including improvements thereon, seventy-eight dollars.

There has been a great rise. In 1900 the census gave the average value of farm lands as little over fifteen dollars an acre—only one-third of this year's average. But there is still plenty of really cheap, cultivated land.

The man who wants a farm that is already making good money must pay a round price. If he is willing to buy the raw material of a farm, and build up the finished product, he can still get fairly cheap land. In that direction some of the best agricultural speculations lie.

The Torrens System

FORMERLY city land conveying was mostly in the hands of certain law firms which specialized in that complicated field. They traced the tortuous course of a title through clumsily indexed and sometimes faulty public records, and gave a learned opinion about it, for which they charged a handsome fee. Later, abstract and title-guaranty companies appeared. They copied the records, reduced them to better order and devised comprehensive indexes, by which all instruments affecting a given title could be referred to quickly. Instead of an opinion they gave a guaranty that the title was sound.

This was a great improvement, but it was often fought at every turn by the law firms whose monopoly of title inspection it threatened. Still later came the Torrens System, which for speed, cheapness and certainty in respect of determining land titles is a much greater improvement over the abstract plan than that plan was over the former state. And the Torrens System has pretty generally been fought tooth and nail by the abstract and title-guaranty companies whose profitable monopoly it threatened, just as their innovation threatened the monopoly of their predecessors.

From that source, and from the hidebound conservatism which shudders at anything new, opposition to the Torrens System has mostly come. It has been effectual in some places by creating a prejudice on the part of lenders, who refused to accept Torrens certificates as evidences of title. In New York several years ago a defective Torrens law—a mere sham, in fact—was passed. Of course it has been a failure. In Illinois and Massachusetts, where real Torrens laws were adopted, the system has gradually gained ground.

It will succeed wherever it is fairly tried. It is coming finally everywhere, as surely as trolley supplanted cable for city traction, because it is better than the old system.

RAISING OUR WAR BABIES

Building Export Machinery—By James H. Collins

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

SOME years ago an American shoe salesman called on a merchant in a South American city and showed him so fine a lot of samples that the latter said:

"These goods are much better value than any I can get from European houses. I will give you my order for this season if you will grant me the same terms—twenty-five per cent cash, twenty-five per cent on arrival of goods, twenty-five per cent in three months, and the rest in six months."

"I'll let you know the first thing in the morning," announced the salesman, delighted.

So much so that he told another American about the six-thousand-dollar order he had in prospect.

"When it comes to goods and prices," said the shoe man confidently, "we are under no disadvantage in selling to South America."

Before noon next day the two Americans met again; but now the shoe man's joy was gone.

"I lost that order," he explained gloomily. "This morning the dealer told me he had already given it to a German house."

"How did that happen?" asked the other, who had had considerable experience in South American trade. "Why did you delay overnight?"

"I wanted to look up that dealer's credit."

"Where did you go to make inquiries?"

"To the bank here."

"With whom did you speak there?"

"The bank manager, Mr. Blanco—he's a Spaniard, I think."

"What happened?"

"Well, when I asked for the credit rating of this merchant he told me it was not the custom of the bank to give such information to anybody but customers. If I had some satisfactory reason, however, maybe he could help me as a courtesy. Of course I didn't tell him about the order; but I left my card and told him where I was stopping, and he promised to let me know what he could do."

Meeting Competition in Complicated Trade

"THAT is too bad!" said the other sympathetically. "That bank is closely connected with German houses and the manager guessed from your business card what was going on. That was enough. The German house got busy. Your customer is probably under obligation to the bank and had to place this order against his own wishes."

This happened in a period when American banks had no branches in South America. To-day things are different. They have established branches there and in the Orient since the war began, and will presently open others in Europe. The great war has made a tremendous impression on the American business imagination in the matter of export trade. Our banking, manufacturing, trading and shipping machinery are being improved, to take care of foreign customers.

Incidents like that related above are often cited to show that the Germans have maintained in their export trade about the same system of spies used in their military affairs; but, really, the Germans and other enterprising export nations have been building trade in ways that are quite open and aboveboard. Now that we seem, at last, to be genuinely interested about getting trade in the same quarters of the world, we have chiefly to duplicate the other fellows' service to foreign customers and give more for the money, if possible.

A business globe-trotter from Europe was hired by an American hardware concern some years ago and sent down to South America to sell goods, and also to keep his eyes open, reporting anything that he saw of value.

At the first port visited he went down to the docks to see how goods came in. American shoes were arriving in large cases. These cases were strong and the merchandise in perfect condition, and he was rather glad to note that; for our export competitors, with the help of our consuls, have created quite a bogy round bad American packing, as though we always packed wrong and other nations always packed right. This bogy is often used to scare the foreign customer who is attracted by American goods; and everybody knows that packing does not go by nationalities at all, but is a matter of individual business ability in each exporting nation. He was pleased with the American shoe shipments; and when he looked up German shoes coming into that port he found that they were packed in cases of just the same size and strength.

At the next port, however, there was a difference. American shoes came in the same big cases, but German shoes were in a lot of small ones. He went to a third port and found that, though American shoes were still coming in the large cases, German shoes were packed in burlap bags.

Each time he found the reason; and that was perfectly simple, requiring no German spy system. Tariff duties at the first port were charged according to the value of the shoes, no matter how they were packed; so German and American packing were identical. At the second port each grade of shoes paid a different rate, and when mixed grades came in the same case the highest rate for shoes in that shipment applied to all; so the Germans split up the different kinds. At the last port tariff duties were charged not only on the shoes but on the weight of the package; and that was why the Germans shipped in light burlap bags.

These little details make up export trade. Many of our business houses have been aware of conditions, but not all, and we have had no organized machinery for taking care of such details; whereas the Germans have had, through their banks. Now we are establishing a banking and information service which will back up any trustworthy American concern that wishes to undertake foreign trade on a sound basis.

Sitting at a desk in one of our largest Eastern banks is an expert who has the job of developing customers for its recently organized foreign branches. That desk is the clearing house for a whole lot of new activities. A year ago the bank had no foreign branches. To-day it has a complete banking house in each of the important South American cities. These branches are equipped not merely to carry on financial transactions proper, but have commercial representatives who travel through their territory to study conditions and opportunities in general business.

The commercial representative is constantly circulating and reporting. He calls on all the merchants, manufacturers, importers and exporters, and has lists of the best concerns in each line of business, together with credit information about them. He has a lot of human information too; for if you ask him what he knows about a given South American house he can tell the character of its managers and trade, how much business it does and of what kind, what people in its home town think about it, the people with whom it is associated, what it thinks about the United States, its attitude toward American goods, and so on. He has the same sort of information about the community, and can tell whether the public prefers quality or bargain stuff, where most of it has been coming from, the prices, the terms of sale, the stocks carried by merchants and jobbers.

In his travels roundabout the representative drops into the shop of Fernandez Garcia, a leading hardware dealer. Garcia seems to be selling quite a lot of small tools. The representative buys some samples, gets information about wholesale costs, and sends this to New York. Or perhaps Garcia takes the initiative and asks whether there is a trustworthy American concern that can supply these tools—he is keen about the trustworthiness, because some years ago, when times were hard in the United States, he bought goods from a New England concern that later failed to render good service. Maybe Garcia is ambitious and would branch out as a jobber himself if he could get exclusive territory in these things.

Expert Service Rendered to Exporters

OUT of information on file at the bank the representative is able to give Garcia the names of several American manufacturers who can be depended on to take care of his orders. Or, if this is not possible, then specific inquiries are sent to New York, asking for names of American manufacturers who are interested in this business. Full information goes with the inquiry. Samples are sent along. All this comes to the desk of the expert in New York, who proceeds to circulate the data among American manufacturers. Monthly sheets showing trade opportunities are sent to customers of the bank who have entered foreign trade, as well as to others who are considered good prospective exporters. Additional information about packing, shipping, tariff duties, and the like, is furnished to responsible business houses making further inquiries, and facilities are given for examining samples.

Some fine morning a stranger walks into the bank. He is John Jones, a manufacturer with a prosperous tool factory up in Connecticut; and he has heard about Garcia's inquiry through a circular. He wants to know more about it. They send him to the expert's desk.

Jones has come with the idea that he is going to talk to a banker. Instead, he finds a man who has been a manufacturer himself, has an engineering education, and speaks the language of production and trade—not of finance. They get very much interested in discussing raw materials, costs, processes, management of employees, the war, the times, the future.

"Well, say!" says Jones enthusiastically. "This war put us right on our feet! We got going early in the game, making tools for the munitions fellows. I borrowed money at five per cent to buy materials before prices went out of sight. We made good profits and put them back into the plant. We've just finished a reënforced-concrete factory, all steel sash and wire glass, light, roomy, fireproof. I wish you

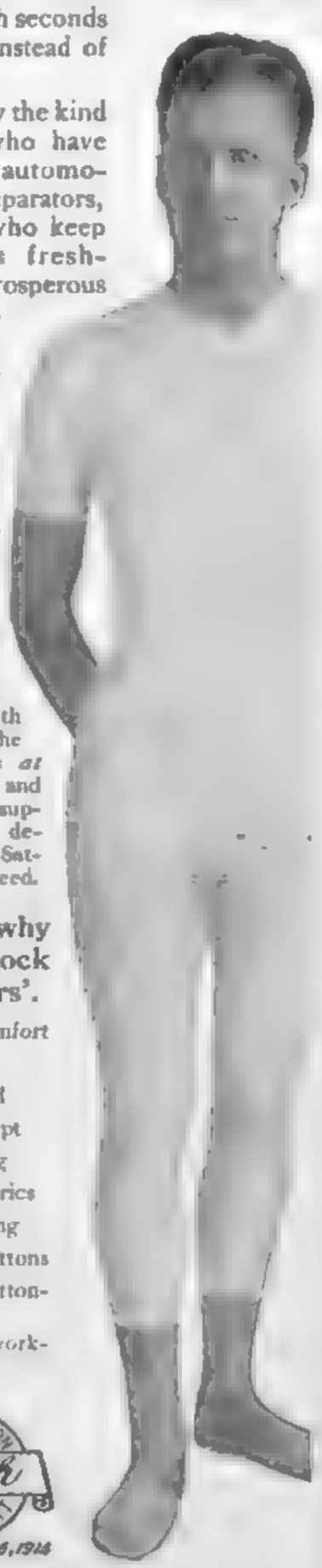
(Continued on Page 41)

The Pick of This Year's Underwear Crop, Mr. Modern Farmer

MEN who live and work close to the soil get pretty clear ideas of values. Look over the whole underwear field and see if you ever saw greater comfort and convenience in a garment than you get from

THE
Hatch
ONE-Button
UNION SUIT

with one button instead of ten or twelve, with smooth-fit instead of wrinkles or gaps, and with seconds for dressing instead of minutes.



It's worn by the kind of farmers who have telephones, automobiles, cream separators, silos — men who keep their places fresh-painted and prosperous — up-to-the-minute men who farm intelligently.

You can get these suits in nainsook, in knit goods, or in the famous Keep-Kool mesh, at the best haberdashers' and department stores everywhere, but if you have the least difficulty send your size with remittance to the manufacturers *at Albany, N. Y.*, and we will gladly supply you direct, delivery prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Ten reasons why this is live stock at all dealers'.

1. . Perfect comfort
2. . Perfect fit
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5. . No gapping
6. . Quality fabrics
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9. . No torn buttonholes
10. . Splendid workmanship

ONE BUTTON Hatch UNION SUIT
PATENTED JUNE 16, 1914

PRICES
Men's — Knitted or Nainsook, $1, $1.50, $2
Boys' — (Knitted only) . 50 cents

A catalogue illustrating the complete line of summer and winter weights will be sent free on request.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Albany Manufacturers New York

BARNES KNITTING CORPORATION
Sole distributor to dealers
303 Fifth Avenue, New York City

THE TOUCH OF PAN

By William Almon Wolff

BILLY DUANE lay on the hot white sand, reveling in the luxury of its blistering contact, glorying in the heat of the sun that blazed down from a cloudless sky. At every pore he was drinking in the heat and the healing salt air. Though July would give way to August in two more days, he was only just beginning to be sunburned. He had burned in streaks, and the bright red with which the sun first marked him hadn't been toned down to the rich dark brown that would, in the end, represent that season's final coat. But his amazingly light hair and eyebrows had been bleached out, so that they looked almost white.

The beach was almost deserted. Tides didn't matter much at Burnstable, with its wonderful miles of beach. But Burnstable was a place where order and a decent regard for the opinions of womankind prevailed. One bathed in the morning—and this was afternoon. In the afternoon one played golf or tennis decorously, or went driving or played cards. Just as in the evening one danced at the Casino, but danced without undue emphasis upon the degrading modern steps. So Billy, the convalescent, had the beach pretty much to himself, which wasn't at all what he wanted.

At some distance a group of children played, with watchful nurses sitting on the bottom of a sand-buried boat and mending stockings. Billy, lying face down, stared out to sea. He turned tentative eyes toward the children now and then, but decided against joining them. He didn't feel up to it. Kiddies are exacting. Billy wanted the most beautiful girl in the world to come and lie beside him, in a bathing suit, so that he could lazily and without undue exertion cover her with sand. She must be very, very beautiful, so that he would not get tired of looking at her. And she must be extremely clever, too, so that he wouldn't have to talk, but could bask and listen to her saying the clever sort of things one heard when one had the luck to buy tickets for a really good show.

It seemed to Billy, fresh from the imprisonment to which a long siege of typhoid fever had condemned him, that this desire of his was modest enough, in all conscience. For weeks his whole world had lived and moved with the single idea of doing everything for him. People had read to him, and brought him orange juice and cracked ice, and done everything he or they could think of to make him comfortable. But that had been while he was still an interesting bedridden invalid. He was going to get well now, and he was becoming conscious of the distressing fact that people were rather fed up with him and his typhoid. They were nice to him still, but they didn't spend all their time inventing things to do for him.

And he was still in that convalescent stage of mental and physical lassitude that made him a little resentful at this indifference; that put him, so to speak, in the mood of a four-year-old only child to whose family an interfering and meddlesome stork has brought a brand-new baby. His nose was out of joint. When he had expressed a desire for a certain book to take down to the beach with him, just after lunch, no one had jumped up to go and fetch it for him. He had had to get it himself.

So, with any number of reasons for being happy, Billy was comfortably miserable. He ought to have rejoiced just because he was alive—and that is a very literal statement. He had had a close shave and a lucky one. And now, barring a little shakiness about the knees, he was singularly well. He was thin; voracious though his appetite was, it seemed to him that he was never going to get back all he had lost. His bathing suit flapped about him when he stood up; but, as he didn't stand up much, it didn't matter.

"Oh, well!" he said to himself half aloud. "Life's a fish!"

He shook the sand out of his book and began to read. It seemed to him that it was a pretty poor book; but the book that could have pleased him that afternoon has still to be written.

And then he was conscious suddenly of the patter of soft feet on the sand behind him. As he looked up, startled, a shadow danced lightly over him for a moment and then sped on; and a little shower of sand, stirred up by the feet he had heard, rattled upon his book and his bare shoulders. Amazed, incredulous, he saw the girl to whom feet and shadow belonged; saw her flash into the water; heard her little, choked cry; saw her breast the waves and swim gallantly out. He pushed himself up on his untrustworthy spindly arms and stared at her.

All he could see now was the white flash of her arms as she swam in joyous pagan abandonment to the embrace of the sea; that, and the bright spot of color as her head rose above the water, wrapped in a brilliant kerchief. Slowly he reacted to that instantaneous exposure of her as she passed. He couldn't believe what his eyes told him he had seen. He sank down again to wait and to make sure; but he knew that he hadn't seen what he was sure he had seen. It was on Burnstable beach that he was lying, not on the sands of unregenerate Allaine, where such things might come to pass.

He had to wait for ten minutes, perhaps, before she came back to the beach, shaking herself, sleek as a young seal as she stood with the water lapping about her white feet. She put up her arms and took off her kerchief; a moment later her brown hair fell about her shoulders. And Duane saw that he had seen aright before. She stood, tall and slim as a boy, and it was a boy's swimming suit she wore. It clung close to her, and her legs were as white and as bare as the arms he had seen flashing in the surf. But Duane, staring frankly still, saw her hair, ruddy now as the sun shone upon it, and the softly molded curves of her slight body—hair and curves that proclaimed her no boy, but woman incarnate.

His breath came faster as she spied him suddenly and came toward him with a fine, free stride that was boylike again.

"Hello!" she said. "I didn't see you before."

She sank down beside him in the sand, her long legs curled up beneath her, leaning backward on her hands. And if she was not the most beautiful woman in the world, she was still beautiful enough to have satisfied that modest wish of his, had it not been—had she worn anything but ——

"I was so crazy to be in the water that I didn't see anything or anyone, I think," she said. "Oh, but it's glorious to be by the sea again! Think of it! Five heavenly weeks I've got before me! Five weeks to swim and just live! Wasn't I good? I didn't stay in more than ten minutes, did I? It's the first time, you see—the first time this year I've even seen the sea."

Some hint of Duane's bewilderment, some chill breath of his disapproval, must have come to her.

"You mustn't mind me," she said with a laugh that was altogether friendly, that should have been utterly disarming. "I'm always like this when holidays come. Like a kid on the first day of vacation! We're neighbors, you see—or I suppose we are. You do live here, don't you?"

"Yes—in the summer," he said reluctantly.

"Then that's all right," she said with a pretty affectation of relief; "because, of course, if you didn't I'd have to run right back to my cottage and dress up, and we couldn't talk at all until we were introduced. But summer neighbors—that's quite different."

Duane studied her with something like deliberation for a moment. It seemed to him, even in this cursory inspection, that she represented a sort of girl who was almost entirely outside of his experience. He admitted her beauty at once. Of that there could not well be two opinions. In his eyes she came close to perfection, in features as well as in form. Her face was as exquisitely modeled as her slim body. Classical it was not. There was an elusive hint of Celtic origin, with the lengthening, the tapering, of all the features, that is seen sometimes in an American girl, and in no other girl.

So much Duane saw with a delight frank and unrestrained. And then —— He couldn't help it. It wasn't in him to respond to the pagan note she struck on Burnstable beach. He tried to guess her age. If she were very young that might

(Continued on Page 33)

"I don't have to quit!"

"I simply switched to Girards. Now I smoke when I jolly well please. And I feel like a four-year-old all the time!"

There's the Girard story in a nutshell. You hear it from sensible smokers everywhere.

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It has no unpleasant effect on your heart nor your digestion.

It is made from genuine selected Havana leaf *mellowed by age alone.*

You can enjoy its delightful mildness to the limit whenever you please, with no effect but clear-headed, able-bodied satisfaction from beginning to end. A sane smoke for sane and sensible men.

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If you are not handling Girard cigars write us for particulars about one of the quickest sellers and surest repeaters you ever had in your case. Write today.

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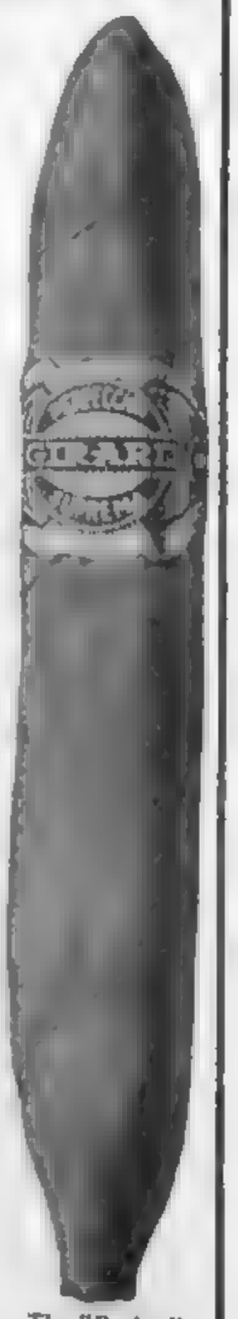

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At Last—the Perfect Driving Light for Both City and Country. The

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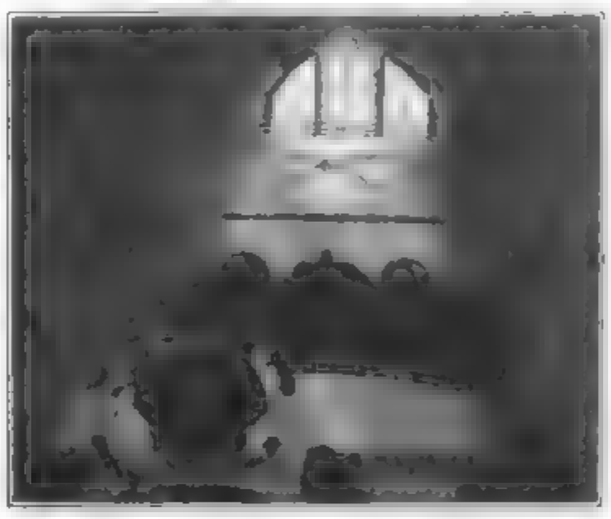
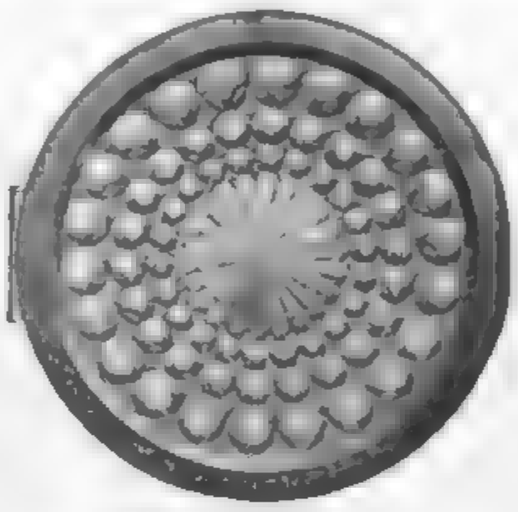
is a revolutionary invention that takes the *guesswork* out of *driving at night.* Adjustable to any automobile lamp. *No changing, no dimming, no danger, yet no loss of light.* It kills the awful glare—that dangerous and useless *spotlight*—not by *reducing* your light, but by diffusing it and *distributing* it where you want it, straight ahead and at *both sides.*



The Old Way A narrow, blinding, dangerous streak



The Warner-Lenz—
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The New Way Daylight for 300 to 500 feet ahead—and on *both sides*

Final Solution of Night-Driving Problems

The Warner-Lenz penetrates *smoke*, *fog* and *dust*, makes fast driving on the darkest night both possible and safe, because it shows you the road ahead and the ditches or curb on both sides, gives you a full view of passing vehicles on both sides, lights up all the turns and corners *before* you reach them and *while* you are turning—*yet you never have to dim it or turn it on or off.*

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It mellows your light, softens it, diffuses it—makes it easy on the eyes and therefore safe for you and for the other fellow. Not only that, it *distributes* it over the *whole* road or street, at *both* sides and *around* the *corners.* The *Warner-Lenz* doesn't kill your light, as dimmers do.

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It takes *all* the *nervousness* and *uncertainty out of night driving,* both on the bad roads where you are alone, or the even more dangerous boulevard that is crowded with other cars and vehicles. It takes the tension out of driving at night, because it *turns daylight on everything you want to see.*

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But every police department which has made a test of *Warner-Lenzes* has passed favorably upon them.

You want these lenses for the comfort and safety of your fellow automobilists as well as your own. And you will urge others to get them for *your* comfort and safety as well as their own.

You will find, as the leading motorists already have found, that the ***Warner-Lenz*** is bound to revolutionize both city and country driving at night, because ***it takes the guesswork out and puts the pleasure in.***

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Mr. A. P. Warner, the Auto-Meter man, is behind the ***Warner-Lens*** with his reputation, his enthusiasm and his unqualified personal guarantee—a sufficient indorsement for experienced motorists.

One night's comfort and freedom from tension and danger will more than repay you for the small cost of the ***Warner-Lenz,*** and there is no after-cost, no upkeep, no renewals. Anybody can attach the lenses.

You have Mr. Warner's guarantee that if you do not find the lenses to be entirely as represented, your money will be refunded. See scale of prices and directions below.

The Warner-Lenz Company

917 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

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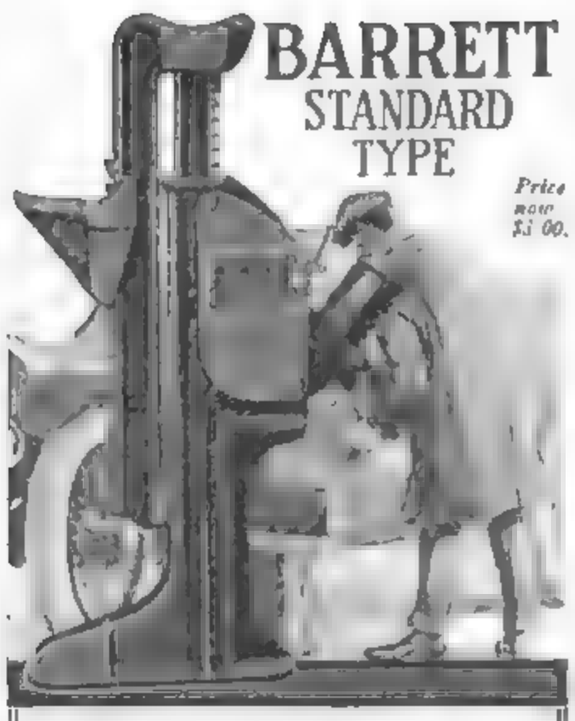

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(Continued from Page 30)

make a great difference. For a moment he thought she was. In her close-fitting jersey suit, with her hair rippling about her shoulders, growing wavy as the sun dried it, she might have been a little girl. But the sophistication of her look, his memory of the way she had spoken, made him know that it was not so; that he could not frame that excuse for her.

He was conscious of a growing, an illogical anger against her. After all, he had only to get up and let his shaky legs carry him away from her. It would be rude; but what claim had she upon him? Yet he knew, even as he thought of that, that he wouldn't do it; that he would stay and, in some measure at least, surrender himself to the charm of her. Why had he met her here—of all places? She was—delectable. So much he granted at once.

At Coney Island, at Long Beach, at Atlantic City, he might have seen in her, flinging herself down beside him as she had, the promise of a flirtation, amusing, enticing. Yes; even though he was not given to that sort of thing. But here, at Burnstable—at Burnstable, on the beach he had played upon when he was a baby; where he not only knew but was intimate with every man, woman and child of the recurring summer colony! It wouldn't do. He knew that. And so:

"You must have the Ames cottage?" he said.

"Yes," she told him. "Wasn't I lucky to get it? This place must be perfect, I think. I've always heard about the beach, but I never believed the things I heard. It's the sort of beach one dreams of when one is a thousand miles from the sea and lies awake longing for it."

"It's a great beach," he said. "I've known it all my life. Great place, too, other ways. But quiet—awfully quiet."

"Oh, but that's just what I want," she said, quite as if he had not left the thought she was answering unspoken, so that he flushed faintly. "I'm so tired of—noise. Noise and bustle and excitement. I want to be a—a—cabbage, I think—or a clam. Something lazy, that doesn't have to think. At least, that's what I want for the next five weeks."

"Five weeks?" he said. "Vacation? You look—well, you don't look as if you worked for a living, you know."

He was angry again as soon as he understood what he had said. He hadn't in the least meant to descend to her tone of easy confidence.

"But I do work!" she said. "I work dreadfully hard—really! Harder than anyone will ever believe." She sprang up with a lithe, catlike jump. "But let's not talk about that, please. I want to forget that I ever have to work—that there's a day coming that will be my last day here, when I'll know that I've had my last look for a year and a day at the sand and the sea. Come for a run! Don't you love the hot sand on your bare feet?"

She held out her hand to him frankly, joyously. And reluctantly, almost sullenly, he did get up, and stood swaying on his uncertain, tricky legs, which seemed to threaten all the time to let him down. Quick concern flashed in her brown eyes.

"Oh ——" she began with a little gasp.

"I'm—not quite up to a run yet, I'm afraid. You see ——"

"You've been ill!" she cried. "I didn't know. Oh, I'm sorry! What was it?"

"Just typhoid," he said. "They've been letting me come out like this—to lie in the sun—for about a week. And I'm afraid my time is up ——"

She stooped swiftly for his book; and something about the lissom grace of the movement, that set the clinging silk of her jersey rippling with the smooth flow of the muscles of her back, thrilled him. And the instinctive tribute to his weakness was balm, too, to that childish longing for attention which the others—his own people—were beginning to be tired of catering to.

"We won't run," she said soberly. "We'll walk ever so slowly. My time is up too. One oughtn't to stay out too long the first time, you know. Do you live near me?"

"Ours is the next cottage," he said. "My name's Duane—Billy Duane."

"Nice name," she said. "I like it. Mine's ugly. Jane Brown! There! I've owned up! Isn't that an awful name?"

He couldn't help a grin at its incongruity. But almost at once he frowned. He was hoping that no one would be at home. He didn't want his mother, or Margaret, his sister, to see him walking up from the beach with Jane Brown—a shameless pagan Jane Brown, who carried his book and made little involuntary gestures as they walked, as if she meant to steady him when his unsteady legs threatened to capsize him. He wanted them to see her first in skirts—long skirts too; not the new sort that even Margaret wore, which seemed to lay such stress upon a girl's ankles.

She gave him his book when they came to the Duane cottage.

"Till to-morrow!" she said.

He watched her skipping toward her own cottage. And as he went into the house he swore, under his breath. But then a sense of humor, which had suffered as greatly as his legs from his illness and which was as slow in recovering, stirred within him.

"Heavens above!" he said. "She'll bathe in the morning—when everyone's on the beach! In that rig!" He grinned; but, just as before, a frown came quickly on the heels of his grin. "Poor kid!" he said aloud.

But he didn't approve of her at all. It was plain that she wasn't his sort of girl.

Duane expected to hear some talk about her at dinner; but there was none. Plainly she hadn't dawned upon Burnstable yet. He thought about her a good deal. His thoughts were tinged with regret. She had been very properly impressed by his weakness; he liked her for that, despite his disapproval. And it was certain that the holiday she had been looking forward to so eagerly was not going to be particularly pleasant—if he knew his own people.

"Someone in the Ames cottage, isn't there?" he asked at last.

"Oh, yes!" said Margaret. "An awfully pretty girl! But isn't it odd? She seems to have come in quite by herself—just with servants, at least. The Blakes came down on the same train. I think—well, even if Rod Ames did lose a lot of money, oughtn't they to have been a little careful about letting their cottage?"

"There you go!" growled Duane. "How do you know they weren't? What's the matter with this girl?"

"Oh—you've seen her, have you, Billy?" said Margaret.

"Suppose I have! What's that got to do with it? Isn't it possible that someone who hasn't had the privilege of coming here for years may be all right?"

"Margaret's right, Billy," said his mother soothingly. "It is funny for a young girl to come to a place like this all alone."

Duane was scowling as he lit his cigar, but he had nothing more to say.

"Why don't you come over and watch the dancing, Billy?" Margaret suggested. "You feel strong enough, don't you?"

"Yes, but I don't want to," he replied ungraciously. "You've queer notions of what's amusing if you suggest that."

He went out on the veranda and sat down, wrapping himself up in a steamer rug. He scowled at the twinkling light on Carey's Reef, flashing red, white, red, white. People who passed waved to him or called his name; a few came up and stood by the rail of the veranda, talking to him. His mother and Margaret joined the procession presently, and he heard the preliminary scraping of the violins from the Casino. In half an hour the dancing had begun, and he could look over and see the swaying figures through the lighted windows, and hear the monotonous succession of jingly tunes—one-step, waltz, one-step again.

He was distinctly bored. His eyes wandered over toward the Ames cottage. He thought he could see a white blur on its veranda. Soon it moved; and he saw the girl, Jane Brown, move out and stand on the path, looking out to sea. She threw out both her arms suddenly in a passionate, impulsive gesture; and at that he laughed, so that she turned and came toward him.

"Oh!" she said. "I didn't know anyone was watching me. I can't help it! I do love it!" She came and stood by the rail and he saw that she was all in white. She wore a soft, summery dress, and a light wrap was thrown about her shoulders.

"I just came out to say good night to the sea," she said. "And now—I'll say good night to you too. I'm so tired! And the sea will sing me to sleep."

He wanted to beg her to stay and talk to him. He was beginning to feel the beauty of her voice, with its soft cadences, its velvety texture, its infinite and colorful response to every shade of meaning in her words. But he could not frame the words.

"You had a long journey?" he asked her instead.

"Yes," she said. "Good night!"

"Good night!" he echoed absently.

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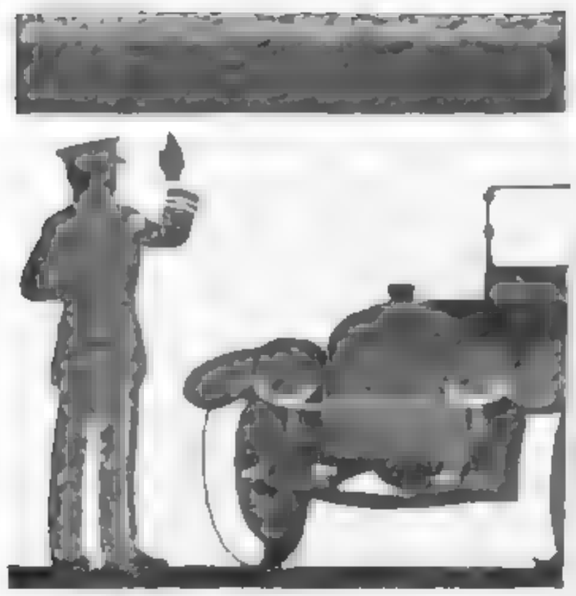

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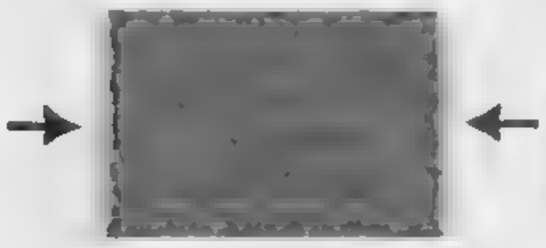

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The thought of her stayed with him after she had gone. The memory of her voice was mingled with the lullaby of the surf, so that it was long before he slept. And in the morning he rejoiced in one of the lingering privileges of his state of convalescence that made it possible for him to eat his breakfast in bed. It was eleven o'clock before he appeared on the veranda.

He had gained strength in the night in that mysterious fashion that is known to those who are recovering from a long illness. His knees were less shaky; he felt more like his old self than he had done for many weeks.

It was the great hour of the Burnstable day. The sun shone down on the white beach and the bathers who filled it. It seemed that everyone was out. The water was full of brilliant specks of color as bright-hued caps were tossed about by the surf, and on the beach lay those who preferred to sun themselves. Men and girls played ball, ran races. He saw Margaret sitting with a group of young girls. And he saw at once that they were staring at the water—and guessed they were staring at Jane Brown.

It was hard to find her, at first, in the water. But he picked out her kerchief at last; and then, a moment later, she emerged, sleek, dripping, laughing, outlined against the sun and the wide horizon, as he had seen her first. His hand gripped the veranda rail. He watched the graceful movement of her arms; resentfully, indignantly, he felt the little thrill that ran through him as the waves of hair fell about her shoulders.

He had no need to guess what Burnstable, assembled in judgment, thought about her—and said. He knew. He sensed somehow the growing tension of her body when she stepped upon the dry sand, as she felt the hostility of the scattered little groups. He saw her look round uncertainly; saw the eager friendliness of her look give way to surprise, to a faint dismay. He thought, indeed, that he saw her shiver.

"The poor kid!" he said, and stepped down from the veranda dubiously, but filled with the knowledge that he ought to go to her.

He expected her to leave the beach, to take refuge in her cottage. But she did nothing of the sort. Very slowly, holding herself straight as an arrow, she walked along through knots of sun bathers whose eyes were delicately but unmistakably averted as she passed. And then, above high-water mark, where the wind had raised a dune of sand, she lay down, face upward, staring at the sun.

After that he couldn't hesitate. He wanted to cheer her, to clap his hands in tribute to her courage. And he walked toward her very swiftly, forgetting his weakness, the treacherous disposition of his knees, in his vivid sympathy for her. People spoke to him as he passed, tried to hold him, to attach him to their groups. But he passed them all with nods, brief, curt greetings, and sat down beside her deliberately, defiantly. He would not look at Margaret, who was not far away.

"Good morning," he said cheerfully. "Did the sea sing you to sleep?"

"Oh, yes!" she said. "Splendidly!"

She turned suddenly on her side and lay looking up at him; and said what no Burnstable girl would ever have said:

"Thank you, Billy Duane! You are a good sort!"

He turned red in angry embarrassment.

"Oh, nonsense!" he said. "I saw you—and I came down to say 'hello!'"

"I didn't understand, you know," she said after a moment. "It's all my own fault. I suppose all you people here have known one another all your lives, haven't you?"

"Most of us—yes," he agreed.

She made him dreadfully uncomfortable. It seemed to him that these were things one didn't talk about. One ignored them—like a lot of other disagreeable things

"Perhaps I'll grow up sometime," she said meditatively. "I haven't any sense at all, you see. I expect people to be friendly. I think that if I like them they must like me. And these people of yours do look so nice! They're awfully—sane, don't you think?"

"Why—I don't know," he said, surprised. "They're just—they're just ordinary people, I think. I like them."

She sat up and swept the beach with a long, calm scrutiny.

"I think it's rather because they are ordinary nice people that I want to like them," she said slowly. "I don't believe they're particularly clever—and I don't mean, either, that they're stupid. You see, I see so much of people who aren't ordinary and won't let you forget it." And then abruptly: "What do you do, Billy Duane? When you're not getting over typhoid, I mean."

He flushed again. She annoyed him when she struck that note of intimacy. He didn't like the way she called him Billy Duane. He couldn't resent it actively, and that made his passive resentment all the keener. How could he call her Miss Brown when she did that, without sounding stiff? And he certainly wasn't going to call her anything else.

"I?" he said. "Oh, I'm a lawyer."

She looked dissatisfied.

"Are you?" she said. She was studying him. "You don't look like one—somehow. Did you want to be a lawyer?"

"Not especially," he said sullenly; he didn't know why he couldn't refuse to answer this girl's questions.

"I knew it!" she said, and clapped her hands. She turned toward him again and leaned forward, her hands clasping her white knees. "What sort of verses?" she asked. "Lyrics?"

He stared at her aghast.

"Please—will you show me some?" she begged. "Are they about the sea?"

"Some of them," he said reluctantly. And then indignantly: "How did you know? I've never told anyone—not even my own people."

"Afraid they'd laugh, weren't you?" she said. "And you know I won't. Will you show me some—this afternoon?"

"Maybe," he said after a moment, but sullenly still, like a small boy whose secret has been surprised.

"That means you will," she said gayly. "I'm glad I'm here after all. And now I'm going in."

She got up; and he did, too, and walked up the beach with her. He kept his eyes straight ahead of him. He didn't want to see the people they had to pass. And he said little, though she chattered constantly. He couldn't understand her at all. Could it be that she was unconscious, even now, of the immodesty of her garb? That she had failed to mark the contrast of her pagan revelation of her form with the restraint of all the other women on the beach?

He didn't know. All he knew was that that transitory thought of his concerning her, the day before, had been grotesquely wrong. She was not at all the sort of girl he had thought she must be. No matter where he had seen her, that thought could not long have survived.

"This afternoon?" she said when they reached the Ames cottage.

"I'll see if I can find something to show you," he said rather ungraciously.

Here, of course, he was disingenuous. He thought she knew it too. He knew very well what he could show her if he decided to let her have her way. Indeed, he was making his selections as he went up on his own veranda and settled down with his book.

Neither Margaret nor his mother mentioned Jane Brown at lunch; but Margaret's silence was eloquent and bitter. Duane began to feel a faint amusement. Perversely, therefore, he mentioned her himself and, so doing, loosed the vials of wrath.

"A man can do as he likes, of course!" said Margaret furiously. "But to have an affair of that sort—here!"

"Nice kitty!" said Duane. "Wait till you know her, Margy. There are places where a one-piece bathing suit is quite the thing, you know ——"

"I've heard of them—and of the sort of people who go to them," said Margaret icily. "Why doesn't your friend stick to her own—*milieu?*"

"Don't know, I'm sure," he answered. "Haven't asked her—yet."

"Look here, Billy," said Margaret, changing her tactics abruptly; "you were just being chivalrous this morning, weren't you? Don Quixote and Dulcinea, and all that sort of thing?"

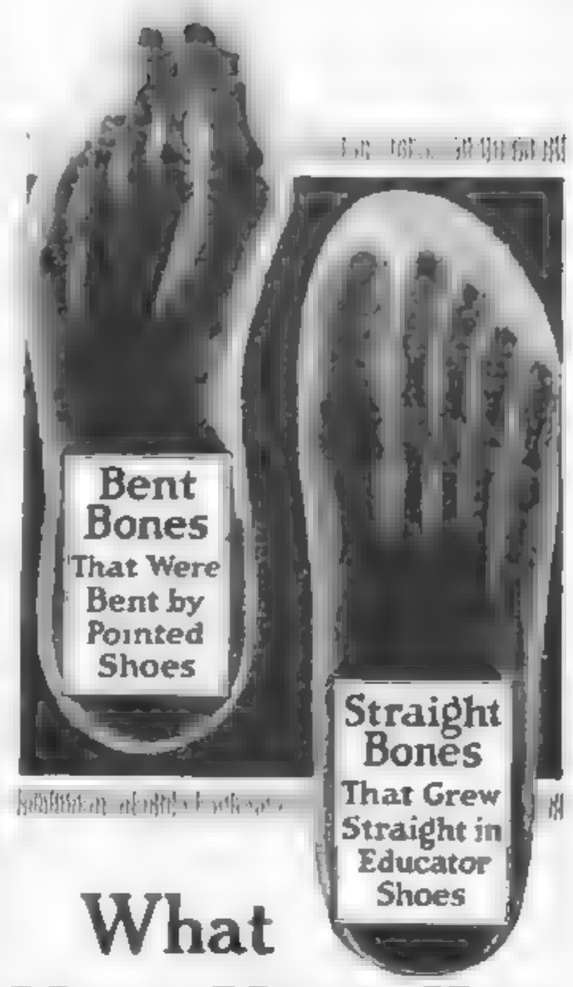
"I don't like your comparison," said he stiffly, his cheeks flushed.

"Oh, my soul!" said Margaret angrily. "I used to think you had some sense, Billy. That girl's shameless—and she's clever enough to use you. Are you going to let her do it?"

"I'm not going to treat her like a pariah," said Duane—"if that's what you mean."

"All right—go ahead!" said Margaret. "But you needn't expect me to take her up."

(Continued on Page 37)



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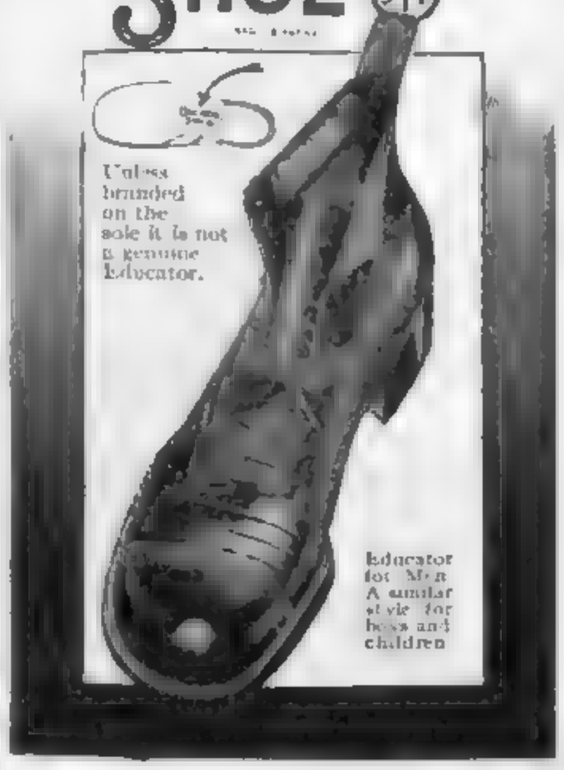

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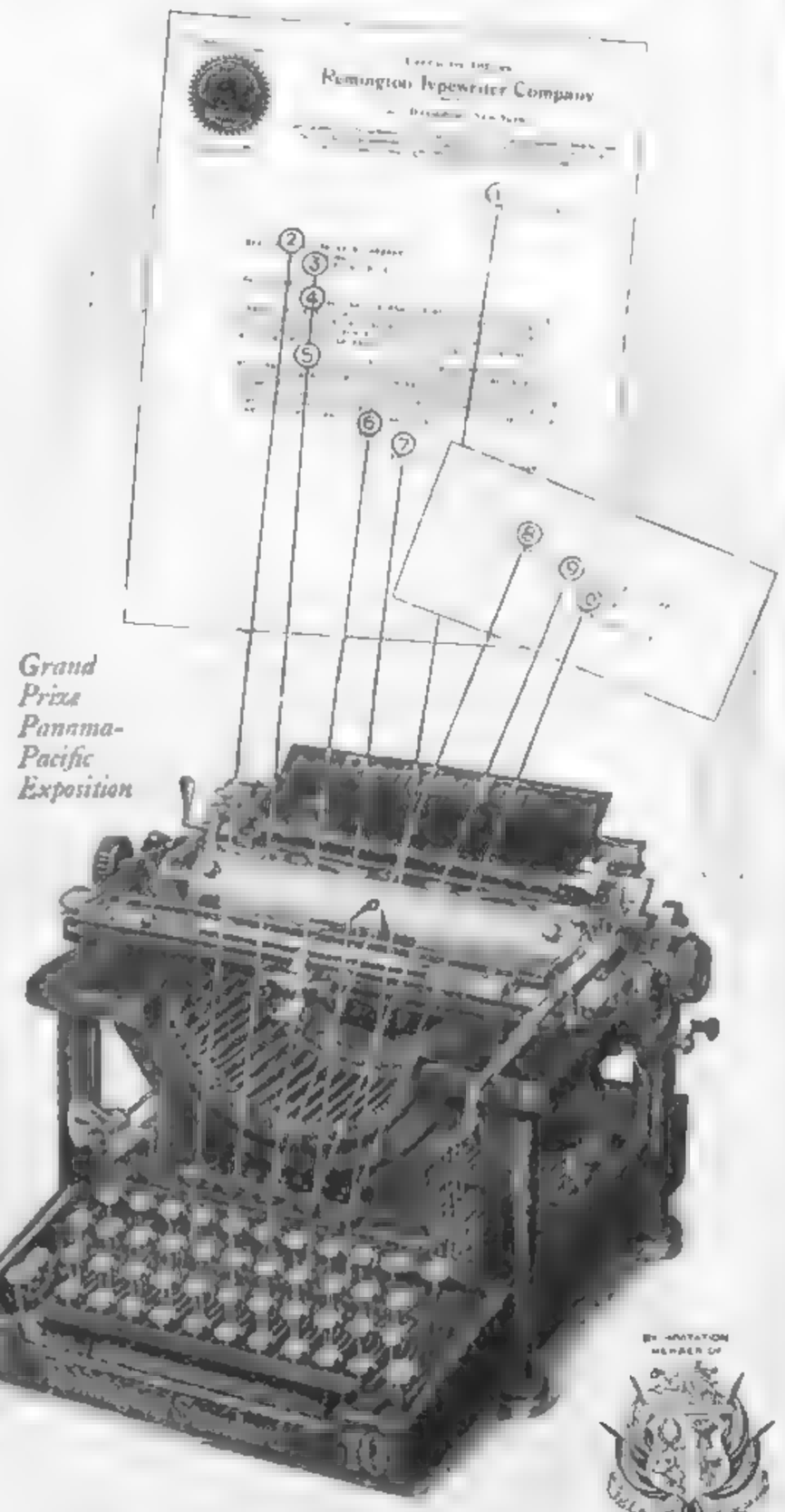

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(Continued from Page 34)

"Wait till you're asked," said Duane sullenly.

That settled it, of course. He marched over in white flannels and blue serge that afternoon and found Jane Brown waiting for him on her veranda, cool and comfortable in white linen—in the simple sort of summer dress that owes its simplicity to art of the most sophisticated sort.

Duane knew the Ames cottage pretty well, of course. He and Rod Ames had grown up together. So he looked round when she took him into the big living room. She had been in possession for less than two days, but she had transformed the place already, somehow. For one thing, the piano, which in the days of Rod and Bet had been shoved into a corner to leave more room for dancing, dominated the whole room now. And there were other changes too. The things he saw were the old things, but it had become Jane Brown's room.

"Now!" she said, and held out her hands.

Reluctantly he gave her a few sheets of paper; and then, as she dropped into a big chair and began to read, he went to the window and stared out over the beach. Presently some faint movement of hers made him turn round, and he saw that she held the papers loosely in her hand and was staring at him.

"I wonder how I knew you could do things like these!" she said. He saw, to his amazement, that tears stood in her eyes. "They're—beautiful!" she said. "There's every sort of beauty in them—beauty of thought—and of form ——"

She sprang up, with a gesture of determination, and went to the piano. He looked at her in wonder.

"Look out of the window again, please," she said—"and wait "

She began to play very softly. There was no form to what she played. She seemed to be groping for harmonies, evolving something out of inchoate sound. And then suddenly she began to sing—his words. He gasped as he turned and stared at her. And she sang that one of his lyrics which he himself liked best of all he had done, from beginning to end.

"Why!" he cried. "It's a song—and I never knew! We've made a song, between us." And then, as if it had been torn from him: "Yours is the most beautiful voice ——"

"No," she said; "it is your voice that is beautiful."

They looked at each other. For a moment they knew a communion that was beyond speech. For a moment the veils that hide the future were torn away, so that they could see beyond. . . . And then, since the time had not yet come for them, the veils fell into place again.

She rose slowly, trembling a little, a sigh shaking her lips.

"You'll let me keep them?" she said. "You'll let me make music for them—write down the music that is in them?"

"Of course," he said. He was staring at her. "I wrote them for you. And I never knew ——"

A silence fell between them, and they could not look longer at each other. It was he who broke it.

"I'm healed!" he said. "I think you've done it, Jane Brown! I don't care what they say. I want to feel the sea again. I want the waves to knock me about. Will you come?"

She nodded, tears in her laughter, laughter in her tears. Hand in hand, like two children, they plunged into the surf together ten minutes later. And then again they lay on the hot sand, face to face, and talked. The constraint that had bound him had been blown away on the wings of the clean, salt wind that swept the beach. They talked and talked. . . . Each learned all things of the other; and yet, when the shadows of the sand dunes lengthened, and the green of the sea was turned to gold and blue and red and purple by the setting sun, and the faint chill of twilight warned them that their hour was done—all things were still to be said between them.

And not a day of those that followed was long enough for them to say the things that were to be said. Radiant days they were for Duane—days in which health and life flowed into him again and set his pulses leaping. Soon came days when he and she could swim out fearlessly beyond the breakers, out to the lonely rock where an empty sea and an empty world stretched endlessly away from them, and they could lie and talk, with only the sun to overhear. Days of an endless love-making they were, with

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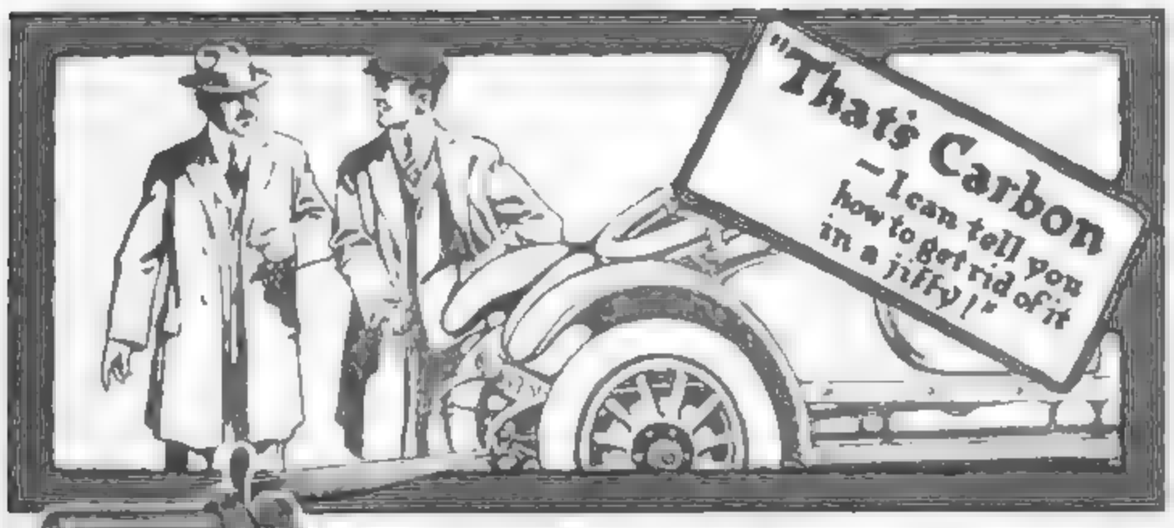

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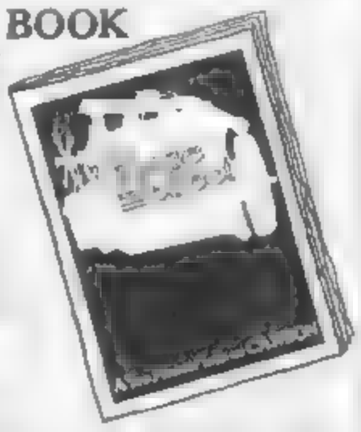

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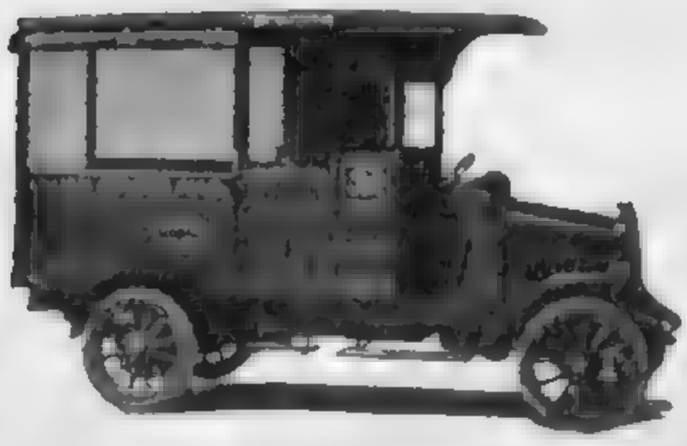

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never a word of love between them, and never a word that was not love itself—days of long battling with the surf, and long, lazy hours on the hot white sand, and endless walks among the dunes.

And in the long summer evenings he was with her, too, while she made music for his poems and songs of his thoughts. Her voice rose clear and soft and golden, ravishing him; intoxicating him with such delight as he had never dreamed the world could hold.

And so they came, at last, to the night when she sang for him the love song he had written for her, to her, of her. He stood up as the last note sank into the drowsy murmur of the tireless surf: and she stood, too, and faced his open arms, his eager eyes. Straight to his arms she went and, even with the miracle of love confessed, they had never a word of love articulate. They knew—and it was enough.

"It had to be to-night," he said. "In the morning I must go to the city—for one day. Only for one day! But, oh, my dear, I couldn't have left you for one day unless I knew!"

They stole out together in the morning, with the dawn wind blowing fresh in their faces, to swim out and out to their rock. And then swiftly, laughing like children again, they sped back that he might go.

"I'll be back to-morrow," he promised. "Be waiting for me—on the beach."

He traveled half the night—and more—to reach her the next day at the hour of their journey to the rock. Eagerly he searched the beach for her with his eyes when he ran down on the sand. And at last he saw her—and stood still in wonder; for she held a sort of court. Margaret, eager, excited, was nearest to her, plying her with questions; and she was smiling, happily confused, with puzzled, trustful eyes.

And then she saw him and stood up, waving an arm that was no longer white, but brown. Margaret turned and came running toward him, and stopped him when he would have passed her.

"Billy!" she said. "You beast! You knew all the time who she was and wouldn't tell!"

He stared at her bewildered, amazed. Reluctantly Margaret saw that he did not know.

"Jane Brown!" she scoffed. "Jeannette Brun—who is the one great American concert singer! Who has sung her own songs everywhere! Rod Ames came down yesterday; he supposed we would know, of course! Billy—she's a dear! She ought to cut us all ——"

Duane was still staring at her.

"Oh, well ——" he said. "I don't see what difference any of that makes. Margaret—let me go! I haven't seen her since yesterday!"

Hand in hand again they plunged into the surf. Side by side they swam out to their rock—and beyond it; so that they were screened by its friendly gray old mass when their lips met at last.

Retired Landowners

THE country is pretty liberally sprinkled with retired farmers, but a correspondent points out that in nearly every case they have probably retired not as farmers, but as landowners—that is, the capital which enabled them to retire accrued not from the profits of farming, but from the enhanced value of farm land. There are about two and a half million tenant farmers; but a retired tenant farmer, we believe, is a very rare bird. About as rare a bird, we imagine, is the farmer who has accumulated from the profits of his farming operations sufficient capital on which to retire.

The profits of farming, of course, constantly capitalize themselves in the market value of farm lands, and the rental value rises proportionately with the farm. A man may have taken a half section of Kansas land thirty years ago and actually spent since then every net dollar it produced, yet now be able to retire in very comfortable circumstances. Indeed, through poor management he may never have made a dollar net on the farm. That particular farm may even be producing no more than it produced thirty years ago, and still the owner may be able to retire.

It is true, therefore, that the number of retired farmers is no indication of the amount of net savings from farming operations.

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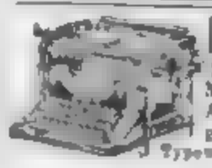

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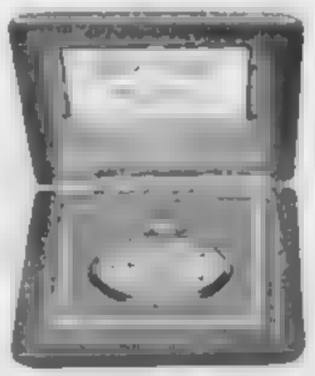

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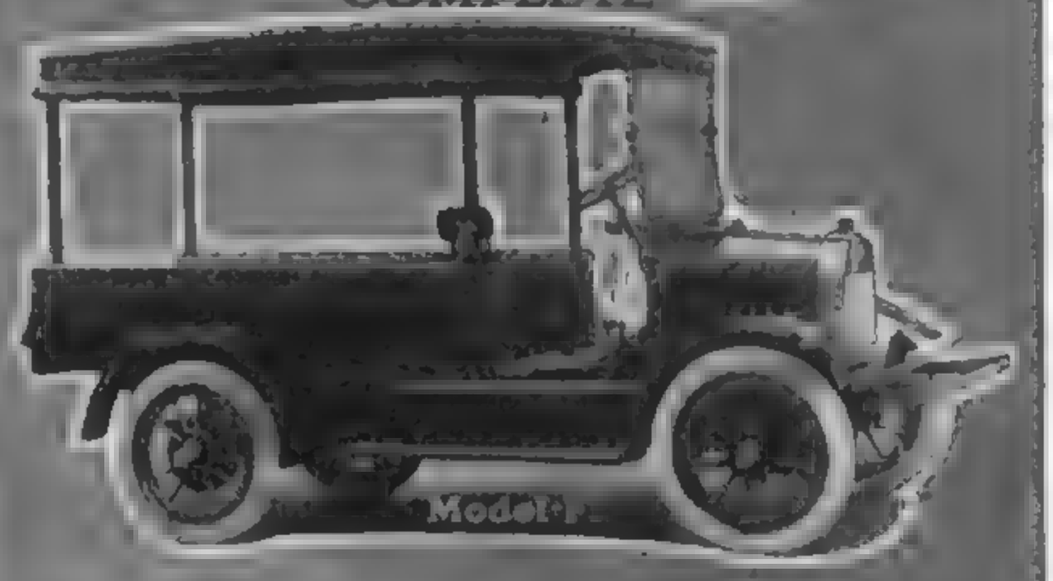

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RAISING OUR WAR BABIES

(Continued from Page 29)

could come up and see it." The expert accepts the invitation. He goes over Jones' plant with considerable attention, and then, at lunch, asks him a lot of questions about the way accounts are kept, costs figured, economies effected, to whom Jones sells, and how he takes care of his customers. Jones is deeply interested. He likes this bank man. It develops that the latter, besides being an engineer and an old manufacturer, posted on all the ways of the game, has been pretty much over the whole globe on business missions. What he says about export trade brings it close and makes it seem as feasible as selling to Philadelphia or Cincinnati.

The expert forms a good opinion of Jones too. It is clear that this Connecticut manufacturer is making his products in a way that will enable him to compete with foreign concerns in price; and he can beat them in quality, because his stuff is of the very latest design. He is a man who takes care of his customers. From the bank's standpoint, therefore, Jones is a desirable manufacturer to list for export business, and can start by getting busy on that order from Fernandez Garcia, in South America.

At its foreign branches the bank has rather a limited line of financial service to sell. It can carry deposits of foreign merchants and lend them money; but the best business in sight is foreign exchange. To make the branches pay, it must build up the volume of foreign exchange. All this costly work of gathering information about credits and trade methods abroad, and selecting trustworthy American houses at home, has that end in view—building a big future turnover in foreign exchange. And thus, just as it is careful to choose responsible merchants in other countries as buyers, so it must choose American concerns that will stick to export trade in boom times as well as slack, and develop foreign fields by salesmanship, advertising and coöperation.

Our banks have been seriously handicapped in competing with the British and German banks in foreign countries. It is only recently that national banks have been permitted to establish branches; and in carrying on everyday business in foreign countries the strict bank regulations imposed here at home raise all sorts of difficulties. Most of the countries where there is new export trade to be cultivated are agricultural nations, with trade organized on very liberal credit arrangements, because they pay their debts at long intervals, according to yield of crops.

European Dominance

Take Argentina as an illustration. Its banks are under no government supervision corresponding to our Federal and state bank examinations. They permit depositors to overdraw their accounts almost ten per cent. A business man in Buenos Aires could take ten thousand dollars, use it to open accounts successively in half a dozen different banks, draw it all out by check, overdraw each account eight or nine hundred dollars, and thus have pretty nearly half the amount of his original capital in the banks' money with which to do business. This practice is encouraged and the European banks in Argentina have to follow it in the competition to get depositors. What is more surprising, it is, though unsound fundamentally, a fairly safe method, because the bankers keep close track of everybody in business. But our banks, if regulated down there by business conditions at home, could not compete in such a system.

Again, export trade in agricultural countries is built largely on investments of capital by the seller nations. These nations always need money to develop industries and resources, build transportation lines, improve cities.

British investments abroad are of astounding magnitude. For a hundred years or more John Bull has been sending capital to colonies and foreign countries, until, just before the war, out of annual savings of nearly two billion dollars yearly, a large portion of which represented profits on his investments outside the British Isles, he was sending almost a billion dollars away to develop railroads, street-car lines, power projects, plantations, mines, banks and communities.

It is due largely to this investment habit that to-day, under the terrible financial strain on the nations at war, the British mines in colonies yield half the world's new gold every year; whereas John Bull's enemies have no such wealth. When he develops the colonial's and the foreigner's resources with his savings the latter pay him interest on his money and, with their own increased wealth, are able to buy his goods. Money and goods flow back and forth between London and all other quarters of the globe pretty much along the lines of these investments.

Germany has invested much money abroad, too, but has been able to do so only within the past generation—before that time being too poor. And German money has been invested abroad in somewhat different ways, to make it go farther and provide the greatest amount of employment for Germans. The German has gone along with his money, settled in foreign lands, and used it to develop trade—not so much by investing in stock-company enterprises as by dealing with the foreigner on most favorable credit terms. The merchant has been able to enlarge his business in slow-pay agricultural countries, if he could get goods on terms of a year or more; and the German has accommodated him by trimming something out of the quality, adding more to the price, and giving him all the goods he could handle. The planter has needed advances to harvest coming crops and had to have loans in bad years. The German lent at good interest.

A New International Enterprise

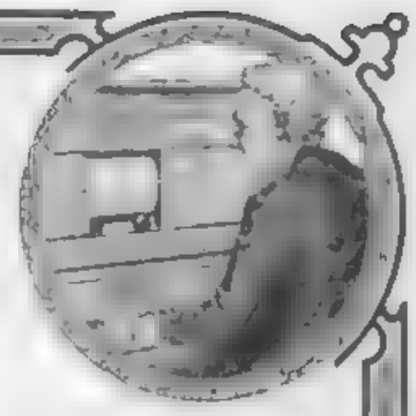
Putting both the merchant and the planter under obligations in this way, he has lived in their country—often marrying there—and watched the eggs in the basket. That gave him a mortgage on their trade, of course; and the American, new to export trade, going on a prospecting tour abroad when times were bad here at home, discovering this state of affairs, has been inclined to regard it as very dark practice—especially when he could not insert the edge of a wedge into the situation to pry the German and his customers apart.

But the war brought a great change. Europe's savings were cut off and the foreigner had to hurry to Wall Street for money to meet his most pressing obligations. It is figured that, even after the war, Europe will not be able to send money to other countries for some years, because its capital will be absorbed in taxes and reconstruction. It is predicted particularly that Germany will be too poor to finance export trade on the old long-credit terms; but it is well to remember that most pictures of German finance just now are apt to be highly colored ones drawn by enemies who hope the pictures are true.

Into this new situation our bankers have entered with a typically American kind of organization—the corporation. A fifty-million-dollar company has been formed, all its capital being subscribed by banks and business concerns; and this company, the American International Corporation, will back up our banks in foreign countries, carrying on enterprises that fall outside their field, and taking the risks they are not permitted to take under our banking laws. It can own ships and has already bought such of our Pacific Coast vessels as were not snapped up by the Japanese before its formation. It can own and operate, buy and sell, promote railroads, public utilities, docks, warehouses, mines, factories, mercantile establishments.

It can organize and set going enterprises in foreign lands, and then operate them or lease them, or sell their securities to the public and put its capital into new enterprises. Its fifty millions of capital is only a start. Behind that are the financial resources of the nation, plus the keenest business minds in America. Within two months after its incorporation this company had more than a thousand foreign projects presented for consideration, and it is training young men in languages and other essentials to man its organization abroad.

Under war conditions our foreign trade has been phenomenal. It has both swelled and shrunk. There have been remarkable increases in exports like munitions, horses and food staples, and decreases in manufactured goods and factory materials. What we have really gained or lost cannot be known until peace returns; for this wonderful export trade had a wonderful demand behind it, and has been a buying movement,



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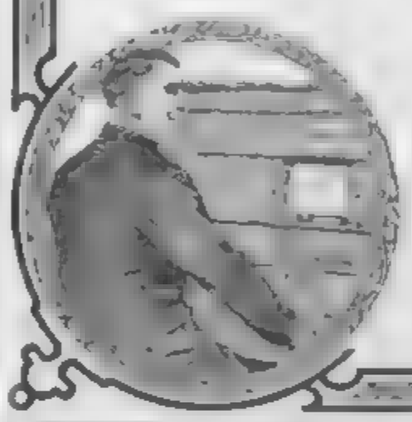

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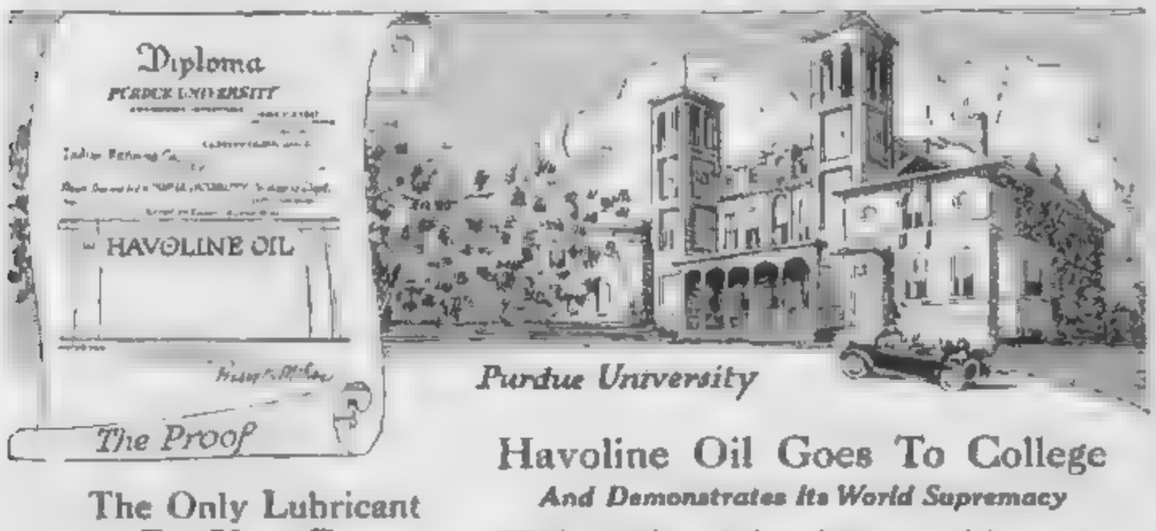

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not one due to our selling ability. The big foreign shipments have gone to the big buying nations—Great Britain took more than one-third of all our exports last year.

More wonderful opportunities have been lost through our lack of ships. Responsibility for the merchant-marine situation has been laid at various doors—Congress, the Middle Western landlubber, our shipping laws and the Seamen's Act. No matter who is responsible, every man, woman and child in the United States is now paying dearly for past shipping errors in the high prices of hundreds of commodities that are scarce, but which might be brought in if we had vessels.

John Bull's merchant fleet furnishes a more concrete illustration. Before the war a British tramp steamer could be chartered for about one dollar a ton a month. To-day the rate is anywhere between seven and ten dollars. John Bull's ships not only feed him and give priceless advantages in getting manufacturing materials, but under the heavy war taxes on profits a large part of the money paid the rusty British tramp for freight goes to the British Government to help pay for the war.

Competition for the Coal Trade

How much of this new export trade are we going to hold? A definite impression has been made on the American mind. Our attention has been turned to ships; and it is predicted that, once we get busy in that line, the American way of making things in quantities, with standard parts, will be applied. After settling on a few standard sizes and types of ships we shall proceed to cut building costs by making them in hundreds, like our automobiles—all alike, with interchangeable parts and a stock of repair parts in every port.

But we have done some solid building in the excitement of the past year. Our export coal trade is a good example. Fifteen months ago we were shipping coal abroad—plenty of it—and had been for years; but we were not selling it abroad! We had no representatives in coal-buying countries to take orders, no ships to carry coal, no financial or credit machinery. The foreign buyer came here, got coal, paid cash for it at the dock and took it home in his own ships. England was the chief coal-exporting country, with a trade of two hundred million dollars a year. She had ships and an established trade, was nearer most of the coal-buying countries, including South America, than ourselves, and so had the advantage all round—but especially in freight rates and exchange.

War upset the English coal-exporting business. Miners enlisted, coal was needed for the fleet, ships were scarce, and so on. This threw a heavy demand to us. Our coal production has been built up to very large proportions through the use of modern mining machinery. The coal men had been talking about export trade for a number of years and urging each other to do something about it. The war created just the right incentive. They took their coats off and went to work.

First, they simplified exchange. A coal buyer in Brazil had been turning his money into English pounds to pay them, and the coal men then turned the pounds into dollars—giving the British banker two profits on the transaction. When the pound sterling went down after the war began the coal men established dollar exchange, which is more direct and centers the finance on New York, with the profit going to American banks.

Then they sent salesmen to Europe and South America to gather information that had always been the stock in trade of the coal jobber. These salesmen spent several months going round, not only making inquiries about the credit of foreign coal consumers but ascertaining what sort of boilers and furnaces they had in which to burn coal, how the firing was done, what grades and sizes were needed, how and where shipments should be sent.

Then, having learned that they could trust the foreigner for coal and make collections directly through our banks, the coal men started building the rest of their export machinery—ships and handling facilities.

Here is where they began to equalize freight rates and put themselves on a footing to compete with John Bull when he once more has time to turn his attention to coal export.

John Bull lives on an island. So do we, as an Englishman once pointed out; but our island is bigger. John Bull's freight traffic is one of small lots hauled short distances in luggage vans of eight or ten tons' capacity. He is under no necessity of loading sixty tons of stuff into a freight car and hauling it three thousand miles, as we must.

But this retail scheme of railroad traffic is a handicap in coal export. A ship goes into Cardiff, the greatest coal exporting port in the world, and is run into a loading basin, something like a dry dock. When water is pumped out of this basin the ship lies low enough so that the little ten-ton luggage vans of "coals" can be dumped into it. Against that, we are able to pick up coal cars of sixty tons—and even ninety—by machinery and empty them into the hold of a ship at an ordinary dock like so many wheelbarrows.

This is counted upon to equalize freight rates, for we can load a ship at Newport News in a day, whereas it might take Cardiff a week; and, as a ship at present rates is worth about two thousand dollars a day, and several hundred dollars in normal times, that makes a decided difference in the cost of coal to a foreign buyer and offsets the freight advantages enjoyed by England.

The coal men are building ships. For five or six years they had been running modern colliers in our coast trade, designed for quick loading, maximum capacity and good speed. When the ship was made to harmonize with our loading apparatus seventy-five hundred tons of coal could be put into it in less than three hours at Newport News. Now the coal men are contracting for deep-sea colliers along the same efficient lines.

It has also been discovered that coal costs the foreigner too much in freight because he has antiquated unloading facilities at his end. When the cargo reaches him he may tie up a ship for a week or longer, adding to freight charges; whereas at a port like Boston, equipped with modern unloading machinery, we can take coal out of a ship at the rate of a thousand tons an hour. So, part of the selling organization abroad must be modern coal piers, and the coal men are getting ready to build them.

An Obsolete Joke

For ten years an American engineer has been preaching export trade to commercial gatherings; and one of his best stories illustrative of the need for adjustment to demand in other lands was that about the Latin-American, who is said to like plenty of bright paint and transfer pictures on a machine, and who is so little used to machinery that in six months one of two things usually happens—either the Latin-American breaks the machine or the machine kills the Latin-American. That story always got a laugh. But the other day he told it again and a dark-skinned little man rose excitedly from the audience.

"It ees not so! It ees not so!" he declared passionately.

And there was the Latin-American himself—he had arrived and could not see any humor in the old yarn; so the story had to be dropped.

The Latin-American is here in hundreds. For years little old Nueva York has fascinated him as a playground. Now he is also here to do business.

The Frenchman is here. He will go back to France with the representation of American lines like our automatic machinery, which has demonstrated its qualities in the pressure of making war materials, and for which it is believed there will be a demand for years to come all over Europe.

The Russian is here. He has opened an American-Russian chamber of commerce and means to impress upon the American business imagination some of the possibilities of a country that occupies one-sixth of the whole land surface of the globe.

The Hollander, the Belgian and Scandinavian are here; and the young Mexican, driven out of his own country by war; and the German, trained in export ways. They are establishing connections, taking export-sales rights, entering the employ of our business houses and banks in foreign-trade departments.

For ten years our little export baby has been creeping round underfoot, with nobody in particular to adopt it. Now that it has suddenly become a war baby, everybody wants to adopt it and teach it to walk.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in a series of articles by Mr. Collins. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

PHONE: 192 REGENT

J. E. Jewell

163A & 164, Piccadilly

London, W. 6th January 1916

To the Managing Director,
CADILLAC MOTOR CAR MANUFACTURING CO.
Detroit. Mich. U. S. A.

Dear Sir

Having in May last decided to purchase a new car, I was in the usual position of uncertainty that most would-be purchasers are in as to the car one can get as the best value for money.

I happened to see in the "Saturday Evening Post" one of your very clearly - and to my mind - very fairly worded advertisements, and immediately went to see your polite and courteous Manager, Mr. Bennett , with the idea of looking over the chassis of one of your new 7 seater 8 cylinder cars - I think you call it type 51.

I took my engineer with me (in whose ability I place very great confidence) and we had a thorough examination of the chassis and loose parts, and both came to the conclusion that apparently a better constructed and more carefully thought out engine, etc. would be practically impossible to find. As a matter of fact I placed an order with Messrs.Bennett for one of your cars.

I may add that I have been a very keen motorist since the year 1903, and have possessed several cars of British and French make, and have at the present time two other English-made cars as well as your 8 cylinder.

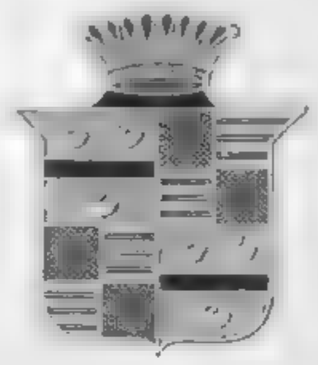
It may interest you to know that we took delivery of your car early in August last, and at time of writing she has done between 5 and 6 thousand miles, and up to the present we have never had occasion to lift up the bonnet, unless it has been to show an interested motorist the details of your engine. What I wish to say more particularly is, that in the whole of my motoring experience I have never struck a car that has given such complete and general satisfaction as the "Cadillac" has done, and I feel quite entitled by my experience to give an opinion. I do not know whether it is your firm, or another firm in America that makes use of the phrase : "One has not enjoyed the pleasures of motoring until he has ridden in a"... but if it is your firm, I have the greatest pleasure in thoroughly endorsing your statement: if it is not your firm that makes use of the above phrase in its advertisements, you are, in my opinion, thoroughly entitled to do so. Comparisons are always odious, but my experience of the "Cadillac" is that it is value for money in every sense of the word, which, I regret to say, I have never yet found in the purchase of any other car. It gives one a certain amount of pleasure to be able to write about an article that one finds all right: my previous experience of motor-cars was like taking a dip in the lucky tub - you paid your money and you either got a decent or a bad car ; but from what I know of several people this side who are the happy possessors of a "Cadillac" I may say in all fairness to yourself , that I have never heard one that had anything detrimental to say about your car.

You may possibly think it strange that I take the trouble to dictate this letter to you ; you do not know me, and I do not know you ; but I think it only fair to yourself to let you know that you have at least got one very ardent admirer and happy owner of a "Cadillac".

I hope to be in New York the first week in February on my way to Pasadena, Calif. and if possible would like to have an opportunity of looking over your works in Detroit. Am not sure yet whether I shall have time enough to go to Detroit to do so, neither do I know whether you allow strangers to go over your works, but if you do, I should be very pleased indeed to do so if possible. A letter will find me if addressed to the Waldorf Hotel, 5th Avenue, New York.

Faithfully yours,

J. E. Jewell



Cadillac
Standard of the World

CELEBRATED
Clicquot Club
EXTRA DRY
GINGER ALE
NET MEASURE 15½ FLUID OUNCES
MADE FROM CLICQUOT SPRING WATER
HIGHLY CARBONATED
FIRST JAMAICA GINGER
PURE FRUIT FLAVORS
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UNDER THE FOOD AND
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The Clicquot Club Co.
MILLIS, MASS.
Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is sold Nationally—all over America, not because it is preferred to local ginger ales in a few places, but because in all places the family that buys it, serves it with pride and the dealer who sells it, finds his demand bigger and better every year. Almost fountains, but the great place for Clicquot is in the ice box at home. It mixes well with almost anything. Buy it by the case from good grocers and druggists.
Other Clicquot Club beverages are: Birch Beer, Lemon Sour, Root Beer, Sarsaparilla and Orange Phosphate
THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
Millis, Massachusetts
Clicquot Club
Pronounced Klee-ko
GINGER ALE

THE TOSTICATED TRIGONS

Continued from Page 16

state-wide movement to write in the name of Hughes on the ballots, and a large number of newspapers coöperated with articles and instructions showing the voters how to accomplish that result. In a state-wide Republican sense Hughes is in the lead as this is written. The Roosevelt sentiment is not assertive. Still, after the results of the primaries in Michigan, the name of Henry Ford on the ballot gives opportunity for speculation and adds its modicum of interest. Perhaps there is a predominant peace, or Ford, sentiment in Nebraska as well as in Michigan.

Several newspaper polls in Minnesota show that Roosevelt is the favored candidate in that state, the ratio being about two to one as against Hughes, with Cummins a bad third. Some of the old-line Republicans, not forgetting 1912, are for Hughes; and there the thing stands, with Minnesota prepared to do her duty at Chicago, said duty being either Rooseveltian or Hughesian, or otherwise. Colonel Roosevelt carried Minnesota in 1912, getting 125,856 votes to 106,426 for Wilson and 64,334 for Taft. Colonel Roosevelt also carried Michigan by a plurality of 62,340; but this year the Republican voters of Michigan have instructed their delegates for Henry Ford, who defeated Senator William Alden Smith, the same being the only patriots they had a chance to vote for. Mr. Ford says he did not want the distinction, and Senator Smith did, having held himself as a favorite son of the state where the Republican party was founded, "under the oaks at Jackson," as all Michigan orators claim. Senator Smith did not win and probably will not be much in a candidatorial sense at Chicago.

La Follette, on the favorite-son platform, had a dickens of a time in Wisconsin; and, a week after the primaries, it hasn't been determined how many delegates he will have against those controlled by his political enemy, Governor Philipp. However, whatever the number of La Follette delegates may be, it is probable that those delegates will be anti-Roosevelt to the finish. Philipp may be expected to string along with the predominating influence. Indiana is for Charles Warren Fairbanks first, last, and until such other time as it may be necessary to switch to the winner, and Kentucky has a few for Fairbanks and a few for others, mainly Hughes. Cummins has one of the Dakotas.

In the Middle West

The Illinois primaries have been held. The official favorite-son candidate was Senator L. Y. Sherman, who, since the death of Senator Cullom, splits with Uncle Joe Cannon the Lincolnish and plain-people phase of Illinois Republican politics. Mr. Sherman is said to have picked his delegates himself, and for that reason it is expected they will stay picked for a ballot or two—or possibly until the proper and organization way is shown to them. However, the claim is made that two of the delegates are for Roosevelt and will vote for The Colonel, notwithstanding Mr. Sherman's selected place in the sun of delegate favor. There is a widespread feeling among the rank and file of the party that Hughes is the only man who can defeat President Wilson; and the great number of candidates for office in the cities, counties and on the state ticket are beginning to demand his nomination. Roosevelt, who had 386,478 votes in Illinois in 1912, as opposed to 253,613 for Taft and 405,048 for Wilson, has gained in favor recently; but the party men, after they pay their final respects to Sherman, are for Hughes.

Jacob Babler, the newly elected Republican National Committeeman in Missouri, was originally for Weeks, which indicates the Missouri organization tendency; but now it is learned that Hughes will be acceptable in that state, though the Old Guard would prefer Root or Fairbanks, inasmuch as the Old Guard in Missouri is very Old-Guardie. The Missouri Republicans, as a party, do not want Roosevelt, and if he should be nominated there will be a big bolt. There is a tremendous German-American vote in Missouri, and if Wilson and Roosevelt are the two opposing nominees those voters will be in a frightful dilemma. There is a most exciting gubernatorial campaign on in Missouri, which has affected interest in the situation.

Four members of the Ohio delegation are known to be for Roosevelt. The feeling for Burton is luker than lukewarm, but the regular delegation was virtually chosen by Burton and pledged to him under the primary-law requirement. A consensus of fifty of the Republican daily papers in the state indicates that Hughes would be the strongest man to nominate, according to the Ohio Republican idea; but most of these are discussing Roosevelt in a friendly way. Charles P. Taft, who owns a very influential newspaper in Cincinnati, is openly fighting Roosevelt, and the German Republicans are hostile; but the business element, feeling that the Republican nominee will be either Hughes or Roosevelt, is favoring Hughes.

Some of the Ohio Republican leaders are leaning toward Roosevelt, being opportunists, and feeling that he can defeat Wilson; and the Bull Moose leaders are favoring this idea. As the delegation is outlined, there are standpatters on it who will not be for Roosevelt in any ordinary event, and The Colonel will be lucky to get half the votes of the Ohio delegation after Burton has his "compliment" and withdraws, or is withdrawn; whereas Hughes might, in a pinch and for the greater good, get them all. The Ohio primaries will send Burton delegates, but the state Republican sentiment at the time of writing is about evenly divided between Roosevelt and Hughes.

Strange Tales in Pennsylvania

The Iowa primaries have been held. Senator Cummins was indorsed by the voters in a vote that was only about twenty-five per cent of normal. The senator's name was the only one appearing on the ballot, but other names were written in. Hughes led in the number of these substitutions, having a slight margin over Roosevelt; and there was a scattering vote for Root. Hence, for the initial period at Chicago Iowa will be for Cummins. Later, and after the Cummins episode is complete, Iowa may be for Roosevelt or may be for Hughes. Roosevelt had 161,819 votes in Iowa in 1912 to 119,805 for Taft. Wilson carried the state by 23,506 plurality.

The Republican voters of Oklahoma generally favor Colonel Roosevelt as a candidate, with Hughes second choice. The delegation is uninstructed, but it is claimed that the present Republican National Committeeman, J. A. Harris, who is a candidate for reëlection, controls eleven of the twenty delegates and favors Roosevelt.

New Mexico is expected to send an uninstructed delegation, but Rooseveltish in tinge; and Arizona will have an eye to the main chance. So will Wyoming and Nevada. Some member of the Du Pont family has something in mind for himself in Delaware along favorite-son lines; and West Virginia, where the primaries are to be held almost at convention time, may be expected to join the chorus, whatever that chorus may be.

It is the best opinion in New Jersey that the delegates at large will be solidly against Roosevelt. State Chairman Bugbee, my informant says, will be one of these delegates at large. He was a Roosevelt man four years ago, but is now openly opposed to Roosevelt, on the ground that his nomination will further split the party. It is not expected that National Committeeman Franklin Murphy will be a delegate, but he favors any conservative, such as Fairbanks, other than Hughes. The district delegates are likely to go uninstructed, as there are Roosevelt contests in but two of the twelve districts. The state machine has a firm grip on the delegate situation; but, for all that, there was a good deal of Roosevelt sentiment in New Jersey in the middle of April.

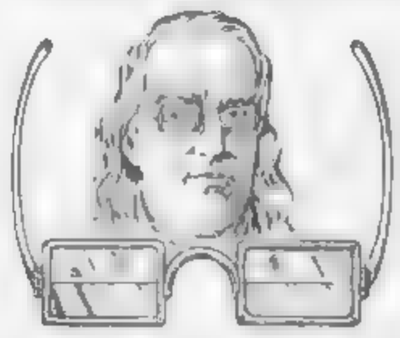
Strange tales come from Pennsylvania about Senator Boies Penrose being for Colonel Roosevelt; but, as it seems, the senator is not taking steps, other than those dictated by his well-known prudence in such matters, to assign his delegates to any person. Indeed, it is the understanding that the senator is keenly for an uninstructed delegation to Chicago, arguing that, inasmuch as most of the states east of the Ohio River are not instructing, it would not be well for Pennsylvania to instruct, but to go to Chicago as a free moral agent. Senator Penrose is selecting men of the

(Concluded on Page 47)

THE KRYPTOK INVISIBLE BIFOCAL

The Perfection of the Eyeglass
Idea Originated A° D! 1784 *by* Benj. Franklin

AN ILLUSTRATED STORY FOR FOLKS WHO NEED DOUBLE VISION GLASSES



"I am happy in the invention of double spectacles which, serving for distant objects as well as for near ones, make my eyes as useful to me as they ever were."

So wrote Benjamin Franklin in one of his letters. He it was who first conceived the idea of taking a near-sighted lens and a far-sighted lens, cutting each in half and fitting them in a spectacle frame.

If Franklin could see the perfection of his idea in the KRYPTOK *(pronounced Crip-tock)* Invisible Bifocal, he would be astonished. Instead of a jagged line separating the two lenses, KRYPTOK is one solid crystal-clear lens which cannot possibly be detected from single vision glasses.

The smooth and clear surface of KRYPTOK Glasses is entirely free from the disfiguring, age-revealing lines and seams of old-fashioned bifocals. Yet KRYPTOKS give you all the convenience of near and far sight in one pair of glasses. They put an end to the constant removing and replacing of your reading glasses—or fussing with two pairs. You can see both close and distant objects with equal clearness.

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It explains how KRYPTOK Glasses give you comfort and convenience for near and far vision, keep you young-looking and preserve your eyesight. Please give name of your oculist, optometrist or optician, if possible.

KRYPTOK CO., Inc.
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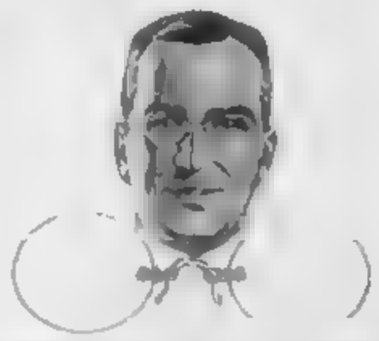

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Big Innovation in Popular Sheet Music

HERE is the greatest step forward in the history of popular sheet music since the advent of the giant printing press.

Entire song in sight
NO LEAVES
to turn or lose

Just think! You can play and sing the entire song from beginning to end without turning a page. Every note is clearly before your eyes—large and distinct. No embarrassing pauses while pianist struggles with loose or missing leaves—or, as very often happens, comes to a dead stop while some kind friend picks the loose sheet from the floor. A blessing which every player—every singer—will welcome.

This Feist-conceived idea we gladly give to the public

It is only another link in that ever-growing chain of evidence which proves that in the music world "you can't go wrong with any 'Feist' song."

Here are the two newest [illegible] published in the "[illegible]" No extra charge for this, the greatest innovation in Popular Sheet Music.

"SWEET CIDER TIME WHEN YOU WERE MINE"

Here is a "bird's-eye" view of the latest hit by the writers of "Tulip and Rose," and "Norway." A feast of memories! A flood of melody! A hit on a thousand vaudeville stages. Words by Joe McCarthy, music by Percy Wenrich. Sung by Walter Van Brunt, the Edison Star.

"SIAM"

A novelty ballad. Sweetly swelling, voluptuous cadences charm the ear as Omar Khayam entreats Siam to come to her Persian Garden. Emma Carus' great hit! Words by Howard Johnson, music by Fred Fischer.

ON SALE TODAY at every Music Store, and at any Woolworth, Kresge, Kress or McCrory Store

Other Popular "FEIST" Songs now published in the new form.

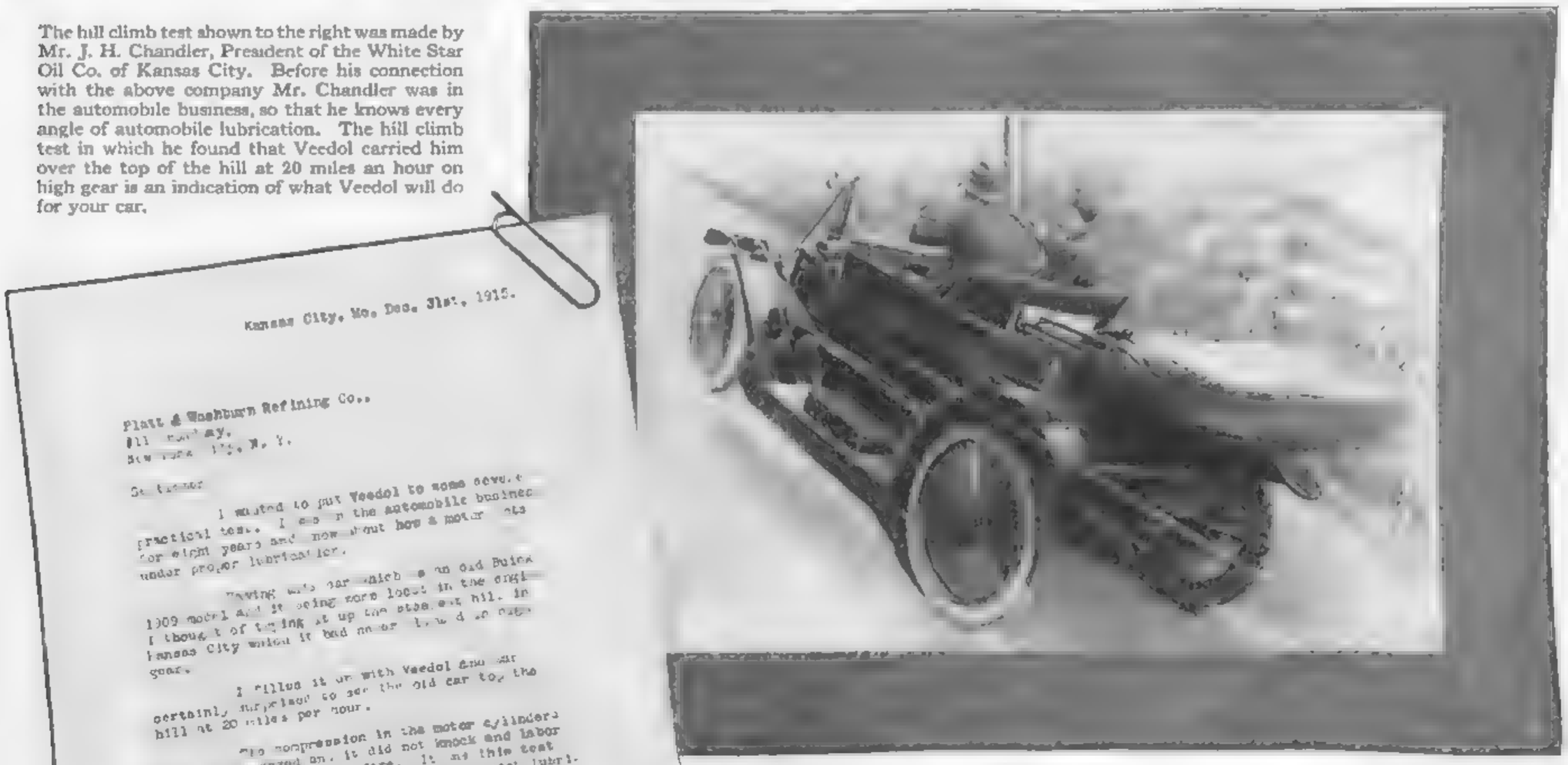
'Some Girls Do and Some Girls Don't
Don't Bite the Hand that's Feeding You
You Can't Get Along With Em or Without Em
You'd Never Know That Old Home Town of Mine
Are You Half the Man Your Mother Thought You'd Be?
There's a Broken Heart for Every Light on Broadway
There's a Garden in Old Italy
The Sweetest Melody of All
The Hat the Brave
'Wake U, Amer[illegible]
MOTHER
Norway

[illegible] dollar bill for any seven pieces. Orchestra

Most of these pieces may also be procured for your Talking Machine or your Player Piano. Orchestra Leaders will gladly play them on request

LEO FEIST, Inc., FEIST Bldg., 231-5 W. 40th St., New York

The hill climb test shown to the right was made by Mr. J. H. Chandler, President of the White Star Oil Co. of Kansas City. Before his connection with the above company Mr. Chandler was in the automobile business, so that he knows every angle of automobile lubrication. The hill climb test in which he found that Veedol carried him over the top of the hill at 20 miles an hour on high gear is an indication of what Veedol will do for your car.



Kansas City, Mo. Dec. 31st., 1915.

Platt & Washburn Refining Co.,
Bowling Green Bldg.,
New York City, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I wanted to put Veedol to some severe practical test. I am in the automobile business for eight years and now about how a motor acts under proper lubrication.

Having this car which is an old Buick 1909 model and is going more loose in the engine I thought of trying it up the steepest hill in Kansas City which it had never been able to climb on high gear.

I filled it up with Veedol and air certainly surprised to see the old car top the hill at 20 miles per hour.

The compression in the motor cylinders was much improved on, it did not knock and labor as it has always done before. In this test which convinced me that Veedol was the best lubricant on the market for I had tried every other oil I had come in contact with and had never produced results like this.

Yours very truly,
J. H. Chandler

Greater power from new lubricant

Heat in your engine turns a large part of ordinary oil into black solid matter—a cause of great friction and the chief destroyer of power. This new lubricant resists heat and prevents rapid sedimentation. Mr. Chandler tells how it works.

Every day of the week letters like Mr. Chandler's are being received. Car owners everywhere write in that Veedol, the new lubricant, has increased power, reduced carbon, increased gasoline mileage or reduced repairs.

It is not necessary, however, for you to be satisfied with the tests which other people make. Test Veedol in your own car.

Why Ordinary Oil Kills Power

Ordinary oil breaks down after a few hours' use and forms black solid matter. Part of the oil loses all lubricating value.

This solid matter means friction. The sediment, which has an inactive or negative effect, partially crowds out the remaining liquid oil. This under-supply of oil to metal surfaces is the chief cause of friction—heat—wear—repairs—loss of power.

How to Make the Road Test

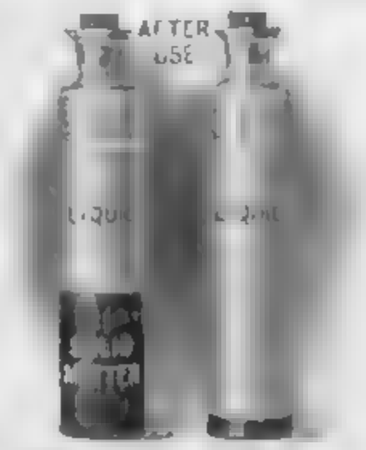
Remove the drain plug from the lowest part of your motor crank case and allow all old oil to run out. Replace the plug, fill the sump up to correct oil level with kerosene and run the motor under its own power for about thirty seconds to cleanse the interior. Then draw out all kerosene. Replace the drain plug and refill with Veedol.

The exact amount of fuel and oil in the car should be recorded and a reading of the speedometer taken before starting. Then let a test be run over a familiar road, including steep hills and straight level stretches, for any distance up to five hundred miles or more.

You will find that your motor has acquired new pick-up and hill-climbing ability due to the maximum mechanical efficiency made possible through Veedol.

You will find your mileage on both gasoline and oil increases. You will reduce your carbon trouble. Your motor will have more power.

Relative Oil Destruction



Showing Finely Divided Solid Matter in Suspension

The contents of the two bottles shown illustrate clearly the relative durability of ordinary oil and of Veedol, the new lubricant that resists heat. Veedol deposits only a small fraction as much sediment as ordinary oil.

Structurally, there is a fundamental difference between ordinary oils and Veedol.

Ordinary oils are unstable and therefore unserviceable because of non-heat-resisting chemical structure.

Special processes of manufacture developed by this company and the use of Pennsylvania paraffine-base crude oil give Veedol, the new lubricant, its unusual chemical structure, and its remarkable heat-resisting ability.

Where You Can Buy Veedol

Progressive dealers everywhere have secured Veedol and can supply you. Look for the orange and black Veedol sign.

Each dealer is supplied with a large chart specifying the right body of Veedol for each automobile, motor-boat or motor-cycle.

If, for any reason, you cannot get Veedol at once write to the Platt & Washburn Refining Co. By return mail you will receive a copy of the book, free, and the name of the dealer who will supply you.

Platt & Washburn Refining Company
1817 Bowling Green Bldg. New York

New 88 Page Veedol Book Free

Write for the new Veedol book "The Lubrication of Internal Combustion Motors."

This book explains the A B C's of oil refining and finishing. It gives full information regarding the laboratory and practical service tests to which lubricants are subjected before final approval and shipment.

It describes and illustrates all types of lubricating systems used in automobiles, motor-cycles, motor-boats, tractors, etc. It contains a fund of useful information and scientific facts discussing lubricants and lubrication from many angles.

This book also shows how the Veedol Engineering Department, which is at your service, is helping car owners. 88 pages profusely illustrated in colors.

WRITE TODAY

(Concluded from Page 45)

greatest Republican prominence in Pennsylvania as his delegates at large and, it is assumed, is maintaining a certain scrutiny over his delegates in ordinary.

Pennsylvania, which gave Roosevelt 447,426 votes in 1912, and a consequent plurality over Taft and Wilson of 51,807, still has many Roosevelt supporters, has Hughes sentiment and much for "a good strong man." Pennsylvania undoubtedly will be with the winner at Chicago, and may be relied upon to have as early advance information of the identity of that person as any state in the Union; for Senator Penrose will be reasonably familiar with what is going on.

New York is spaghettied. Some of its delegates will be for Hughes; some for Roosevelt; some for Root, if Root remains in; some for what happens. New York has been whirligigging round politically for several months; and, as New York is the home state of Roosevelt, Hughes and Root, the favorite-son adhesion goes three ways—a triplicate obligation that will be discharged with such duplication as may be arranged. New York is intimately concerned in a domestic way with the ambitions, endeavors and woes of B. Barnes; with the aspirations, alarms and sorrows of Governor Whitman; with minor complications having to do with a person named Tanner, and various other persons. New York is in a mess. New York as a state has most votes in the convention. New York has a large supply of small-calibered leaders, and not one forty-two. New York may be important, or may not. New York is likely to be interesting, but inconclusive.

However, most of the delegates are of the tried-and-true brand. They will stand without hitching if somebody has the tip to tell them where to stand; and that may happen. The rank and file have various choices. Roughly, Hughes has more friends than any other, Roosevelt next, and Root third. New York doesn't know the names of the other aspirants, for New York is a self-sufficient commonwealth.

Then come the delegations from the South. The delegates from the South will do as they are told. They will be told by the men in control of the feeble party organizations in those states; who, in turn, will be told what to tell by the men in control at Chicago. The Southern representation has been trimmed somewhat. In a spasm of most meritorious virtue the National Committee sought to do away with the scandal of the Southern Republican delegate, and cut the representation of the South down seventy-nine votes, taking two from New York, four from Hawaii, two from Porto Rico and two from the Philippines the while; thus making the total reduction eighty-nine.

Texas was the heaviest loser, being deprived of sixteen chances to do some business; for the Texas representation was reduced that much from the original forty. However, Texas intends to send forty delegates and make a fight for them. Other Southern States may do the same. The South may be depended on to follow the trend, whenever developed; and so will the territories and dependencies.

This is the national political situation as it existed on April fifteenth; not set down in any spirit of prophecy, but merely because of a modest ambition that what is going on, interior, exterior and ulterior, may be spread on the public minutes. The certainty is that President Wilson will be renominated. The rest is vast uncertainty, with Roosevelt, Hughes and "some good strong man" as the chief factors in it. It is an interesting conglomeration of bluff, bunko, ballyhoo and brains.

The Grand Old Party is incubating a convention that is likely to be both sanctimonious and acrimonious—to say nothing of its spectacular side. And, aside from the described triangular features that now predominate, the convention will have another geometrical aspect. I refer to that combination of two sets of straight lines bisecting each other obliquely at points equidistant from the ends, described in the vernacular as the double cross.

A LIFE JOB

(Continued from Page 14)

But when he had left the house she rose, breakfasted, and went to her bank, where she drew the five hundred dollars which was automatically deposited to her account on the fifth of every month.

"It's not stealing," she thought. "I'm leaving behind jewelry worth two thousand."

Going home, she packed a trunk and suitcase, told the maids she was going away for a few days, and left a sealed note for her husband:

"John: Since you no longer love me, I am going away. IRENE."

Then Irene took a fast train for New York, going over and over her plans on the way. She would write to Aunt Sara. John would, of course, apply at once to Aunt Sara for information. If he loved her he would be sorry and would come after her. No man who really loved his wife would dream of discharging her as a business partner—silly talk! The thing had to be decided once for all—and decided her way, since she was in the right. When people were married they were married.

Excitement and defiance sustained Irene until she reached New York. There, stepping into a great busy station, she felt lonely and afraid. It was the first time she had ever gone anywhere unattended. She took a cab to the hotel where she had stayed on her wedding trip, and the familiar place somewhat reassured her. She sat herself down to wait for a telegram from Ridgely to say he was coming.

She waited for a week, increasingly lonely, increasingly frightened. When she paid the hotel bill she was alarmed at the size. Never before had she thought of money as being something that could come to an end. When her five hundred dollars was gone, what could she do but crawl back to her husband? The sense of Ridgely's absolute mastery of the situation made her begin to wonder whether there could be justice on his side. Irene was of the sort to whom might instinctively made right.

All day she sat in her room, almost praying for word from her husband. That evening she went for a walk along Fifth Avenue, southward, attracted by the cross of fire on the church in Washington Square. She sat down on a bench occupied by a girl; in a week she had learned that a pretty, rather dashingly dressed, unescorted woman had better not sit down on a bench occupied by a man. She gazed broodingly at the golden cross, at the blue, deep, star-built dome above it; and tears smarted in her eyes. All about her men and women and children talked and laughed and played. She was listening to the life of scores of homes, carried out frankly into the streets.

"Interesting, isn't it?" said the girl at her side. "When I forget that there are such things as families and homes, I like to come down here and get reminded."

A week before, Irene would have felt a sense of withdrawal, for the speaker was not a person of her own world; but she was lonely and unhappy.

"Doesn't everyone in New York have a home?" she murmured.

"Oh, well; you know what I mean. I live in a hall bedroom because I'm saving for my old age, and my lodging house is full of other homeless people. I am secretary to a rich woman whose house isn't a home; it's a hotel, and she and her husband each go their own way. All day long I see her spending his money and wasting her time in fool ways.

"My work's useless, except for the money I get out of it; so sometimes I like to come down here and look at people who do useful work, like making clothes, and digging sewers, and scrubbing floors. Think I'm giving you a lecture?"

"No—no," replied Irene vaguely. "I suppose you're a Socialist?"

"Not me!" said the girl. "I guess I just get hungry now and then for real living. These men work hard, and their women work beside them. They both pay their way and they live for their children."

Perhaps it was due to her few minutes with the cross of fire, and the deep sky, and the serene stars; but Irene understood. Impulsively she put her hand on the girl's arm.

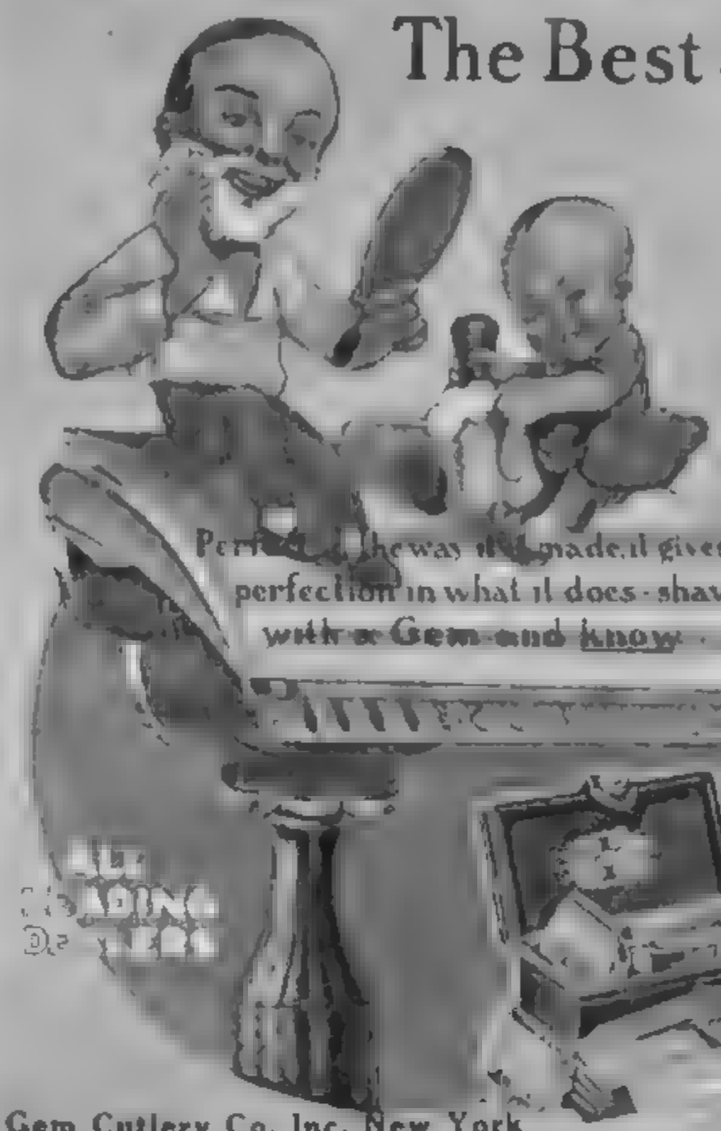
"I hope you'll meet a good man some day who will love you," she said.

The girl murmured something incoherent and, rising, walked abruptly away. Irene wept unrestrainedly if silently. Her resentment against her husband vanished; she

(Continued on Page 50)

GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR

The Best Safety



The Gem Damaskeene Razor outfit includes razor complete with 7 Gem Damaskeene Blades, shaving and stropping handles all in handsome leather case

Perfect in the way it is made, it gives perfection in what it does - shave with a Gem - and know

$1.00

Gem Cutlery Co. Inc. New York

Canadian Branch, 661 St. Catherine St. W. Montreal

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Good Looking
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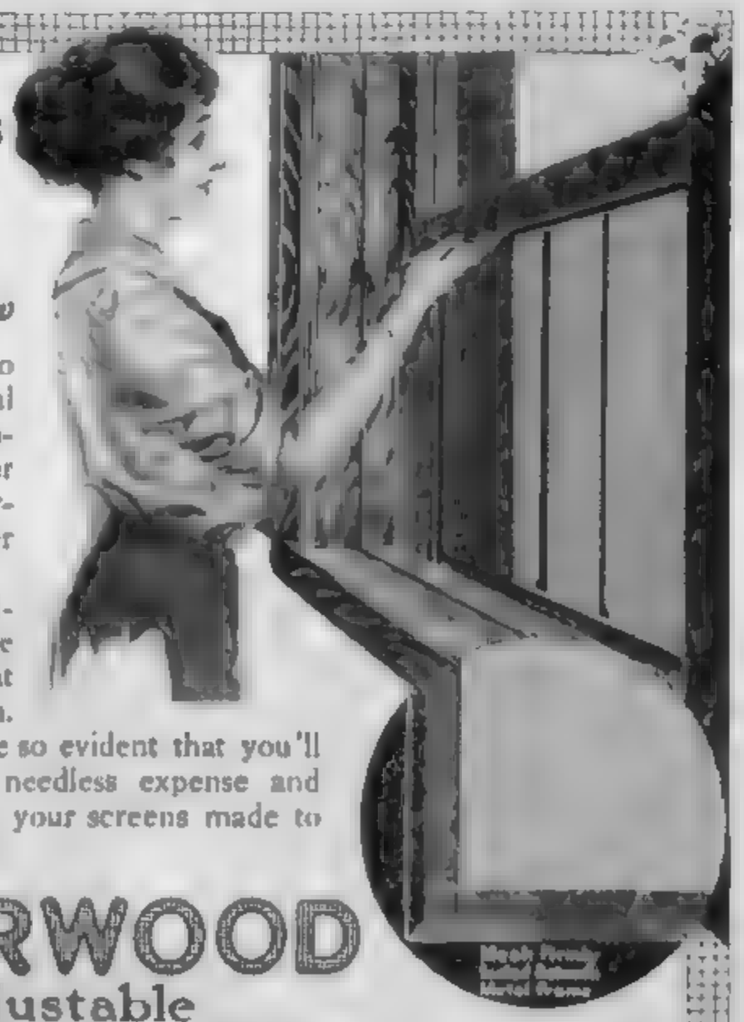

This screen is so simple, so substantial and yet so economical that you'll never want to buy just ordinary screens after you see and use it.

The Sherwood All-Metal Screen is made to give the service that you expect of a screen. Its real merits will be so evident that you'll quickly realize the needless expense and annoyance of having your screens made to order. You can get

SHERWOOD
Adjustable
ALL-METAL SCREENS

from your dealer's stock—any size, just when you need them.

They can be adjusted in a minute, then kept outside your window all summer if you wish, without fear of their cracking, binding, warping or swelling. They are made to endure many seasons' wear.

The Sherwood Adjustable Screen has an *All-Metal*—pressed steel—frame. The wire is securely locked in the frame. The mesh is always taut. No [illegible] can get through. Black enamel (baked on) or galvanized finish.

Remember, there is only one genuine *All-Metal* Adjustable Screen on the market. Look for identification Pat. July 11, 1905.

Sherwood Metal Working Company 1840 Penobscot Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

Makers of Window and Door Screens

An Exacting Demand

The six-cylinder motor—in its perfected state—is the engineer's answer to the demand of the automobile enthusiast—the extremist if you will.

The perfected six-cylinder motor is capable of a faster pickup and a smoother flow of power than is possible in a four.

But not all sixes are superior to all fours.

We build fours that are superior to many sixes.

And our only purpose in building a six is to satisfy with Overland finality that extremist demand for well-nigh miraculous motor performance.

The Overland Six is a big, roomy, luxurious, seven-passenger car with a motor of unusual power, smoothness and flexibility.

But the price is only $1145—much lower than any other car of its size and class.

Such a low price for such a superlative car is possible only because the Overland Six is part and parcel of a huge production.

Over

TRADE MARK REG

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An Exceptional Car

As a matter of fact, Overland production is easily double that of any other builder of cars of like class.

So in buying the Overland Six you not only secure a car of very unusual performance—

But you get the advantage of the economies possible only in the production of cars on so vast a scale.

While the prices of other established sixes are advancing, and those recently announced are on a higher price level, the Overland price remains at $1145.

It is so clearly dominant value among sixes of its size and class, that the demand is taxing even our large production capacity.

In order to make sure of prompt delivery of an Overland Six, see the Overland dealer at once.

Today is an Overland Six opportunity which can hardly last.

See the Overland dealer now and book your order.

Company, Toledo, Ohio

U. S. A."

BAKER-VAWTER'S WORLD-WIDE SEARCH LOCATED THIS BINDER-BOARD MILL IN FAR-OFF WALES

To obtain mill-board for the *covers* of Baker-Vawter "Best Value" Binders that would enable them *best* to withstand the wear and strain of hard usage, Baker-Vawter Company searched the world. A trip by stage-coach back into the mountains of Wales, and a ride on horseback, brings you to this picturesque mill nestled upon a hill-slope. Its mill-board is of unequalled quality.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY

because its immense national business necessitates purchasing materials in large quantities, combs the earth, when necessary, for the *best value*. Must not a firm which takes such pains to obtain the *best*, in turn offer its customers the *best value?*

$1,500,000 is invested in the three big modern Baker-Vawter factories pictured below. At *lowest* manufacturing costs the *best* raw materials obtainable are converted into "Best Value" loose leaf and steel filing equipment.

BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY *Originators and Manufacturers, Loose Leaf and Steel Filing Equipment*

Benton Harbor, Mich. *(address either)* Holyoke, Mass. 520

Sales offices in 42 cities—Salesmen everywhere

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The Coolest Underwear

Clean as the Driven Snow

BREAK the seal and slip into a cool, snow-white Sealpax Athletic Union Suit.

Fresh from the laundry to you in a transparent, sanitary container. Not a fleck of dust — no germs.

The coolest, airiest, cleanest underwear a man can put on. Made of soft, refreshing, Nainsook fabric in a new "Freer-Cut" athletic style with exclusive comfort features

Buy Sealpax. Sold only in Sealpax containers. Men's Union Suits $1.00. Shirts and drawers 50c each.

If not at your dealer, write us.

THE SEALPAX COMPANY

260 Church Street New York City

(Continued from Page 47)

felt she loved him more deeply than she ever had. If only he were sitting beside her, like one of the work-worn husbands beside his wife on almost any bench in the Square!

Drying her eyes, Irene walked up and down the paths, looking at the seated couples. The main thing in life was love; what did it matter if people were poor and grimy and dull if only they loved each other? To-morrow she would go back to her husband.

In the middle of the night she woke from a dream of him. She thought he was saying again that she was an unworthy business partner—a failure. Her mind swung to the girl who had sat beside her in the Square—a girl who worked hard for her living at something she did not like; who longed for a home and a husband and children for whom she could spend herself. Irene had taken her home and husband for granted, and she had not wanted to pay for them.

She thought of the women she had seen in the Square—plain, poor, hard-working. Her first softening toward them had merely embraced the feeling that they loved their men. Now she remembered the girl's remark that they worked beside their men. Sharing, that was it—and she had never shared with John anything for which she had had to pay.

A new, strange determination struck Irene, a determination so painful that it made her shrink. She would write to her husband, indeed; but she would not go back to him until she had proved that she could be a business partner. What had he had from her except promises that she had not kept? As she lay quaking under her resolve she added a fresh burden to it: She would not only learn to be the sort of woman her John wanted for his wife but she would show him that she could take her place in the business world and be paid well.

When morning came she was still of the same mind. In the firmness of her immolation she was even tempted to send him back what remained of her money; but a prudent qualm restrained her. She meant to earn her own living, but it might be two or three days before she got a position. Meantime she had to live.

After breakfast she sought out a bank. For reasons of sentiment she chose the one nearest Washington Square. Having deposited her money, she asked the paying teller if he could direct her to a cheap hotel. It gave her some pleasure to know that she could get a room and board in a Washington Square hotel at fourteen dollars a week. Having moved, she wrote to Ridgely:

"*Dearest John:* You have been right and I have been wrong. I am going to try to make good, as you call it; and when I know how to be a business partner I shall come home. IRENE."

Then began the most illuminating weeks of Irene's life. When she determined to find work her thought was that all she needed was the will. There must be plenty of work in the world she could do. She wrote a good letter and she supposed she could be a social secretary, like the girl she had met in the Square. She spoke French well and she supposed she could tutor. The process of contriving to get work escaped her attention. The first day of her new life consisted in moving and getting used to her new hotel, which cost her less by the week than she had just been paying by the day.

Irene made a sensible effort to conquer all strangeness, knowing that to feel alien would be to consume energy which she needed in finding work. That night she walked into the crowded, glaring dining room, trying to feel as if she liked it. She was seated at a small table with a serious bespectacled woman, whom she made up her mind she should like. She meant to like everybody and everything that lay on her way back to John. Her adroit conversation brought out the facts that her table mate was a librarian and that the hotel in which she lived was inhabited chiefly by men and women working in the fine arts.

"How did they get into their positions?" Irene asked. "How does anyone get work?"

The librarian thought she was to reply to the idle question of a pretty woman who had always had and always would have someone to stand between her and care.

"Trained people generally find work sooner or later," she said; "the untrained ones—poor creatures—search the want ads. in the newspapers."

Irene felt a quiver of apprehension; the librarian's tone rather put untrained workers outside the pale of success. She supposed she was untrained, since John had said that she had been trained only to charm. Well, even trained people had once been untrained. Meantime she would study the newspaper columns.

Then began a painful educating month for Irene. She was like many girls who come from little towns to New York, enveloped in ignorance, which is only less powerful than their hopes. If Irene differed from them at all it was in expecting more from life, because life had always given to her so freely.

Now, with humiliation and tears, with a growing sympathy and understanding, she trod the road the untrained working girl treads in any great city. She learned what it was to pursue advertisements that were meant to take from her some of her hoard of money. Many times she went early to an office mentioned in an advertisement, only to find that other women had gone earlier: some of them had been waiting for their turn since dawn. She took to wearing her soberest clothes, for more than once a prospective employer had told her that a girl as pretty as she was did not need to work for her living.

Night after night Irene went back to her hotel weary, disheartened; and when she had locked her door she threw herself upon her bed and wept. Time after time she felt that she must go back to Ridgely—she perhaps went so far as to begin a letter to him; but always some fiber of self-respect held her back. She had learned how badly the untrained worker is paid and how little there is that one can do. Very humbly she saw that, her charms aside, she was worth very little in a world which gives only for value received. Yet she determined to find something to do for which she should be paid; something that would prove to her husband that she was at least worth her salt.

Her weeks of futile endeavor to find work were not quite wasted. She came, by contact with the world of untrained seekers and with the fine arts workers at the hotel, to get a realization of the value of money. Partly by observing her fellow guests, and partly by doing some unaccustomed thinking, she was harmonizing her expenses to the scale of her weekly board money. She was careful about tips. She rode in street cars and walked when she could. She wore cotton gloves, freshened her own laces and blouses with cleaning fluid, and even did much of her own laundry work. With the stripping away of her snobbishness, with the realization of her ineffectiveness as an earner, had come the power to make the most of the dollars she had left.

One night she told her problem to the librarian, who received her story with that directness and lack of explosive comment which is, the world over, the mark of the practical woman.

"Haven't you been making a mistake in trying office work?" asked the librarian. "You'd earn more in a store."

Irene quivered.

"Maybe you could get a job as a cloak model," the librarian pursued. "You ought to make the most of your assets, and your figure and walk are beautiful."

After all, what did it matter—Irene thought—even if she did have to wait on people? The point was to earn money. She pushed aside her shrinking.

"What I have to do is to make good at something," she said fiercely. "I don't care what it is."

Thereafter, for a day or two, she made the round of the department stores. One evening the librarian had a dinner guest. Irene was very tired and discouraged, but her social training asserted itself. She exerted herself to please this casual stranger as she would have a guest at her own table. The result was that at the end of the evening she had secured a situation. The woman was at the head of an exclusive model shop; one of the assistants was marrying, and Irene was employed to take her place in receiving patrons, serving as a model and doing whatever was asked of her. She was to work a few days for nothing; if she suited she was to have fifteen dollars a week.

Irene went to bed that night happier than she had been at any time since she left her husband. It was a satisfaction to her that the social side of her personality had given her the chance; some day she would tell John that all her engagingness had not been wasted—some day when she had proved to him her other powers. She reflected on the colossal ignorance, the exalted ideals, with which, a few weeks previous, she had begun her quest for work.

Just a month before she would have scorned to take a position through anyone else's influence; now she was only too glad to avail herself of her librarian friend's help. A month before she had had some vague dream of somehow working up to be someone's invaluable private secretary, astonishing Ridgely with her grasp and poise. But now she had nothing to learn as to how little an untrained person could accomplish. Her plans had narrowed down to her husband's original design for her. She would learn to be a housekeeper, a home-maker, and she would support herself and pay for her lessons while she was learning. To this end she left the hotel and rented a tiny bedroom on the fourth floor of a rooming house. She meant to cut her living expenses to seven or eight dollars a week, so as to have enough to pay for her studies

During the first few days in the exclusive model shop she threw herself wholly into mastering her new duties. They were not hard: she simply had to receive people politely; submit to being treated as a menial if they accorded that treatment; show them model gowns; advise them as to their prospective purchases, and, when necessary, try on the gowns. She found, to her dismay, that part of her duties would be to keep the books. Following the librarian's advice, she paid a specialist to open the books for her, and she called him up by telephone when she found herself in difficulties.

She used her brains and her energy as she had never used them before. Beauty had once brought her success; now success must come from hard work. She had never considered economy in her own house; instinctively she guarded against waste in her employer's establishment. The skill and economy with which she had once used her personality to charm, to get her own way, she now transferred over into her business of making a living.

When she was somewhat at home in the model shop she took up her real objective: night courses in domestic art and science. She arranged her classes in such a way that every evening was occupied. All day Sunday she studied hard. She overworked, but she was strong and keenly in earnest. The more she could learn, and the more quickly, the sooner she would get back to her husband. When she was tired from the strain of helping uncertain or exacting women choose their clothes, she did not brood over her loneliness. She picked up the books that brought her a step nearer home. When the study seemed difficult she pictured to herself the joy of her John's approbation.

There were hours of panic when she wondered why he did not look for her, wondered if he still loved her. Yet deep down she knew that he cared, knew that he was waiting for her. There were times when she felt that he was near, and other times when she felt that she could wait no longer, must go to him. Yet she wanted to prove her power as a real partner—and the best sign of her sincerity was that she wanted to prove it to herself rather than to him.

Looking round in the world of workingwomen which she had come to know, she realized that no workingwoman can really be economically independent of a man; some man gives her a position. But Irene knew that a woman who can earn is safer in the world than a woman who can not. Her experiences with some men, in looking for something to do, had given her a horror of the very charm on which in the old days she had counted as sufficient to get from Ridgely his last penny. She felt that she could never again be glad of her loveliness till she had unmistakably shown that she could make her way without it.

In the many weeks of hard, exacting work she knew moments of failure and of discouragement. There were times when she displeased her employer; there were times when her teachers pointed out her inadequacies. But she set her teeth and refused to fail. She was prouder of the success of a dinner she cooked and served for ten people than of any social success she had ever made. She was prouder of a mark of ninety-five on an examination paper than she was of any jewel she had ever had, except her engagement stone.

Her chiefest pride came in the fact that she was chosen, with five others, to compete for a prize that some outsider offered for a practical essay on home management. The contestants were to suppose that a couple with an income of fifteen thousand a year meant to take a house in a Long Island suburb. The essay was to consist of a statement of what they should pay for rent, fuel and light, food and clothes, service and amusements; what margin they should save; what they should allow for depreciation. It was to include menus for a week, with the cost of each.

Irene took the contest very seriously. She spent two Sundays and two half holidays in a suburb looking up rents and prices. She sought in her textbooks; she read articles; she held interviews with suburban dwellers to whom she had access through the kindness of her librarian friend. All the time that she was working she felt as if it were John's income that she was arranging to spend, and sometimes tears fell upon her penciled calculations; and sometimes she laughed at the modest way she was forcing the wife of her mythical couple to dress, in memory of her own extravagances.

The essay became more than a mere practical statement; in it she put some of the longing she felt for her own home, once taken as a matter of course; the longing for her husband who should find out how real a mate she could be. She worked on the essay till the last minute; and when she had tied it up with blue ribbon and handed it to the superintendent, she felt as if she had sent a piece of herself out into the world.

The next day was the last of the week and the hardest she had ever spent. She was worn out with the strain of writing her essay; patrons were exacting and her employers were cross. Yet she did not once feel sorry for herself. She merely reflected that she was infinitely fortunate, because she could some day go back to her husband, broadened in spirit. She gloried in her vision, gloried in the fact that thereafter she would see things as her husband saw them.

Yet her feet dragged as she walked down the avenue to the side street where her hall bedroom was. She was physically exhausted—too tired, she decided, to stop for dinner. She dragged herself up the three flights of stairs, taking out her key as she mounted the last steps. Someone was standing in the shadow of the hallway, and she was about to pass him, with averted face, when he spoke:

"Irene, my darling, will you forgive me?"

Irene sank weakly to the floor. In a moment her husband had lifted her in his arms. They clung together silently. Then Ridgely took the key from her and opened her door. She lit the gas, and he looked round at the cheap room.

"My poor little girl! You did all this for me! I've watched you every step of the way. I know all about it; all you have accomplished. My brave little girl!"

He took her blue-ribboned essay from his pocket and kissed it.

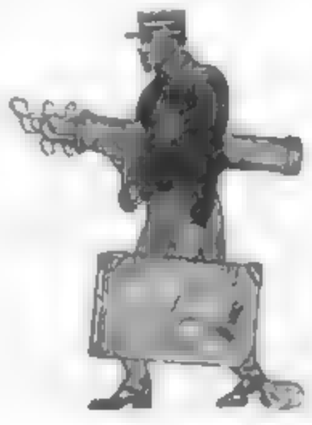
"You!" she cried. "Are you the donor of that hundred-dollar prize?"

"You're the winner of it—not because you are my wife, but because it was the best essay."

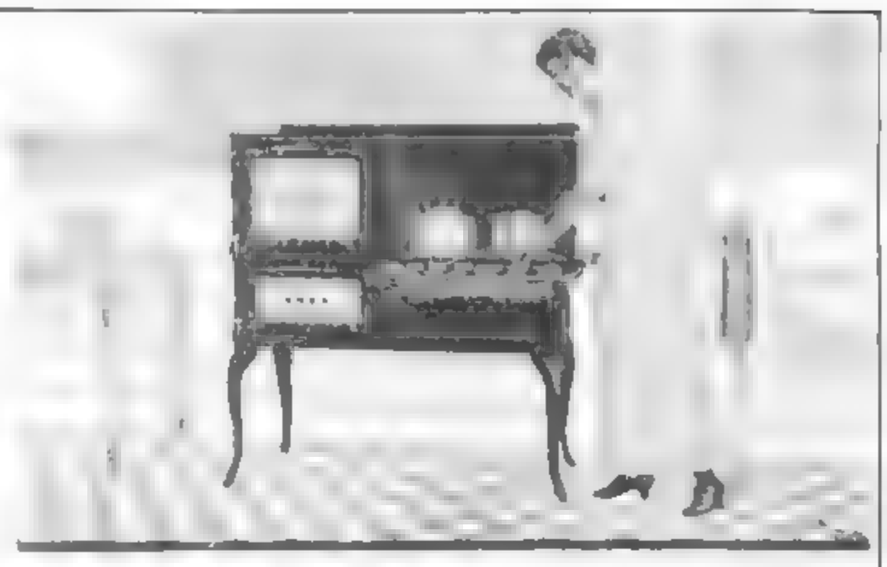
"Oh, John! I was planning my own home —"

"Our home, dear!"

So it was that Irene went back to her life job.



Look for this trademark. It identifies the genuine Detroit Jewel and is your assurance of unquestionable quality in the Detroit Jewel Special



You Should See This New Style "*Detroit Jewel*" Special Gas Range

"Huge Factory production makes the Price possible"

YOU will say "It is a remarkable gas range" the minute you see it. It is built to operate the easiest and most convenient way. Oven and broiler just the right height—no back-breaking stooping.

This Detroit Jewel Special is a triumph of inventive genius. It is placed within the means of all by special machinery and the huge manufacturing facilities of the largest stove plant in the world.

No range has ever been built in such vast quantities, and never before has such a value been possible. Its reduced price will permit buyers to share in the economies of big production.

White porcelain trimmings—ebonite finish—and a score of special features to recommend it. See this range now on display by over 2000 Gas Companies and Dealers.

Also write for booklet giving complete details and the Detroit Jewel Recipe Book

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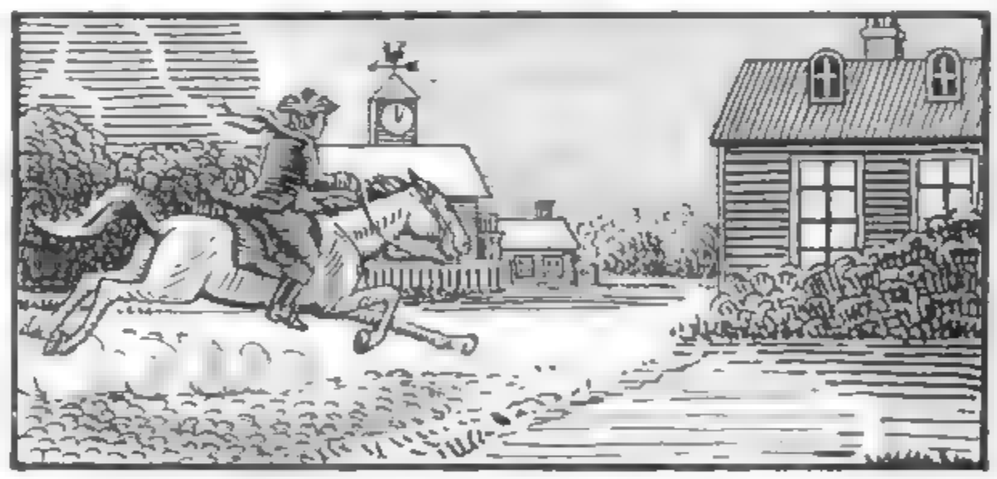
Chicago **DETROIT STOVE WORKS** Detroit

The Largest Stove Plant in the World



"It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington"

REVERE

Paul Revere rode at top speed. A slip or a stumble would have brought his memorable ride to an abrupt close. So may a skid be disastrous to you.

Equip your car with Revere 'R' Tread Tires—remarkably efficient anti-skid casings—that cost only a little more than plain treads. Then you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your money has brought you most excellent value.

REVERE RUBBER COMPANY

1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The Goodyear Dealer's Platform:—

A Short Profit on Many Sales, Not a Large One on the Tires He Sells You

The Goodyear dealer could make more money on a single sale if he sold some other tires.

He prefers to sell Goodyears, because he is sure he can sell more of them — with less effort.

He profits by Goodyear popularity — more customers come in, and a greater proportion keep on coming back.

Instead of resenting the fact that he gets a lesser discount on Goodyears than he could on some other tires — he is glad of it.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company tells him that the longer discounts they might-give-him-but-don't, and all the savings due to large volume, low overhead and simplified distribution, go back into the betterment of the tire.

He knows that this is so, or it wouldn't be so much easier for him to sell Goodyear Tires.

He knows that Goodyear No-Hook Tires are fortified against rim-cutting, by the No-Rim-Cut feature; blow-outs, by the On-Air cure; loose treads, by the Rubber Rivets; insecurity, by the Multiple Braided Piano Wire Base; puncture and skidding, by the double-thick All-Weather Tread.

These distinctive features alone will add $2,102,000 to the manufacturing cost of Goodyear Tires in 1916.

He knows that over $2,188,000 more of the Goodyear savings is being used this year to increase the size and strength of our small clincher tires; to reinforce the walls of the No-Hook type; to make the treads of the larger sizes thicker and sturdier, and the tires larger; to make tubes thicker and better; to improve and strengthen the Cord Tires.

He makes more money in the end, because more customers come. More customers come, because they get more mileage-value. Instead of a sale-now-and-then at a long profit, he makes many, many sales at a lesser profit.

And when he has figured thus far, another big thought hits him. What that thought is and how much it is worth to you is told on the opposite page.

The Goodyear Dealer's Platform:—

To Hold Your Business, by Getting Your Friendship, by Giving You Service

The Goodyear Service Station Dealer starts in where the Goodyear factories leave off.

The one big aim of the Goodyear factories is to build mileage into the tires.

The one big aim of the Goodyear Service Station Dealer is to make it easy to get Goodyear Tires and Service. Thus you have maximum enjoyment and use of your tires with the least effort, time and expense.

The first element of convenience is to be able to get Goodyear Tires when you want them.

So Goodyear Service Station Dealers are located everywhere. By the sign above you will know them.

In the big cities, in the medium-size towns, in the rural hamlets — everywhere you may be or may go, you will always find a Goodyear Service Station Dealer within easy reach.

And the men in this widespread organization aim to earn their reasonable profit by giving real service.

They will see that you use tires of proper size; they will provide proper inflation; they will tell you whether the wheels of your car are in alignment.

They will guard against the various forms of tire abuse which you may innocently inflict.

These tire experts are not satisfied merely to *sell* you Goodyear Tires.

Their interest continues until you have had maximum mileage and satisfaction from them.

They all have the same purpose, the same disposition—to hold your business by getting your friendship, by giving you service.

Such men, who forego extra discounts to sell you better tires, are good men for you to deal with.

This chain of Goodyear Service Station Dealers is a part of the Goodyear policy—a time and money saving advantage to you.

It is given to you over and above the extra mileage built into Goodyear Tires, which makes them go farther and last longer, and so cost you less in the end.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
AKRON, OHIO

FAMOUS WONDERS
Great Salt Lake
& T-R-I-A-D Chocolates

Your friends can buy anything you can give them—
except your photograph.

There's a photographer in your town.
Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

LEPAGE'S GLUE 10¢
HAS HUNDREDS OF USES

THE MAN NEXT DOOR

(Continued from Page 27)

He got kind of red in his face, but he didn't say anything.

"I'm just that kind of a man—when it comes to a show-down I don't care what happens," says I. "And I reckon you see it's a show-down now. Tell me where she is."

"She's out at our place," says he; "forty miles or so—you know where it is. I've got the Arrow Head Spring homestead; I bought it a while ago. I've got a few cows—not many. You see," says he, "I've saved a little money—not a whole lot. Our property isn't paid for yet. We've only got a quarter section, but you know the range is in back of it. We think we can make some sort of a start."

"With her? Her that was used to so much?" says I. "Are you married? But, of course, that was what you was after—her money, not her."

He flushed plumb red then, and sort of swallowed several times.

"You think high of me and her, don't you, Curly?" says he.

I seen that, after all, I was too late; and my gun dropped down into the bottom of the buckboard, and neither of us noticed it.

"You married her—our girl," says I, "that we'd tried so hard to get a place for? She could of owned the whole ranch—and you give her a hundred-sixty acres, part paid for! That's fine—for the girl we loved so much!"

"You don't love her no more than I do," says he. "You never tried harder for her than I'll try for her. Love—why, what do you know about it? If she hadn't loved me do you think she'd of done what she did and run away with me? Do you think she'd of broke her father's heart and forgot all that had been done for her if it hadn't been for love? If it hadn't been for thinking of those things we'd be the happiest two young fools in all the world. We are now. She's some happy anyway. But it breaks my own heart to think she isn't any happier."

After a while he goes on:

"What could I do, Curly? It's a awful thing to love a woman this way; it's a terrible thing. There's no sense nor reason about it at all," says he. "But now if I only could have had any decent chance ——"

"Pick up your gun," says he after a while; "it might fall out."

We rode on for quite a while. He made like he was going to reach into his pocket for something and I covered him quick, but he only hauled out a piece of good black plug. He offered me a chaw, absent-minded.

"No," says I; "I can't take no chaw of tobacco with such as you."

He put it back in his pocket, then, and didn't take none his own self. His face was right red and troubled now.

"Curly," says he, "what am I going to do? What's right to do? I hadn't much to give up, but such as it was I give it up gladly for her; I'd give up everything in the world—if I had everything—for her. That's what she means to me," says he. "We are so much to one another that I haven't any time to be scared of you. We haven't got around to that yet—not that I'm so cheap as to believe you're bluffing; I know you're not."

"No, I ain't," says I. "This thing has got to be squared and I come out here to square it. I know your record—I've heard you talk to more'n one woman. You've got a cast-iron nerve," says I; "but it won't do you no good. Drive right on now till I tell you to stop."

"If you want to kill her too," says he, "all right—then shoot me down. Ride on out then and explain to her what you've done. Look at her face the way it will be then. Maybe you can tell then whether she cares anything for me or not. Do you want to see a woman's face looking that-away—see it all your life? And do you think you can square things or end things by killing me or her, or both of us? Maybe you'd murder more—who knows? We're man and wife. Would that square things, Curly? I don't know much myself, but I don't seem to think it would."

It was curious, but it seemed like it was true—he didn't seem to have got around to thinking of whether he was in danger or not. And I knew he wasn't running any cheap bluff, neither, any more than me. He looked right on ahead and didn't pay no attention to my gun.

"Curly," says he, "you didn't make this and you can't end it. This is a case of man and woman, the way God made them. 'Male and female created He them.' If I died to-day—if she did too—I'd thank God that we had gone this far anyways together.

"Why," says he, going on like he was half talking to hisself, "I didn't believe in anything much—I was a atheist and a socialist—till I saw her. I couldn't see anything much worth while in the world—till I saw her. I didn't want to do or be anything much—till I saw her. And now, I see it all—everything! I see how much worth while the world is, and how much worth while she is and I am, and how much worth while other people are too. I just didn't know it before—till I saw her. Then I knew what life was all about. Do you think you can settle this now, or help it, Curly? No; it's too late."

We drove on quite a little way yet.

"Curly," says he at last, "I've made my talk. If any man says I married Bonnie Bell for anything but love—the best and cleanest of love—he's making the cruelest mistake in the world; and he's a damned liar too. You ask her, Curly."

"What's that?" says I. "Me ask her? I didn't come for that. I couldn't look at her. That girl can get my goat any station. I don't want to talk to her. I come to talk to you."

"But you wouldn't of lynched a cow thief on the range in the old days on such a showing as this."

"Thief?" says I to him. "She said she was a thief—she'd stole the life and happiness of her pa and others ——"

"That's true," says he quietlike. "When you think of it, all life is only a theft every way. Each human being steals from all others. That's the way the world goes on. The coming generation steals always from the one that has gone by. Tell me, is that wrong? And tell me, can you and I judge if it is?"

I set and thought for quite a while, trying to figure out things. I couldn't. At last I reached up and threw my gun away into the sage.

XXVII

I WENT back to the railroad station as soon as a wagon come along that would give me a ride, about half a hour after I left the hired man in the buckboard. Then I went on up to Cody. When I got there I done what anybody who knows cow-punchers knows I'd do in them circumstances. I certainly did run true to form.

First, I went to the telegraph office and sent a telegram to Old Man Wright: "Don't do nothing till you hear from me." Next, I showed I was a good business man by going and buying a railroad ticket back to Chicago; and I left it and ten dollars with the clerk at the hotel.

It might of been seven or eight days I was busy celebrating my losing my job, like a cow-puncher almost always does. Having so much money it took me quite a while to finish decorating Cody the way I liked it best. Still, after a while, being down to ten dollars and the railroad ticket, I concluded to go back home.

When I got back to Chicago I found Old Man Wright setting right where I'd left him and he looked like he really hadn't done nothing since. His hair was right long and his face was full of whiskers.

"Well, I found 'em," says I.

"What did you do, Curly?" says he.

"I didn't shoot him none," says I. "So to speak, he taken my gun away from me."

"Huh! Where is she? How is she?"

I had to tell him I didn't bring no word from Bonnie Bell at all, and hadn't seen her even.

"I couldn't stand it, Colonel," says I. "He made a awful strong talk to me, Colonel," says I.

He didn't say nothing for a long time. He begin to talk right slow then.

"I thought I had one friend in the world," says he, "one man I could rest on. But even you've gone back on me—even you have done failed me, Curly."

"Yes, Colonel," says I. "I've done a heap worse than that. I know how you feel and I feel the same way. I ain't fit to be your foreman. You only brought me on here because you was so damn soft-hearted you couldn't fire me. You didn't use no judgment or you'd of fired me then, and a hundred times since then. All this whole mix-up was because I didn't have no brains—I couldn't see a load of hay; yet it was me that was doing all the seeing—you never took no hand in it at all. Shore, I fell down! You ain't firing me right now; I fire myself. I've come back to say that to you, Colonel. I taken about a week in Cody to think it all over—with help."

He only set and looked at me, and I had a hard time trying to talk. I told him where them two was living.

Then all at once the whole picture of the old days, when him and me was young, seemed to come up before him. He flared up like only part of him had been afire inside till then. He got up and walked up and down, with his hands clenched tight.

"Damn you all!" says he, and his eyes was like coals now. "What have I done to any of you? What have I done wrong to anybody that I should deserve this? Can't you remember when you was a man, Curly? Can't you remember when you and me set on the gate of the big pasture, with our rifles acrost our knees, and waited for them sheepmen to come up and try to get them sheep through us? Did they get through? No; no one had us buffaloed. That was when you and me was men, Curly.

"What have we done now? We let this damn hypocrite, Dave Wisner, get the best of us all the way down the line. He's married his hired man to my girl; and he's set up that hired man out on the old home ranch, where her ma and me made our first start. Could anything be harder for me to bear than that? You was on the gate, Curly; and you let 'em through."

"He said they was plumb happy—them two, Colonel," says I. "What in hell could I do, Colonel?"

"Happy!" says he. He was half whispering now and his voice was like that of a right old man.

"I wish you'd stake me to some ham and aigs, Colonel," says I, "before I go. I met a fellow a while back that was broke; so I haven't et much."

"Go eat, man," says he. "And don't talk to me about going away."

"What's that?" says I.

"You're a damn, worthless, trifling cow-hand and you'll never be anything different. I ought to fire you—ought to of done it long ago; but I fire my own men—they don't fire theirselfs. Go eat."

"Can't you eat none now, too, Colonel?"

"Not yet," says he. "Maybe after a while."

I went out and got the first square meal I'd had for two days. When I couldn't eat no more right then, I sort of taken a pasear around the house, which was looking like hell by now. When I come back I seen a electric brougham out at our front yard. Tom Kimberly was just coming in. Out in the brougham I seen two girls. One was Katherine and the other seemed like it was Sally Henderson, a girl that run to their house plenty.

"I shan't try to say anything, Mr. Wright," says Tom Kimberly after a while to the old man—"only, whatever Bonnie Bell's done, she's done because she's thought it was best. She's tried to do what was honest and fair. If she didn't love me it wouldn't have been fair to marry me. She never said she'd marry me; she said she'd tell me sometime. It was her right to decide for herself. I wish her well, hard as that is for me to say."

"Yes; I know," says the old man. "She was a fine girl, Tom. But she ain't the only one in the world at that; and she had freckles, some—they get worse when they get old. There's plenty girls in the world handsomer'n her—always is plenty. If I hadn't happened to marry her ma, Tom, I'd of married any other of half a dozen more girls, like, just as they come along. They're all alike, anyways, you see; so don't take it hard."

He was a damn old liar! He never would of married no other woman in the world but the one he did marry, and he knew it; but he was trying to make Tom feel more comfortable. So Tom he set there and lit a cigarette. His trousers was right short, and when he hitched 'em up I seen he wore garters—blue ones. I was reconciled then.

After a time he got up and said good-by to us. Then he went out to where the brougham was standing in the street. One of the girls inside opened the door for him to get in—maybe Sally Henderson.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Length of Life Is a Scientific Certainty in the 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers—$1090

The essence of this car's economy is its length of engine life.

Longevity has always been an attribute of high-speed engines of all kinds. The steam turbine, which is the longest-lived type of motor on earth, runs at a very high speed, while many electric motors turn 14 hours a day at around 4000 r. p. m.

The high speed of this new Chalmers engine reduces side-thrust of the crankshaft to the minimum, saving wear and tear on cylinders, pistons, and bearings.

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The might of this engine, which would readily have delivered mad racing speed, has been prudently checked down. As a result you get adroit and instant response, supreme acceleration, 18 miles of rejuvenating going for every gallon of gas, and riding comfort that will amaze you every time you run her out.

You get 60 miles an hour at will and hill-climbing ability that has never before been dreamed of in a popular-priced car and never expected from a $1090 car.

You get gear-shifting reduced to an amazing minimum. For example, one owner reports a 30-mile trip over hills and through deep sand without ever shifting his gear from "high," taking grades with a load as fast as the S. P. passenger train which was running alongside. The same owner recorded 18½ miles on a gallon of gas, all on a country road, partially over a plowed field, and including 12 stops to open gates.

The car is easy to drive and inexpensive to run. One ride—and the spell of 3400 r. p. m. will get you, and make the performance of any other car of her class seem uninteresting.

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Ashby 2⅛ in — *Lexicon* 2½ in

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The new style goes well with the four-in-hand or the wide tucked-in-end bow. The dull finish gives the appearance of hand laundered linen. The fineness of the cloth in "Arrows" has made this possible. 2 for 25c.

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ASK YOUR DEALER

Eaten on Bread, Crackers or Toast. Fine on Sultines.

THE KEY OF THE FIELDS

(Continued from Page 24)

Presently the Jackdaw halted.

"I'll join you in the road," he said. "Go on, while I see if anyone's following."

He dropped as if dead, prone in the dust and pebbles.

"Keep your gait up!" he ordered. "They'll show here against the sky."

Barjavel, and Puig embracing the white bundle, left him to lie there on a bare hillside and went scrambling down the nearest dry gully among trees. Loose rocks rattled after them, overtook, gamboled by them, and at last poured a noisy cascade on which they rolled down through bushes into a bright road, the highway to Ventimiglia. Here they stood and caught breath. The night seemed a miracle of pale-blue space, every mountain a vaporous billow, every treetop a clump of dark mystery, all the steep countryside dreaming, flecked with snowy villas, above that veiled expanse where a twinkle of moonshine betrayed the Mediterranean. Not a breath of wind moved the stillness anywhere. Then suddenly came plunging footsteps down the gully, another burst of pebbles, and into the road shot a little figure which was Jackdabos.

He sprang nimbly to his feet, sneezed, and reported:

"All right so far. Never a soul stirring. They're on the French side of your house, Barjy, waiting while we go to bed. We've got a clear field until morning."

"*Avanti!*" commanded Barjavel. "We have longer than that. If any policemen come inquiring to-morrow René will tell them we all went to bed roaring ripe, as jolly as bricklayers, and can't have breakfast before noon."

"O Serpent!" cried Jackdabos, delighted. "O Father of Lies! We're safe now till afternoon."

None the less they began marching at full speed along the road, with now and then a spurt of running. Thus they devoured the way into Italy, talking seldom and saving their wind, until the railway lamps of modern Ventimiglia shone before them and a church bell in old Ventimiglia rang midnight overhead from a hill of darkened houses. Then they turned their backs on moon and sea, to follow the north road that wriggles up a narrowing valley into the Alps. Beside them rushed the Roia, shining and gurgling among its bowlders. Straight ahead the mountains floated, ghostly gray peaks thinner than smoke but bound together with deep, crinkled shadow-gorges that gave a hint of solid form.

"How loud the river sounds!" exclaimed Barjavel after some two hours of hurried climbing. "It's noisier than I ever heard it before."

They were now past Firola and traversing the blackest of the high gorges, where wooded crags cut off the moonlight. Sometimes a curving grayness underfoot told them where the roadway dodged under the roots of the mountains; sometimes a blind tunnel set them groping and echoed each slow footfall sepulchrally; but for the most part running water guided them, the hiss and rush of Roia torrent beside them charging down the twisted glens.

"But that," cried Jackdabos, pausing and giving ear, "that's not all water. I heard voices."

Later he stopped again.

"Many voices. A great many. At this time of night?"

And presently he added in dismay:

"What the devil? Just when we wanted to be alone. Horses and men by the dozen. Is it an army coming?"

The next turn of the road answered his question, for it bent sharply round a crag and opened a scene that brought them up all standing. From lonely darkness they were plunged without transition into flaring light and busy multitude. Lanterns, torches and scattered bonfires glowed from end to end of a deep gorge, reddened a long forest front of pine branches overhanging the hillside on the right, and splashed with running reflections, below on the left, the gray-green surface of the Roja. Men swarmed everywhere, dumpy silhouettes, talking, laughing, calling one another with gestures, hopping over great mounds of earth in the road, scrambling out from the pine bristles, as if the hills had opened and poured forth a horde of goblins. They all hurried toward the same point—a group which, midway among the lanterns and fires, was rapidly growing a crowd.

"This won't do," growled Puig, hugging his newspaper parcel. "We must cut out round this mess."

Barjavel, staring at the lights, appeared doubtful.

"Better go roundabout," he agreed; then suddenly "Oh, no, I remember!" he cried. "They're building a railway up here. It's all right. Move ahead. Only workmen. This kind of crew is better than a wilderness to hide in."

"Yes," said the Jackdaw. "But—— There's going to be a row. Hear 'em? A regular Sabbath of cats!"

And he dashed forward gayly to join the tumult and see the fun. His friends, cursing this fickle ardor of his, followed as best they could, through heaped and cross-piled confusion—hillocks of sand, logs, chains, tilted dump carts, derrick ropes, quadrilateral beds of broken stone, plank bridges and temporary roads, all mud, where from among the pine boughs gigantic horses, tethered and blanketed, raised here and there a sleepy nose and whinnied or stamped the ground.

Jackdabos was soon one of the workmen, elbowing his way—more subtly than his fellows—to the heart's core of the crowd. He had spoken truly. A Sabbath of cats was well begun. Loud, cheerful, excited, scores of Italian voices drowned the lesser turbulence of the Roia and made the green crags ring with echoes.

The crowd pushed and swayed, but kept its center on the road just before two wine shops—cabins crazily built of raw brown boards—that stared down with doors and windows alight from the forest bank. Each cabin bore a wilting bush above a signboard scrawled with chalk. The Trattoria dei Ferrovieri still contained men drinking round a lantern. Its neighbor, the Hostelry of the Poor Devil, was a tiny hut which seemed deserted, though a pair of candles flickered within. So much the Jackdaw spied as he wriggled among the thickest of the press.

Next moment, however, he had no eyes for any such trivialities. Among jostling bodies that reeked with garlic he saw a long white pair of hairy ears flipping back and forth. They were the ears of a little white ass. The creature tossed her head upward and backward rebelliously and made a scarlet bridle flash in the lantern light.

"I'm dreaming," said the Jackdaw as he squeezed between two men and reached the donkey's nose.

There stood the girl—the girl of Aigues-Mortes rampart. Flushed and tearful, her bare head shining above the swart goblins who hemmed her in, she clung with one hand to the bridle while with the other, holding the same rattan on which Jackdabos had performed his magic, she tried to wave back the worst of the crowd. She was talking, pleading, imploring breathlessly in French. A decent-looking foreman, who seemed more or less to understand her, did his utmost to clear the ring about them.

On the donkey's back drooped a figure of anguish, the girl's brother, no longer jaunty, but pale as a dead man. His eyes were shut. He sat biting his lips and groaning.

Just then the girl saw Jackdabos.

"Oh!" Her face lighted, her blue eyes flashed as though encountering an old friend. "You, monsieur! Thank goodness, you will help!"

"What's the matter?" asked the Jackdaw in English.

"There was no lantern," she cried. "My brother has broken his leg. There was no lantern to warn us, and a pile of logs or ties, with a deep hole beyond them. Is there a doctor in this camp? Oh, these people! Get back! Please, please keep them off him. The donkey won't stand it, and every movement ——"

The Jackdaw instantly wheeled about and began patting the nearest heads and shoulders.

"Come, boys," he said with lively good humor; "fall back a step or two. Of your grace, make room. A gentleman has broken his leg. Pass the word back. Show a little mercy and give the gentleman room to suffer in. What the devil, it is not the end of the world!"

With that he put a jest of highly personal, descriptive flavor on an odd-faced man who seemed the most forward and boisterous in the front rank. It was a merry word, low in its origin, but apt. The victim's friends laughed. Jackdabos, with

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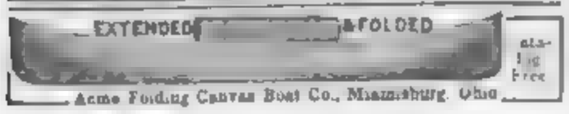


Illustrating Free

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

fluent cajolery, at once pursued this advantage and, aided by the foreman, shoved and tugged and persuaded until the laborers cheerfully enough gave way and formed a circle, crying shame on those who still pushed from behind.

Thus in a moment the Jackdaw, who would willingly have avoided notice, found himself a chief personage, the interpreter and central hero of the piece. Lanterns on the ground served as footlights, beyond which the audience jammed and struggled—a cloud of dark faces, of gleaming teeth and eyeballs, of stable odors mingled with garlic.

"I saw lights," continued the girl, beginning to sob with relief. "I thought there must be a doctor here. Oh, there must be!"

Jackdabos interpreted.

"No," replied the foreman, shaking his crop-head. "I'm sorry for the lady. We have no doctor."

The drooping rider on the ass groaned, and swayed as though to fall.

"Never mind, Ruth," he mumbled between clenched teeth.

His sister gave him a quick upward glance, full of anxiety and pity; then her eyes met the bold, black, friendly eyes of the Jackdaw. Neither girl nor ragamuffin spoke a word, but intelligence crossed intelligence perfectly.

"You will help me?"

"To the world's end."

He was about to act on this dumb promise, when from the lighted door of the Ferrovieri drinking den, and down the bank, came staggering a group of bleary, tousle-headed rascals.

They broke through into the charmed circle and stared owlishly. One drunkard was nursing half a loaf of bread, on which he mechanically smeared a gobbet of cheese with a table knife.

"What's here?" cried these roisterers thickly; and they whooped and began to talk nonsense.

Among them was a young scoundrel with a cunning, depraved face, who seemed less drunk than his companions. He brushed the hair out of his eyes, bent forward, hands on knees, and leered up at the girl.

"Ah, *bellissima!*" he crooned amorously. "Art thou come at last—and with all that glorious hair?"

He sidled closer, thrust his ugly nose within an inch of hers, and said something which luckily she did not understand.

Jackdabos understood it. So did the workmen, most of whom laughed. But Jackdabos laughed not at all. He caught the creature and threw him against the wall of witnesses.

"Never dare say that!" he ordered in a whisper that cut through the crowd and made all still. He himself saw dimly for a moment, as if the ring of lanterns had turned red. Dimly his enemy's face gathered out of the darkness, and grew clear. It was a pale, wasted, grinning face, with loathsome dank hair flung over its forehead. The fellow was not drunk at all, but cold with fury.

"Never say it?" He rose to a crouching posture and drew from his bootleg a long blade.

Then deliberately he said it again, and worse.

The Jackdaw, swifter than though all had been prearranged, caught the table knife from him who ate bread and cheese. He took it lightly in passing. What followed was a rush and a shock, as of a tiger charging a bewildered calf. Somebody fell, a crumpled bag of clothes, rolling among the workmen's boots. Jackdabos pitched away his knife. It was not clean.

"You heard him," he declared haughtily.

The Roia made its voice prevail in the long hush.

Jackdabos turned. He saw the white ass blinking; her rider peering dully as through a mist of pain at the fallen body; and beside these the girl wringing her hands. At sight of her he woke to the meaning, the continuity, the fatality of things.

"What have I done?" he cried sharply, and ran toward her like a child or a suppliant. "You counted on me for help. O fool! Miserable fool!"

She stared at him with a horror which he could not fathom.

"There'll be trouble. I made it for you, yes, but I'll get you out of it. Come."

He reached forth his right hand to beckon her away, clear of this danger which already growled on every side. "Come!" he besought her. "Trust me. Trust a poor fool." She recoiled from his hand. Blood covered the knuckles, where that pale beast had scratched him after all. It was his own blood, and shed on her account. She could not be so unjust. . . .

"Oh, well," he said after waiting, and turned to face the storm.

It burst with shouts and confusion and the brandishing of many Italian fists. A man dashed headlong and grappled for his throat. Jackdabos tore the man loose, then held him at arm's length.

"Be quiet," commanded Jackdabos. "I don't want to hurt you."

But his captive, one of the drunken party, began writhing and screeching for help.

"What! Are strangers to come here and kill us? At them! Save me, boys!"

A dozen men sprang forward. The Jackdaw freed his fists and made play while he might. The ring closed, the blows were going blindly.

"It can't last long," thought the Jackdaw, dodging, smiting and being smitten. This was the worst fight he had ever known, for there was no pleasure in it; the presence of the girl, directly behind him, clogged his soul with torment, a nightmare of reproach. "It can't last long."

Someone whom he had knocked over crept in and tackled him round the knees. He went down gamely, fighting, but none the less down.

A roar of triumph passed over his body.

XII

THE roar of triumph sounded strangely, not because it rang in the ears of defeat but because it came from the wrong direction. With a rush and a trampling it swept over Jackdabos from behind, met his adversaries full front, and scattered them like hornets in a gale.

Panting, aching, stunned with blows, he sat up.

The roar proceeded from Barjavel, who was charging the enemy alone, sweeping his mighty arms like a swimmer. Every sweep overturned three or four workmen.

"Back to the wine shop!" cried the giant over his shoulder. "Into the wine shop, Jacko, the other one, the little one. Into the Poor Devil!"

Shouting, he stooped, caught a burly rioter by the ankles, whirled him aloft like an Indian club, then swung him horizontally through the air. A windrow of the mob fell before this human cudgel.

Jackdabos cast a glance behind.

At the wine-shop door above stood Puig, hesitating, clinging still to his white bundle. The hesitation was brief. Next moment the smith dropped his treasure on the threshold, leaped up, caught the signboard of the Poor Devil, hoisted himself like an acrobat, wrenched off the faded wine-bush, and fell with it to the ground.

"Hoy!" yelled Puig in a berserker voice.

He ran to the nearest bonfire, into which he poked the bush. Resinous evergreen, dried to the color of iron-rust, it caught at the first touch and flamed.

"Hoy!" hooted the smith. Hurtling down the bank into the fray, he laid about him with his burning bush. "Get the lady out, Jacko! Indoors! The way's clear. Indoors!"

The fallen Jackdaw gaped, rubbed his head and sprang up. Once afoot, he gathered his wits.

The white ass, frightened by Puig's fire, was backing violently, though the girl dragged at the halter. Jackdabos went to the ass and laid a gentle hand on her nose bone.

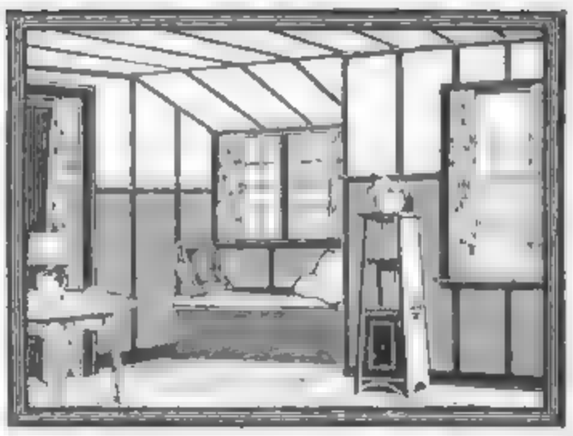
"We are going into the Poor Devil now," he said. "Come, little friend of our Saviour."

All animals were kind to him. The ass forgot to struggle, moved willingly where he led. Upright on her sat brother Ralph, but like a man in a swoon. The girl, releasing the halter, followed. As they climbed the bank Jackdabos looked down on the fight and saw the road swept clean of people, the ring of lanterns deserted, the mob retreating, dividing, falling before his friends. Puig's bonfire bough whirled among scared faces, threshed them and showered them with sparks, while the roaring giant caught up men by handfuls, cracked their heads together, and tossed them away like rubbish, laughing and talking while he fought.

"This," resounded the voice of Barjavel, "is better than living in a house!"

The Hostelry of the Poor Devil contained two flickering candles, as before, but apparently nothing else. Through its open door Jackdabos led the ass, who stepped daintily over the sill, over Puig's newspaper parcel, into the middle of the floor.

(Continued on Page 60)



Dad's Den

"Say, Mother," said Bob, "we men like to be alone occasionally, where we can read and smoke and talk. Father gets the fidgets sometimes when Sue has a crowd of girls around. I've a great idea for his birthday present. With

NEPONSET WALL BOARD

For Walls and Ceilings

I can have a dandy den made in the attic; we can have it finished in no time."

So they got on the job. The carpenter did the work in a couple of days while Father was at business, and Mother and Sue made a few curtains and things.

A corner of the bare old attic was made into what Sue calls the coziest room in the house—an oak wainscoting of Neponset Wall Board, and above it and for the ceiling, cream-colored Neponset.

Did Father like his birthday present? Yes, indeed!

There are a hundred ways in which you can use this convenient and economical waterproof and ready-finished material.

Send for Free Booklet—
"Repairing and Building"

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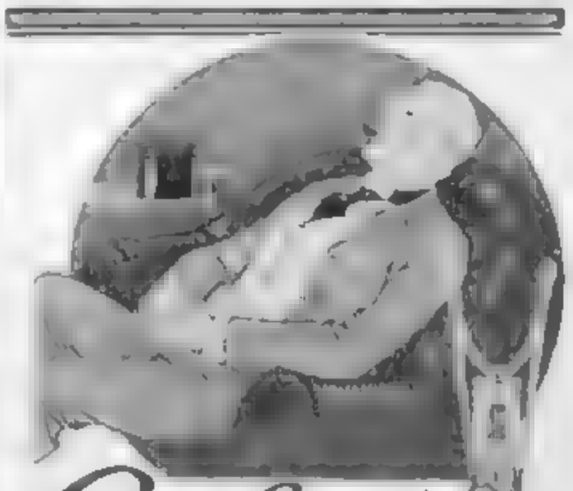
NEPONSET



Comfort in Suspenders

Forty million pairs of Shirley President Suspenders have been made, sold and given comfort and satisfaction to the wearers. There is just one reason why a man continues to replace a worn-out pair of

Shirley President Suspenders 50¢

with a new pair of the same kind. *He likes them.* A trial proved them to be comfortable and durable. Future purchases are made because of satisfaction.

Many wearers have a pair for each suit—it's convenient

Shirley President means Suspender Comfort and a Guarantee.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER CO.
SHIRLEY, MASS.

$1325 F. O. B. Racine for 5-Passenger Touring Car, or 3-Passenger Roadster. 7-Passenger Touring Body, $35 Extra. New Mitchell Eight, $1450 f. o. b. Racine.

Mitchell

Six cylinders; high-power, high-speed motor; 127-in. wheelbase; modern equipment; 26 extras

Ten Thousand Savings

Made by John W. Bate—The Efficiency Expert Give You 26 Extra Features

The Mitchell factory now claims to hold first place as an efficiency plant for building cars of this class.

It gives the full credit to John W. Bate, the famous efficiency expert.

It offers the proof in 26 extra features—things you will welcome—all paid for by factory savings.

By extra features we mean:

First, things exclusive to Mitchell.

Second, very rare features, of which no other car embodies more than 3 or 4.

The Close-Price Era Here

Cars selling below $1500 are now being sold at close prices. There is fierce competition, enormous production. Profits are pared to a trifle.

The important thing today in automobile manufacturing is factory economy. The efficiency expert is the chieftain of Motordom. The value you get in a fair-price car depends, in main part, on him.

No More Waste

Time was when most cars were assembled. That is, the parts were made outside — perhaps in 50 factories. The car maker simply put them together.

The leading makers, long ago, saw that this plan must be altered. No industry can live amid fierce competition under any plan of multiple profits.

So the fair-price makers in the motor field have been making more and more of their parts.

The Mitchell in this respect has gone to the limit. In this model factory—in the most efficient way known—we build 98 per cent of this new Mitchell car.

Then We Have John W. Bate

But our greatest advantage lies in John W. Bate. He stands supreme as an efficiency expert in the metal-working line, we consider. And he has for 30 years.

In 1903—at our very start as car builders—we put Mr. Bate in charge. We did it because we were vehicle builders and had been for 70 years. And we knew from experience that the Mitchell car's place would sometime depend on efficiency.

All our motor car buildings—covering 45 acres—were built under his direction. All our automatic machines—our thousands of time-savers—were installed by him. And some are his inventions.

All of our methods, where not a second is wasted, are Mr. Bate's efficiency methods.

As a result, the New Mitchell is built at half what it would have cost even five years ago. And we doubt if any other factory today could build it within 20 per cent of our cost.

See the 26 Extras

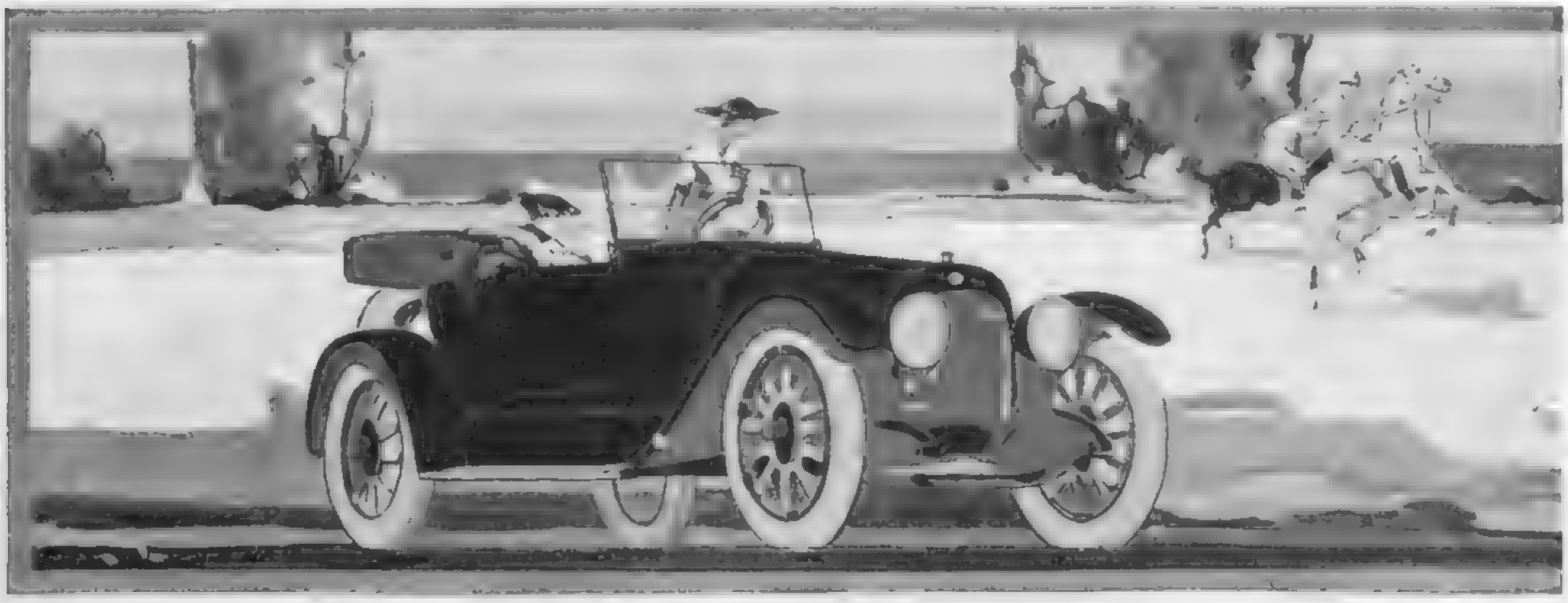
If you question these claims, go see the New Mitchell. See its extra length and room. See the many costly features unique to the Mitchell. See the power tire pump, the reversible searchlights, the cantilever springs.

See the conveniences, the luxuries and beauties which other cars omit. Your Mitchell dealer, in this new model, will show you 26 of them.

One or two of them may be found in some rival cars. Some costly cars may have three or four of them. But all these 26 extras are very rare among cars. And most are exclusive to Mitchell

The Mitchell price, we believe, is the lowest for a high-grade Light Six of this size. But most of our savings go into these extras, because they are things you'll want.

Go see them. Ask each one of them, "Do I want a car without this?" When you have done that on 26 of them we think you'll choose the Mitchell.



A Mid-Year Model
Brought Out April 15

Mitchell

Four Months Newer Than
January Show Models

257 New Cars in One

Combining All the Best Current Attractions

This New Mitchell model came out April 15. That is from four to eight months later than most of the current models.

We completed this body and its equipment after the New York Show. And our experts and designers, before creating this Mitchell, examined 257 of the new-season cars. Then in this—our mid-year model—they embodied the best ideas from all.

Most Popular Ideas

Most motor car designers, before each new season, work for months behind locked doors.

Each gathers all the new ideas he can. Each tries to devise some new attractions to make his car unique.

At Show time they are all brought out. And the motor car buyers decide what they like best.

In each new model there are points which excel, and points where others beat them. Not until after that fashion show can any maker know what new ideas will be popular.

A New Mitchell Idea

The Mitchell, like others, brought out a Show model. And we called it "The Six of '16."

But we started this year on a new idea. We are bringing out an after-show model. It is built to embody all the new conceptions which met favor at the Shows. And it comes out at the start of spring.

So you will see in this Mitchell all the new ideas that were popular, instead of only a part of them.

Where there were several new ideas for similar parts, you will find in this Mitchell the best one. The New Mitchell is a show in itself.

You will find the handsomest lines which appeared in any new model. You will find what was voted the best in each change. You will find, in addition, the 26 extras which are practically exclusive to Mitchell.

In all these ways this April 15 Mitchell is the most interesting car on exhibit.

No Similar Springs

The greatest superiority exclusive to Mitchell lies in the Bate cantilever springs.

Your Mitchell dealer will prove, in a five-minute ride, that this feature means the easiest-riding car known.

This is no trifling supremacy. It will astound you. You will hardly believe that a car can ride ruts so nearly as it rides on a pavement.

Mitchell owners don't use shock absorbers. There are no rebound straps on the Mitchell. No jolts will lift passengers from the tonneau seats. The Mitchell rides obstructions as a boat rides waves, and the sensation is delightful.

What Our Owners Escape

Mitchell owners don't pump their tires by hand. They don't back in the dark without searchlights behind them. They don't enter an unlighted tonneau.

They are never cramped, for our wheelbase is 127 inches. They never lack power.

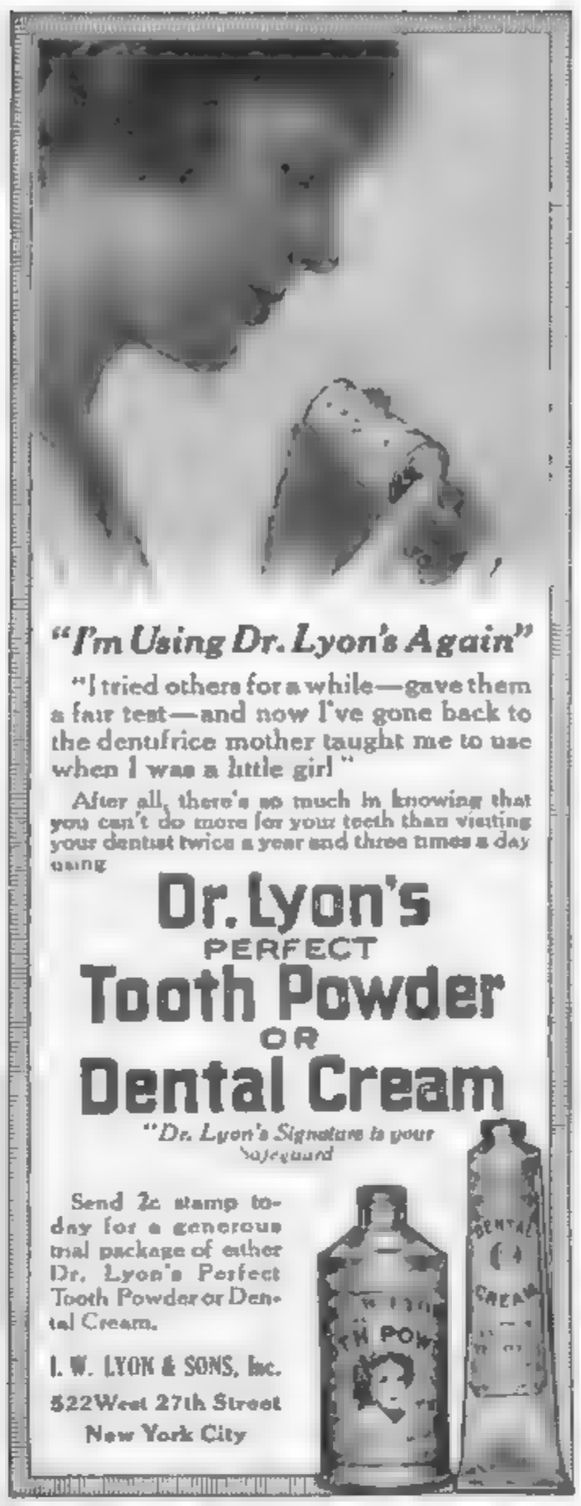
They have ball-bearing steering parts. They have an engine primer on instrument board. They have a locked compartment for things of value, and a tool compartment under hood. And you never saw a car where every part of the chassis was so accessible.

Mitchell owners get a lasting body finish. It is put on in 22 operations. They get genuine leather upholstery, filled with curled hair.

And they get the car which we believe holds the records for durability. Six Mitchell cars which we know of have averaged 164,372 miles each. That's more than 30 years of ordinary driving.

Those are the reasons why every motor car lover should at once see this New Mitchell car.

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.
Racine, Wis. U.S.A.



"I'm Using Dr. Lyon's Again"

"I tried others for a while—gave them a fair test—and now I've gone back to the dentifrice mother taught me to use when I was a little girl"

After all, there's so much in knowing that you can't do more for your teeth than visiting your dentist twice a year and three times a day using

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
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Dental Cream

"Dr. Lyon's Signature is your Safeguard

Send 2c stamp today for a generous trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

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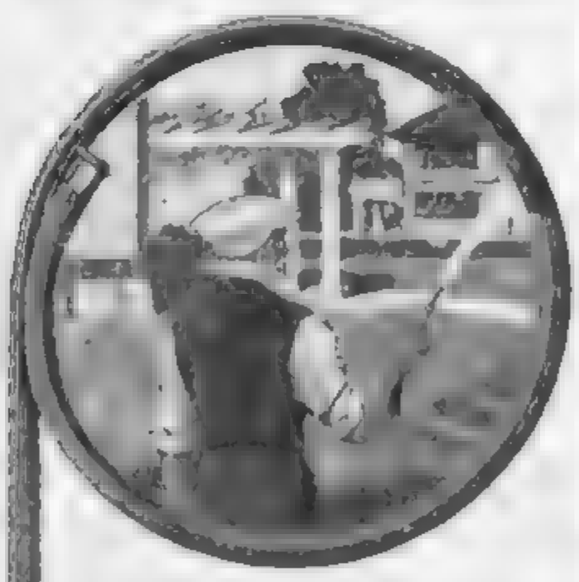

Goodyear Wingfoot Lawn Hose

FIVE alternate layers of rubber and braided cotton. In the inside, a tube of active, lasting rubber—on the outside, a tough, ribbed rubber cover.

All welded into one solid weatherproof, waterproof, wearproof unit.

There you have the story of construction and the reasons why Goodyear Wingfoot Lawn Hose won't burst, kink, crack or leak, in several seasons of service.

You can buy Goodyear Wingfoot Lawn Hose—the best hose Goodyear makes—from the most reliable hardware and department stores everywhere: ¼ inch, 18c per foot; ⅝ inch, 17c; ½ inch, 16c.

Look for the Goodyear Wingfoot—plainly branded on every five feet.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company
Akron, Ohio

GOODYEAR
AKRON
Lawn Hose

(Continued from Page 57)

Their entrance drove a man backward, in surprise, from some peephole near the door, where evidently he had been watching the combat. He was a wiry, sun-dried, little old man, keen of glance, bent, furtive, rapid in movement, with scrubby gray hair bristling like a squirrel's tail.

"I don't keep a stable," he snapped, while his gold earrings trembled fretfully. "I keep a wine shop."

The Jackdaw disregarded him.

"Lean over. Let yourself slide. Gently, sir," said Jackdabos to the sufferer. "Now into my arms. There. So."

He lifted brother Ralph down from the ass, laid him on the floor, and placed under his head Puig's bundle for a pillow. The girl, kneeling, tried to give aid and comfort.

"They'll burn the house down over our heads," complained the landlord.

A voice from the doorway answered:

"No, they won't." It was Barjavel, glowing with exercise. He remained outdoors, his attention divided between room and road. "If they do—here. I'll buy the shop."

Barjavel reached in a bottomless gulf of a pocket, and dredged up a fistful of gold pieces.

"That enough, Pierre?" He tossed them chinking on a barrel head where the candles burned. "The Hostelry of the Poor Devil is my house now, Barjavel's entire."

The landlord stared, made a queer sort of choking salaam, then pounced on the coins.

"Any more asses outside?" he chuckled. "If so, bring 'em in, as many as you like."

Jackdabos had his first good look at the speaker.

"What, Pierre, is it you?" he cried joyfully. "Peter the Ferret, always near the border! Incorrigible smuggler, show us your latest runway. We must be off, old *Furet de Bois Joli*."

The landlord of the Poor Devil stared again, then burst out laughing. His dryness, his furtive air, seemed to drop from him like a mask, leaving the man all warmth and genuine affection.

"Jacko!" he exclaimed. "Why, Jacko, my dear son, always in trouble!"

The girl, kneeling by her brother, gazed from one to another of these noisy outlaws who had forgotten her.

"You missed your man, Jack," said Barjavel, grinning. "The dirty brute's alive and well, though you knocked his wind out and scared him green. He's none the worse. Couldn't be that."

"Thank God!" cried the girl.

Barjavel smiled at her benignly.

"You may trust yourself," he declared, "to my young friend, Monsieur Jackdabos. All's well. I must shut the door now. Good-by."

As he spoke Puig dodged under his arm and entered—a grimy figure powdered with ashes. The door closed after him. The shutters were already barred across the one pair of windows.

Imprisoned, the little company in the wine shop heard murmurings without, and a loud scuffle of many feet approaching. A stone hit the boarded front and made the place boom like a drum. Barjavel's voice was heard, quietly and calmly expostulating. There followed a lull.

"Show us your back door, Ferret," said Jackdabos. "Don't tell us you haven't any. We know you better."

The little landlord winked solemnly.

"I wouldn't do this for everybody," he replied. "But for you, son, and your party, here is one gate into France."

The back wall of the wine shop appeared a solid rank of shelves which contained bottles, wicker flasks, liquor jugs, a few loaves of bread, and smoked meats hanging in mysterious brown clusters. Peter, the Ferret of the Pretty Wood, went straight to the middle compartment, removed a jug, and fingered something which clinked in the darkness. Toward him, on silent hinges, there swung a four-foot width of shelves, to reveal an irregular opening bordered with rock. This Hostelry of the Poor Devil stood with its back against a crag; but in that crag yawned a black fissure, tall and narrow.

"Behold my catacombs," announced the landlord. "Climb straight up, Jack boy, then through the trees, then to your left. You'll know the rest of the way when you see it. The old granite path."

His guests hung back, eying one another in perplexity. Here at their feet was the chief encumbrance, this young man who lay so pale and still and handsome, as though asleep or dead.

"I'll carry him," growled Puig. "He'll have to chew his misery a while longer. Not the first man that ever suffered. You take my plate, Jacko, and lead the ass."

"You," said the girl, looking at Puig askance—"you never can carry my brother. He's so large."

The sturdy blacksmith scowled up in her face.

"Can't?" he retorted. "Poor little runt, am I? You wait."

Reaching for a wicker flask on a shelf Puig skillfully flicked out the oil from its neck and took a long swig of wine. Then he smacked his lips and, bending down, raised the girl's brother lightly in his arms.

"I can lug this," he boasted, "from now till Christmas."

Jackdabos meanwhile gathered up the Trojan plate—which seemed a worthless burden at that moment—and took the ass by her mane. Peter the Ferret lighted them with a candle to the mouth of the fissure, where, smiling and bowing, he wished the young lady good night, a pleasant journey, and a safe recovery to the poor gentleman. The girl faltered somewhat, as well she might do, when she saw before them a crooked slit of a cavern floored with broken rocks.

"You're not afraid?" urged the Jackdaw impatiently. "Our friend Monsieur Barjavel, who is a gentleman, promised I should do my best for you. I shan't lose my head again to-night."

They stepped through rows of bottles into the cleft—Puig and his armful, the girl next, Jackdabos and the white donkey last. No sooner were they well inside the crag than Pierre closed his smuggler's door and left them blinded.

They heard—as if the sound came floating over the Poor Devil's roof—a loud, musical voice lifted in oratory. Barjavel, abandoned, was not only guarding the front door but winning his audience. He had the mob laughing.

"No one is much hurt?" he inquired persuasively. "Those who wanted a fight have had one, the rest of us were entertained. It's either Saturday night or Sunday morning. We don't have to work to-morrow. As owner of the Poor Devil, I invite you all to come have a drink. Until the house goes dry as a bone ——"

They lost his conclusion in a rumble of sound; rock walls enfolded them with dungeon silence and darkness; the donkey's hoofs clattered on pebbles, now and then flashing a long, soft spark, until at last, after many winding ascents among jagged granite and tangled roots, light began dawning overhead. They mounted as through a succession of ruined chimneys. A steep and dusty climb brought them from rocks to matted pine boughs; another, from boughs to pale moonlight on a mountain ridge. They had forgotten the moon. Here in the cold, upper air she covered a bosom of the hills with mystical pallor.

Puig laid the injured man on the grass and busied himself there.

"Broken," said he. "Broken right enough, but simple. Better not delay."

"We must go get splints," agreed the Jackdaw.

"No, I'll find 'em," said Puig. "You stay with the lady."

He disappeared among the pine needles whence they had climbed.

"Poor old Ralph, are you suffering?" asked the girl.

Her brother lay and stared at the setting moon.

"I'm all right," he answered, in a tone that belied his words. "Quite comfortable, thanks. It's my own fool fault. Sorry we didn't stop where you wanted, Ruth."

She sat holding his hand for a while.

"I ought not have let you go on," she said. "The night seemed so beautiful. We were both moonstruck."

He did not reply, but shivered. Jackdabos, who had remained aloof, standing by the snowy flank of the ass, now came forward, took off his jacket and spread it over the man's body. He then returned to his place. The girl presently rose and joined him there.

"You must be cold, sir."

"Not at all," he answered, though drenched in sweat and ready to freeze. "Thank you, mademoiselle."

She stood regarding him doubtfully. He made no advances.

"Can't you bring us to a doctor?"

He offered a gesture of excuse.

"Have patience. We shall go on immediately, when we have set your brother's leg."

"Can you do that?"

"That?" He shrugged his shoulders. "We can try. Broken bones, mademoiselle, are nothing novel to us."

She was on the point of giving him up, he appeared so distant, so grave, so wrapt from her understanding by ages of hard, patient experience. A detail, slight but odd, increased this effect. The late scuffle with the workmen had knocked his old cloth headgear into a curious overhanging fold, so like the Phrygian cap that in the moonlight he seemed the incarnation of some youthful god. What god, she could not remember.

Piqued, and also very anxious to maintain at least a form of friendliness with her guide, she made another attempt.

"Aren't you glad the man's alive?"

"What man?" he inquired.

"The man you stabbed."

"I didn't stab anyone." Jackdabos leaned on the donkey's shoulder and warmed his hands in his pockets. "I was awkward. I failed. That's why he's alive."

"And you don't care!" she exclaimed, growing indignant. "You tried to kill, and you're not sorry."

The leaning stone surprised her with an outburst of passion.

"I tried to let him have it right through his raspberry!" he cried, exulting. "Make the worst of that, mademoiselle, if you like. It doesn't matter. The wish to kill was there, though you hate me for it and wouldn't touch my hand. Sorry? Yes, I'm sorry because—well, what you call a gentleman would have kept his head, thought of you first, and got you out of this botch better than what I'm doing."

He broke off abruptly, and stared at the grass frosted with moonlight.

"My blood's not that kind," he added.

She waited for his next word. It did not come. Jackdabos patted the donkey's neck, then remained motionless—a queer little statue of pride and penitence, crowned with his Phrygian cap.

"The man you tried to kill," she resumed, "what did he say?"

"Nothing."

"I insist on your telling me."

"Girl," replied the Jackdaw sternly, "you are very young. You don't understand men. Be content with that."

The trees below them rustled. Puig came toiling out of the shadows, up the barren curve of the ridge.

On his shoulder he carried a bundle of scantlings that rattled, and in his hand a coil of light rope.

"I stole the best I could find," he reported.

The Jackdaw sprang forward.

"We'll set your brother's leg," said he with alacrity. "Now, my poor friend, have courage."

By moonlight he and Puig squatted to perform the necessary work. It was not easy. But the girl, watching them and vainly trying to help, found herself lost in wonder at their quickness, their powerful, unerring movements, their knowledge of what to do. Her brother made never a sound until the process ended and he lay with one scantling from armpit to ankle, another from ankle to crotch, both bound cunningly with rope that nowhere pinched or loosened.

"Thanks, you chaps," he moaned. "You did that—ah!—like a charm."

"Did well yourself. Good pluck," said Puig. "I like him better than I thought."

Jackdabos helped the girl to rise. This time their hands met.

"Now for France and a good doctor," he said. "I know the short way over the hills."

Through the troubles of that moment she felt a curious fear and joy, as if she had suddenly become the owner of some beautiful wild thing. The moon gradually descended among the pines beyond a slant Alpine spur, and through the mountain air passed the change, the stir, the universal sigh of morning.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

You climbed the bank to pass the other fellow. You concentrated the load and strain upon the axle Bearings. You imposed upon these Bearings the weight of the loaded car and at the same moment gave them a severe, brutal side thrust.

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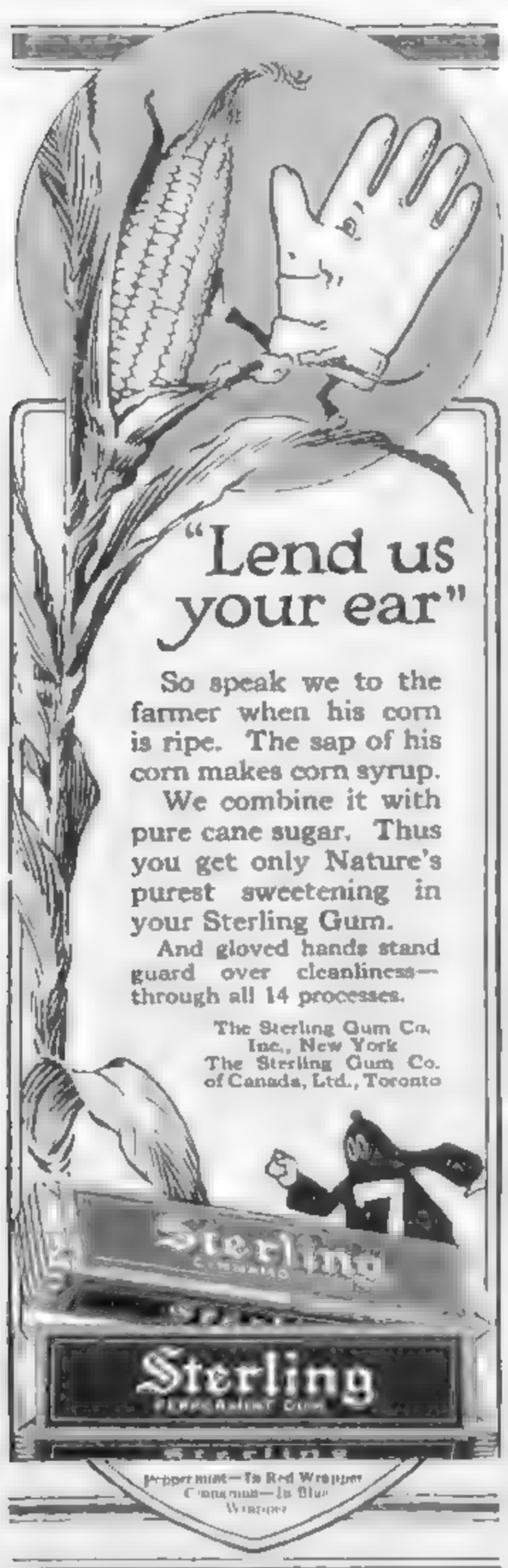
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THE ACTIVE DIRECTOR

(Continued from Page 11)

"Mr. Mulcahy—or you," was the reply.

"I take it Mr. Mulcahy knew the law, he having been vice president of this bank some time?" Simms questioned dryly.

"Undoubtedly," said the examiner. "You understand, I'm not questioning Mr. Mulcahy's being good for the amount."

"In ninety days," Captain Simms remarked. "I have till to-morrow, sir?"

Mr. Mandico explained briefly what would happen should he be compelled to make a report to the Comptroller of the Currency. Simms listened, nodded and reached for his hat.

"I had best be going," he said.

"I believe Mr. Mulcahy has returned to his San Francisco office," the examiner suggested.

"He has," said Simms, and passed out of the office, paying no attention to Mr. Mace's hasty entrance and demand to see him.

"I shall remain in town for a day or so, Mr. Mace," Mr. Mandico remarked quietly. "Now as to that charge against profit and loss in the matter of ——"

It was precisely four o'clock—closing time for the Fourth National—when Mr. Mace stared up from his desk just behind the cashier's to meet the icy gaze of Judge Mulcahy.

"Where is Captain Simms?" he was demanding.

"I thought you were in San Francisco, sir," said the new vice president, rising slowly and trying to conceal a smile.

"Where is Captain Simms, you fool?" roared Mulcahy.

Mr. Mace appeared to allow the insult of words and tone to run off his mental and moral feathers, smiled, and nodded toward the bank examiner, who was placidly totting up columns in a ledger.

"I think Mr. Mandico may know, Mr. Mulcahy."

The lord of the Astoria and Fort Bragg Transportation Company shifted his stormy glance, caught his breath, and said:

"You? D——n!"

Mr. Mandico dropped off the stool, picked up his notebook, and came forward.

"Captain Simms has gone out, I believe, to cover a note for forty thousand dollars that I felt compelled to call his attention to," he said calmly.

"Gone! Where to?" came the harsh demand.

Mr. Mandico remarked that his information did not go farther than his surmise. Mr. Mace broke in with a sibilant statement that he didn't expect to see Captain Simms again for some time.

The innuendo was not lost. Mr. Mandico shrugged his shoulders. Judge Mulcahy changed his demeanor, as only he could do, and fixed his cold, calculating eyes on the former cashier.

"You knew about that loan he made me, Mr. Mace?"

Mr. Mace felt rather than saw that something was going amiss; but, confident of his own impeccable behavior, he thought best merely to say:

"Of course! But I didn't venture to make any remarks—seemed a personal matter between yourself and the captain, sir."

"I'll give you ten minutes to find Captain Simms and bring him back here—you!" roared Mulcahy as he watched Mr. Mace's hesitation, dawning sense of error, and hasty exit. Then he turned to the examiner.

"I was trying a little experiment on a bet," he said almost shamefacedly. "Of course Captain Simms fell for my joke. I thought that worm of a Mace would have warned him. He didn't? A pretty vice president for a bank!"

"It wasn't a joke," Mr. Mandico said with official severity. "A felony, in fact."

"Another matter came up," Mulcahy explained, growing still more abashed. "I forgot the ten days you promised to be back in were up, and ——"

"Ah!" said Mr. Mandico.

Mulcahy thrust both hands into his pockets and drew out various check books. In these he wrote vigorously a moment and then shoved the result in at the new cashier, who had discreetly kept in the background.

"Forty thousand, and interest for ninety days," the judge growled. "Stung! Gimme that note, Mr.—er ——"

"Mandico."

"Mandico," said Mulcahy. "All settled?"

The examiner reached for his hat just as Mr. Mace came in and looked confusedly about him.

"Where's Simms?" bellowed Mulcahy, suddenly growing red. "Where is he?"

"He—— He's gone!" faltered Mr. Mace.

Even the imperturbable Mandico was astonished at the sudden frenzy that seized the usually icebound Mulcahy. He fairly gnashed his teeth as he grasped Mr. Mace by the lapel of his coat and shook him.

"I've come all the way from San Francisco just to get hold of Simms. I must have Simms! Where is he?"

Mr. Mace jerked angrily away.

"Where is he?" he sneered. "Made his escape, I suppose, while he could."

"Mr. Mace," said Mulcahy in an altered tone, "you are the most complete imbecile I've ever known. But possibly you can understand this: That forty-thousand note was not a test of Simms—I know him! It was a test of you! Do you see? Now I've settled that note and all's clear so far as Captain Simms is concerned. You will please resign instantly and get out! But I want Simms!"

"I tell you he's gone!" Mr. Mace protested.

Still calmer grew the great man. He leaned forward through the grille, quite confidentially.

"Now just explain," he said patiently. "Where has Captain Simms gone?"

"I told him he had till to-morrow at four o'clock to cover that note," Mr. Mandico remarked. "I recall a single observation he made, which was to the effect that you were aware, at the time of asking for the loan, of the total illegality of the transaction and of the fact that you could not be expected to settle until the note was due. He seemed thoroughly impressed with the three facts I have noted."

Mulcahy swallowed heavily. He turned his baleful eyes again on Mace.

"And do you happen to know where he went to collect this—er—forty thousand dollars, Mr. Mace?"

"All I know is that he jumped on a tug down at the lower wharf and went to sea," gasped Mr. Mace.

"To sea!" boomed Mulcahy in a tone that shook the fixtures; and Mr. Mandico and Mr. Mace listened open-mouthed to the great Mulcahy while he execrated the universe in one tremendous sweeping anathema, ending with "You've done it!"

"Done what?" the others echoed with one voice.

"It!" roared the infuriated magnate. "And for sixty-two hours I've kept the secret from the whole Pacific Coast; from all the hungry dogs that have been slavering for years to get their teeth into Mulcahy, to gnaw my bones. What do you think I took one of my own steamers for and made Astoria in thirty-one hours from the San Francisco bar and crossed in when everything else was bar-bound? Hey? What do you suppose I came all this way for? Not to do any silly business with the Fourth National, but to get Captain Simms! Simms! The only man alive I dare trust! And you've started him off; and he'll get me!"

"How?" demanded Mr. Mandico, displaying a perfect curiosity.

With a gesture that consigned Mr. Mace to oblivion forever, Mulcahy stalked away from the window, waited for the examiner, and drew him into a corner. There they spoke earnestly for a moment. Then Mulcahy's voice boomed out:

"Mr. Mandico, it pays to have a business man to talk with. You're right. Of course I'll use the wireless."

Followed a long half hour in which, over the telephone, the great Mulcahy condescended to implore various wireless operators to catch the seagoing tug Fearless and recall her and her new master, Matthew Simms. Darkness fell before the final response came in. The Fearless had passed the lightship and vanished into the storm that was raging from Cape Flattery to Cape Blanco.

Mulcahy turned his pallid face to the bank examiner's.

"See?" he whispered huskily. "Simms! He'll get me. I kept the secret; but Simms knew, of course, something about matters. And he'll be back here by four to-morrow! He's got me!"

"I—I don't wholly sympathize with you," remarked Mr. Mandico.

"You don't know Captain Simms," was the reply. "You fellows don't count in the

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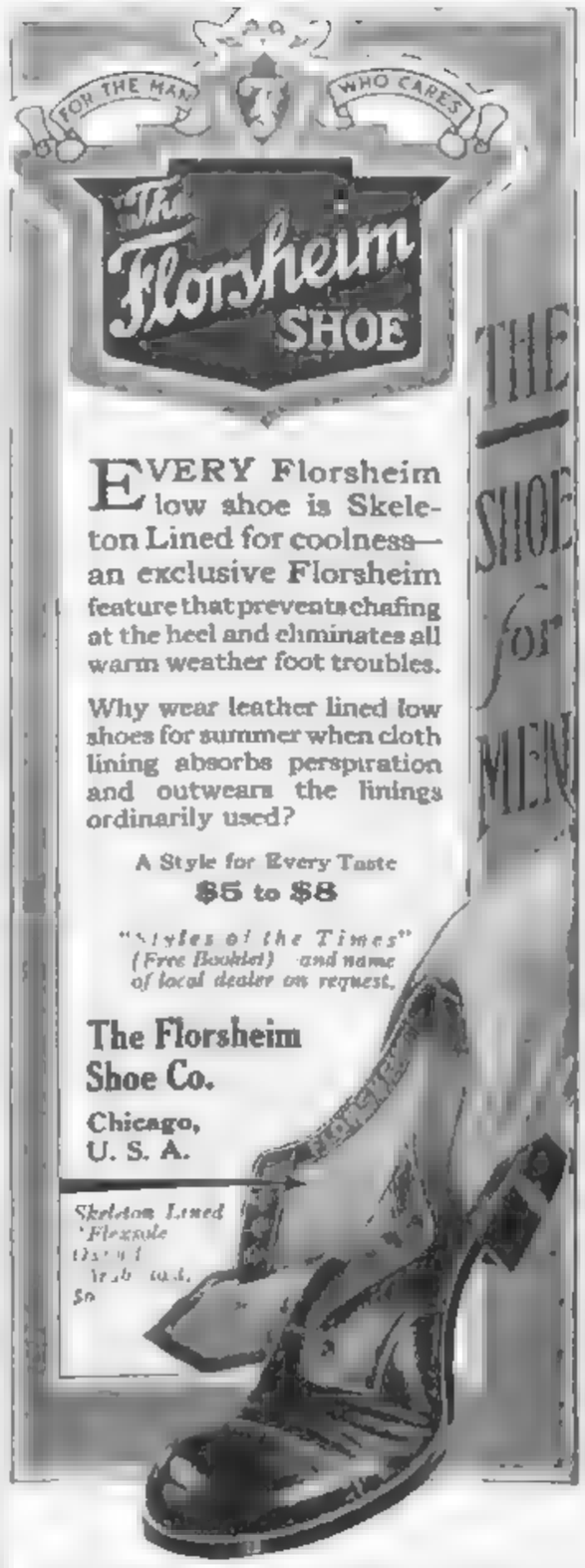
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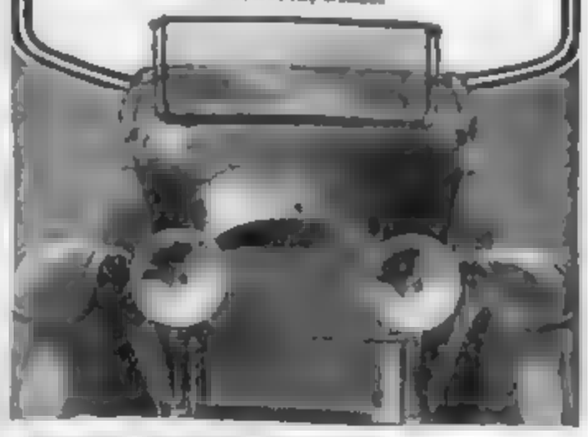

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Cornell-Wood-Board is a pure wood-fibre product made into boards of convenient sizes. It is the ideal material for walls, ceilings and partitions. It is thoroughly sized and surfaced; takes paint or kalsomine perfectly.

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It needs no breaking-in. It is as flexible as an old shoe the first time you wear it. It gives as readily.

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Neolin is noiseless. It does not scratch or scar floors or furniture.

You can safely give the children the freedom of the house.

If any member of the family needs shoes—if shoes need re-soling—by all means get Neolin.

Ask for it *by name.*

The dealer should have shoes with Neolin soles. He can get them—*at no extra cost to you*—from jobber or manufacturer.

The cobbler has only to ask the shoe-findings house for Neolin, if he hasn't already got it.

Every Genuine Neolin Sole
Bears the Brand Neolin

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

(Concluded from Page 62)

business world because you don't figure right on people! Simms is a smart man; an honest man. He thinks I deliberately did him out of forty thousand dollars. Most folks would be afraid of me—Mulcahy. Simms isn't. He just says to himself: 'Mulcahy will pay that!'"

In the gusty murk forty miles northwest of Grays Harbor Matthew Simms was speaking across the big steering wheel of the Fearless to his mate:

"I'm not working for Mulcahy any more. How did I find out about this? Why, I knew that there was a shipment of bullion due to leave Latouche on the twenty-first, on the Christopher. Usually about six million dollars of it. Mulcahy always ships it on the quiet and nobody knows there's that much afloat. Saves all kinds of insurance and trouble. The Christopher sailed all right. Due in San Francisco day before yesterday. Always speaks the lightship off the Columbia to report.

"No report. Storm blowing. Christopher disabled at sea. Easy to figure out. Six million for salvage, my son! Mulcahy wouldn't peep. His skipper wouldn't dare call for help. Mulcahy would fire him. But Mulcahy's square with his skippers. Son, it means a hundred thousand dollars in that captain's pocket to work the Christopher into port without being salvaged or getting into the courts. That captain's earning that money now. I wouldn't butt in if I weren't on business of the bank's. This won't wait. We're after the Christopher."

"How?" bawled the mate, turning a gleaming eye on his new superior.

"Figure yourself!" answered Simms. "He's got to get word to Mulcahy. Only way is to speak the lightship. Government ships can't collect salvage. We'll pick him up ourselves—if he's afloat."

"He'll float, all right!" returned the mate, wiping the brine out of his eyes. "Any skipper will keep his ship topside up if there's six million in it." Then he peered into the driving smother ahead of the plunging tug. "But I wouldn't try for it this night with anybody but you, sir!"

Simms waved his capable hand.

"There she is!" he said in a matter-of-fact tone. "Right ahead of us—without a light showing. Bully for her skipper!"

"But he'll be glad to see us, six million or no six million," the mate remarked presently. "She's barely afloat, sir. Cargo must have shifted."

Together they peered at the dark hulk, which lay, visible only at intervals, crippled in the trough of the tremendous surges, marked in splashes of white where the breaking seas overran her, now and then showing a faint glimmer of light from a porthole. Then from the tug roared up a rocket—two rockets.

"Will he?" muttered the mate.

"He will," replied Simms as a feeble flare showed above the sodden wreck.

"Can we?" demanded the other.

"We can," said Matthew Simms. "We'll have a line aboard her inside the hour."

At a quarter to four o'clock on the afternoon of the next day Mr. Mandico looked up from his desultory examination of a ledger to see Captain Simms stride steadily in at the main door, thread his way through the little groups of waiting patrons, and enter the inclosure reserved for officials.

The story was already about of the bringing in of the sinking freighter Christopher; of a struggle on the bar, which nearly ended the career of the big and able tug Fearless; and the rumor was about that Captain Matthew Simms had done this great feat, astoundingly, before anyone else knew of the vessel's plight—another triumph for the man who had risen swiftly from the command of a liner to be Judge Mulcahy's right-hand man in the control of the Fourth National. But, if he observed the smiles, nods, and flattering remarks of the bank's customers, Simms paid no heed. Without wasting time he nodded to Mr. Mace, who had been past the point of speech since the day before, and approached the examiner.

"Here's that forty thousand dollars, and the interest," he said quietly.

"Ah!" breathed Mr. Mandico.

Captain Simms pulled out an evidently freshly written draft and handed it over. Mr. Mandico scrutinized it and said:

"I see it's exchange on New York from one of the other banks here."

"It is," was the reply

"None of my business," proceeded the examiner; "but—how did you get it? Mr. Mulcahy was in yesterday asking for you"

"So I hear," was the undisturbed response. "This is his money."

"You have seen him?"

"I have not," Captain Simms returned simply.

"Ah!"

"This is merely an advance on the salvage money earned by the tug Fearless—of which I am master—in bringing into port Mr. Mulcahy's vessel, the Christopher—advanced this afternoon by the underwriters in order to release the vessel and her cargo from the libel filed by myself and my crew." Simms tapped the draft. "Mr. Mulcahy has paid."

"Twice," said Mr. Mandico. "He settled the matter yesterday, in full. Interest for ninety days as well."

Captain Simms beckoned Mr. Mace, who came quickly.

To him the president of the Fourth National handed the draft.

"Credit to profit and loss!" he ordered.

Mr. Mace glanced at the amount and choked.

"I—— This is irregular; no proper charge can be made, captain."

"That is made out to this bank," Simms replied firmly. "It's the bank's money."

"It's mine!" shouted a harsh voice. They looked up to see Judge Mulcahy towering over them, his shaking finger indicating the bit of paper. "I paid your note yesterday, Captain Simms. And what the deuce do you mean by libeling my vessel? Mine! Why, you miserable creature, that loan was a joke!"

Captain Simms looked the irate magnate in the eye.

"The loan was made by this bank under false representations, sir," he said calmly. "I didn't take the Fearless out to sea in a gale to make money for myself, or for you. I went as president of this bank to recover stolen money! As president of the Fourth National, I am unable to abate a cent of the bank's just demands. The usual salvage in such a case is one-third of the value of the vessel and cargo. Now two million will——"

Mulcahy stared, and then swore profoundly.

"You don't mean to say ——" he began in an altered voice.

"I do," Simms answered. "And now, as president of this bank, I shall ask you to resign as director. The security of the funds intrusted to this institution ——"

"D——n!" roared Mulcahy; then his face suddenly showed an expression of complete humility. "I always said you'd do it!" he continued. "I'll resign, of course, captain"—he caught Mr. Mandico's eye—"this afternoon."

Then his roving glance fell on Mr. Mace. "He'll resign too," he said grimly—"right away!—for letting you go off when I'd come all the way up from San Francisco to get you, as the one man I could trust to send out after the Christopher. . . . Why, Simms, I intended to make your fortune for you!"

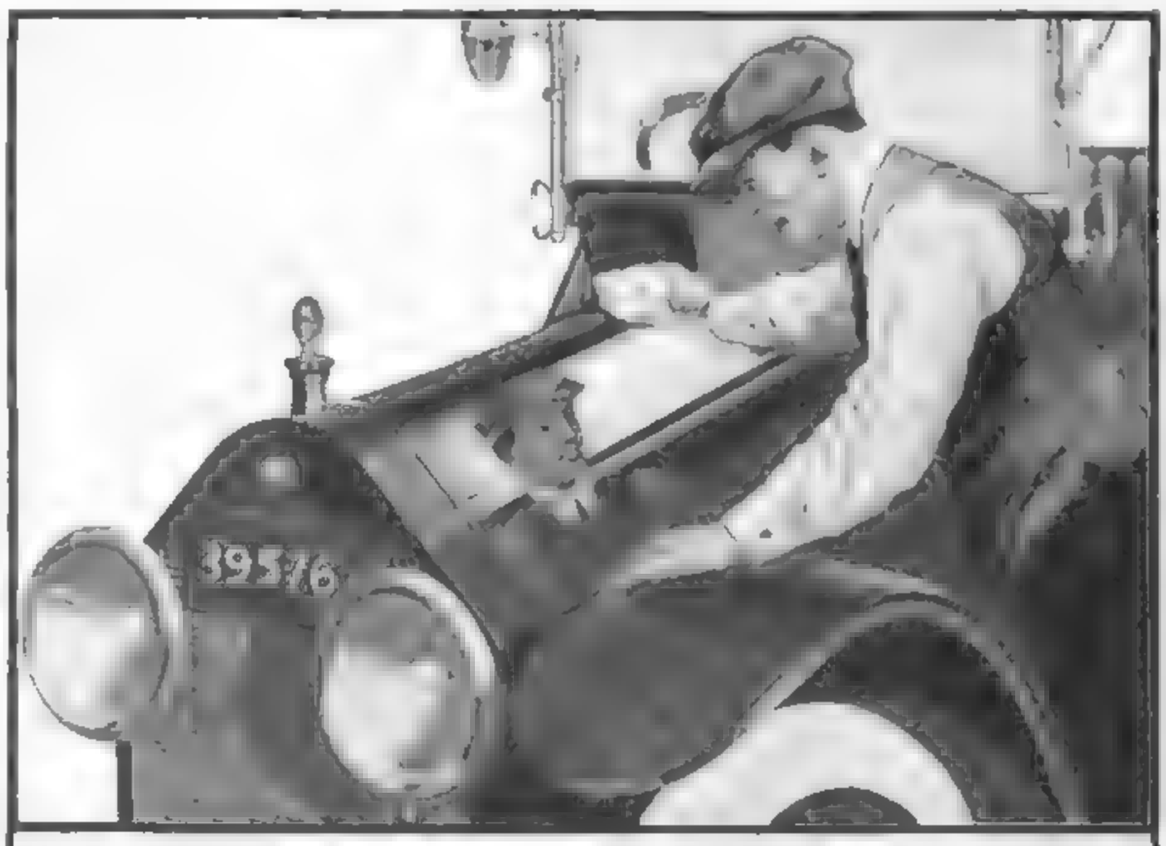
"Thanks," the captain responded stiffly. "I am perfectly satisfied with my present place. I like the work."

"I hope you're satisfied with your work!" Mulcahy said bitterly to the examiner. "There's an active director for you—cost me a cool two million before the first month is out!"

"I—really, I'm satisfied," Mr. Mandico responded gravely. "I shall resign my position with the Government, I think, and accept Mr. Mace's position in this bank. I shall be glad to work under Captain Simms. This institution will make money."

Once more seated at his polished desk in the inner office, Captain Matthew Simms stared about him, sighed, and then moved the photographs of his wife and daughter into a more prominent place.

"I think they can move down now," he said to himself. "I feel settled in the job."



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STRAITON & STORM, *Manufacturers*, 119 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

THE EMPIRE BUILDERS

(Continued from Page 6)

"Now listen here! You've got to do it or the whole thing will fall through. A king's not a free agent. He's got to do the thing that's best for the country. If the chief has a daughter—they'll have some sort of chief, of course—you can marry her, and that will help a lot."

"Why don't you do it if it's so blooming necessary?"

The Wop gave him a glance of withering scorn.

"You're the king," he said coldly. "I'm only the head of the army. You've got to perpetuate the royal line. I don't have to perpetuate the army, do I?"

The king saw the justice of this, but remained sulky.

"A cannibal!" he sneered. "How do I know she won't get tired of me and eat me? I'd look nice, wouldn't I? What does she wear? Feathers? Look here," he demanded; "why can't I marry a white girl? Why can't I marry a nice girl and take her there? What sort of company is that chief's daughter going to be?"

But the Wop was wily.

"Well, we needn't settle that to-night," he said. "But I'll bet some of those girls are peaches! I've been thinking," he went on, "that we'd better go out shooting pretty often. We'd better know all there is about a gun. That's the first step."

As president of the School Gun Club, Stoddard III was the owner of a large and handsome shotgun. The Wop himself possessed a number twenty-two of the size and general usefulness of an air rifle.

The change of subject cheered Stoddard III. He was willing—nay, eager—to go out and subjugate a kingdom. It was marriage that had startled him.

"We might," suggested the Wop, "go out after squirrels to-morrow. It will be good practice."

"If we get any we can cook them on my alcohol stove."

The Wop rose cautiously and stretched his lean and frozen legs.

"Then it's all right, old man, is it?" he asked.

"Far's I'm concerned," said the king with an assumption of nonchalance.

"You'll take the throne and I the army?"

"Surest thing you know!"

"Sixty-forty?"

"Yep."

"Shake!" said the Wop; and they shook.

By reversing all the processes, the two empire builders got to their rooms, coiled the ropes, greased their blistered palms and went to bed. It was, as is not unusual, the king who slept first and most quietly. It was the prime minister and commander in chief who lay awake—as is the province of prime ministers and commanders in chief—to devise ways and means.

III

THE Wop woke the next morning unrefreshed but triumphant. True, there was much remaining to be done, such as reaching the island and subjugating it; but such trifles the Wop dismissed lightly. Only one thing troubled him. He had lured his king with the bait of pearls. And he did not know whether there were any pearls. The more he thought of it, the less likely it seemed that there would be pearls.

Beyond the partition the future king lay in rapt thought and ate a fruit biscuit. His eyes, wandering over the room, fell on the empty photograph frame.

"Huh!" he said to himself. "She'll be sorry, all right!"

His mind sped across the continent to the Gulf of California and there settled itself. He saw himself in a tent, on a raised dais draped with skins. He saw natives entering, carrying the royal oysters, which at a signal from him they opened, displaying pearly treasures within. Only the best he selected.

"Into the discard!" he would say to the inferior ones. "Give 'em to the poor, or stew them. It's all the same to me."

As he lay, a shaft of yellow sunshine fell across the room. He got up with more speed than he had shown for weeks and, taking his shaving mirror—a tribute to vanity, not necessity—went to the window. There he gazed and started. There was no mistake. A fine down was showing on his upper lip, a soft, silky shadow, following the arched curve of his upper lip.

Stealthily looking over his shoulder to be sure his door was shut, Stoddard III projected his lower lip beyond his upper and blew, his eyes riveted on the mirror. It moved. It waved. It was!

There was a new dignity in Stoddard III as he went downstairs that morning. He moved with slow and manly movements. His head, already potentially crowned, was held high. His voice had dropped, too, and came determinedly from the lower part of his thorax.

Meeting Lucille's brother in the library between periods, that gentleman stopped and stared; for Stoddard III was bending over an atlas, intent.

"Not feeling sick, are you, Stoddard?"

"Me! Why?"

Gone was the consciousness he had always felt in Graham's presence.

"You seemed to be studying. It's unusual, isn't it?"

"I'm not studying—not so you could notice it," he boasted. "I'm just looking up a place I'm going to—that's all."

"Not going to leave us, I trust?"

"Well, not immediately." He paused. "I don't think I'll be here next year, though. I've got other plans."

He slammed the atlas shut and went to the door, head up, with a swinging royal gait, making no effort to deaden the sound of his feet on the uncarpeted wooden floor.

"So long!" he said casually from the doorway. "See you later."

The sixth-former stared and made a mental note. There was no class distinction any more. The fifth form needed taking down. He would call a meeting and bring it up. "So long" indeed! He flushed with anger.

That was a Wednesday, and the afternoon was free after prep. At two-thirty the empire builders were on their way across the Athletic Field, laden with guns, ammunition and a basket of food. The day was warm for the time of year and the fourth-form baseball nine was practicing. A small boy was flying a box kite at the edge of the field. Though snow still lay in sheltered places, there was an unmistakable feel of spring in the air.

Suddenly the king stopped and pretended to shift his gun on his shoulder. In so doing he let his eye fall on the end of the field where a crowd of sixth-formers was standing.

"Looks like a girl over there," he said.

"Well, what if it is?" The Wop's eyes were cold.

"Nothing to me. I just wondered who it was."

He put his gun down carefully on the ground and stooped to tighten a bootlace.

"Nobody much. Old Randall's niece is visiting him."

A burst of laughter floated to them, dominated by that for which so long his soul had hungered in vain, a girl's silvery tones.

"Come on!" said the Wop, almost violently.

"What's the matter with you?" Stoddard III protested. "Can't I tie my shoe?" He straightened and looked down the field. "She looks kinda pretty," he said. "Pity those fellows wouldn't stand back and let her have a little air."

Without a word the Wop turned and stalked toward the open country, and after a moment Stoddard III followed him; but the edge was off the afternoon. In his heart Stoddard III knew, and knew that the Wop knew, that he was hunting only because he must. His heart was not in it. It was back with the laughing group at the Athletic Field. His abstraction finally provoked the Wop to speech.

"Look here," he said; "are we hunting rabbits or are we out for a walk?"

"I'm coming right along. What's the matter with you?"

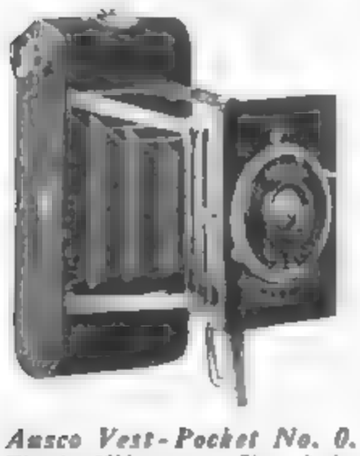
"There's nothing wrong with *me!*" said the Wop darkly. "I can't hit a rabbit at a hundred yards with this beanshooter of mine. You've got a real gun, if you'd only use it. You've lost two chances already."

"I guess I'm hungry," said Stoddard III. "Let's have something to eat." It was an hour and three-quarters since a substantial corned-beef luncheon.

The sizzling bacon in a tin pan allayed his unrest. From their pockets they produced potatoes, to be baked in the ashes. Crackers were broken up and dropped in the hot grease until saturated. There was an orange pie, colored with dye like an

(Continued on Page 69)

ANSCO
CAMERAS & SPEEDEX FILM



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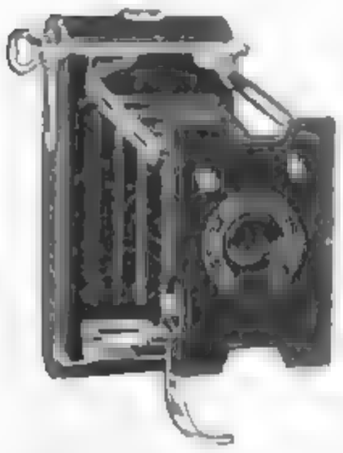

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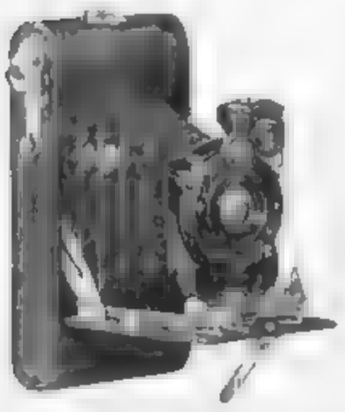

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(Continued from Page 66)

Easter egg, and four bottles of pop. With this small but necessary bridge of the gap between luncheon and dinner the empire builders felt refreshed. The Wop put the pan in a tree and they used it as a target.

"You see," he explained, "we've got to be more than good shots. We've got to be dead shots!"

Being small and rather light, the recoil of Stoddard III's weapon almost overbalanced him; but he stuck at it pluckily.

"I'm going to send for a drill manual," the Wop observed when, after ten rounds, the pan was practically intact. "If it wouldn't take so long I'd go to West Point. I'm going into this business with my eyes open. I've got a lot to learn."

"There isn't anything for me to learn, is there?" Stoddard III's tone was anxious.

The Wop reflected.

"I don't know. You ought to know some languages. And you'd better bone at civil government."

The afternoon was growing warmer. The ground, fairly hard earlier in the day, was softening. The place where a foot had been became a small lake. Brown loam, dislodged, revealed green spikes beneath that would presently unfold and become leaves. Stoddard III stretched out on his jacket and watched a bird wheeling in the sky.

"I wish I didn't have to marry a native," he said. "I don't think you're right about that, anyhow. A nice white girl could teach them all kinds of things—sewing and cooking, and how to fix their hair. She'd civilize them."

"Now listen! There's nothing to that. Civilize them! Huh! Girls don't sew or cook any more. They're only ornamental."

"Well, they *are* ornamental."

He thought of the girl on the Athletic Field and the bit of color her sweater and cap had furnished. Ornamental? Well, rather!

"There's another thing," put in the Wop: "We don't know anything about these people. They may have a lot of wives."

"A what?" said the astounded king-elect.

"If it's the custom to have several you'd have to do it. The king always has more wives than any of the rest." The Wop saw that his point was telling and pressed it. "Now look here," he said; "be reasonable. You can't have a white wife and a lot of native ones too."

Stoddard III sat erect.

"I don't approve of polygamy," he said virtuously.

"Why? It's merely a matter of population. Where there are more women than men, one man has to have a lot of wives—that's all."

"I don't believe in it," protested Stoddard III. "It isn't right."

"Pooh! Look at Solomon."

Thus brought up short, Stoddard III fell back on a preference.

"If I don't want more than one wife I won't have it—that's all," he said shortly. "I'm no Turk. Anyhow, one wife's trouble enough."

The Wop put down his gun and folded his arms.

"It's like this, Stoddard," he said: "Either you're for this project or you're against it. It's too big a thing to let one's preferences interfere. Maybe I'd rather be king than prime minister. But I don't think I'm fitted for the king end of it; so I give it up. If you can't be big about this thing give it up—that's all."

"Oh, all right!" Stoddard III surrendered wearily. "I'll do it all right. But I don't have to like doing it, do I?"

He scraped up the remains of the cold bacon grease on a cracker and chewed it thoughtfully.

"Is that cooked pearl worth anything?" he asked.

"Not much."

"D'you mind if I keep it?"

"No."

"How'd your uncle happen to cook it?"

The Wop hesitated.

"He didn't cook it," he said at last. "Some fool cooked the oyster it was in."

The subject, which was troublesome, was dismissed by the sight of a rabbit, a very young rabbit, prematurely ushered into a world in which spring was as yet but a promise. The Wop seized Stoddard III's gun and banged away with both barrels. The recoil sent him in a sitting posture into the fire. Still sitting, he kept his eyes fixed on the spot at which he had fired.

"Got it!" he said; and getting up he brought it in. "It's small," he observed dubiously.

"Ought to be tender, anyhow. My stove wouldn't cook a big one."

Caution dictated that the rabbit be then and there prepared for the pan; but the lethargy of food and the breaking up of winter was on them. Instead, they sat and planned. Stoddard III was for calling the island Zenda, after the imaginary kingdom of that name; but the Wop was for combining their two names in its designation.

"Like Alsace-Lorraine," he explained. "It will put us both on the map if the thing goes."

Stoddard III put up no fight. At the moment the present interested him more than the future.

"How long's old Randall's niece going to stay?" he inquired.

"I don't know. I don't care, either."

"Well, if she's a nice girl, I hope she stays a week"—defiantly.

The Wop's patience failed him. He saw his cherished plans dying of the gleam of a red sweater on the Athletic Field and a girl's gurgling laugh.

"Oh, you make me sick!" he said suddenly, and stalked away, disappearing in a thicket.

Stoddard III's first impulse was to follow. His second, to stay where he was and maybe doze in the sun. His third, on which he acted, was to return as fast as possible to the school. He tucked the oozing rabbit into his game bag and started back. He went slowly at first, but as he disappeared from the possibility of being seen he broke into a dogtrot.

Miss Eloise Randall was wandering about the grounds. She had changed the sweater and cap for something white, with a pink cape over it, and she was surrounded by the captain of the football team, the first baseman of the ball club, the quarter-mile runner, and three other sixth-formers, including Big Graham. Even at a distance Stoddard III saw, with scorn, the festive array of these youths.

By a single, unobserved gesture he drew a part of the rabbit out of the game bag which, containing the fragments of luncheon and other trifles, thus appeared to be full and running over. Then, very erect and swaggering, he passed the group without a glance at it.

"Who's that with the gun?" he heard a feminine voice ask. "Oh, the poor rabbit! He's killed a lot of them. How cruel!"

"Stoddard! Hey, Stoddard! Out after something to eat, as usual?" somebody called.

He passed on—outwardly calm, inwardly a savage, and murderous.

"Boobs!" he said to himself. "Boll weevils! I'll show them! I'll ——"

"I guess he doesn't like girls," said the voice. "He never even looked at me!"

"That's his loss, then," Stoddard III heard Big Graham reply. "He's only a kid, anyhow. Wait till he grows up and then watch."

Stoddard went on. For all his fury, he was mollified at her words. If not paying any attention to her piqued her he was for a cold and detached attitude. She'd get sick enough of those fellows hanging round. It was sickening just to watch them. Big Graham's tones were maudlin. Then it would be his turn.

Yes—his turn! The youth is father to the man. Male hearts are caught on the rebound before twenty as well as after. And if to masculine triumph be added the glory of cutting out a brother of the lately beloved, and having him write home in sixth-form cynicism that Stoddard III is dippy over a silly girl who has been visiting the school, and generally being an ass about her—to joy is added revenge.

Stoddard III borrowed an amethyst pin from a boy in the fourth form and, having flung the rabbit into his trunk, proceeded to a toilet in which his socks, tie and the border of his slightly exposed handkerchief were all of a rich lavender. His bottle of brilliantine being empty, and his heavy pompadour refusing to lie flat, he solved the problem by rubbing over it a cake of wet soap.

The result was a stiff and highly polished surface, giving much the effect of having been varnished.

Miss Randall was at the fifth-form table! This is not so surprising as it seems, since Professor Randall presided at that table. The surprising point is that she was at her uncle's right and, therefore, next to Stoddard III. When he was presented, Stoddard III bowed, by which is denoted a swift jerk forward of the head from the neck up. When he sat down he drew his

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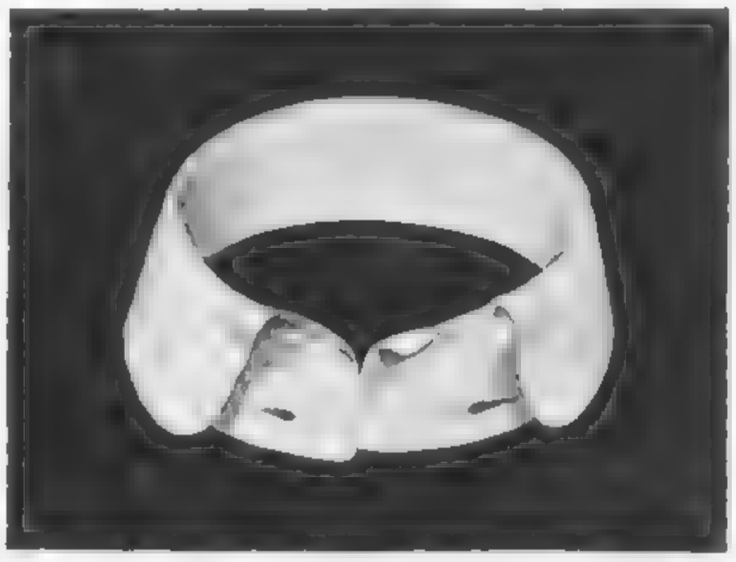

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The buyer himself told me the story:

"He was a crackerjack salesman," he said, "and he had a crackerjack line of goods that I needed.

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Do you doubt the healthfulness of doing this? Then read this question and answer from the Journal of the American Medical Association: (page 1050, Sept. 18, '15.)

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Answer: "No harm comes from stopping the perspiration under the arms; that is, there is no damage in the failure of this limited excretion of sweat."

Not only is it harmless to stop this annoying perspiration in some limited section of the body, but it should be done. Such perspiration is an unnatural condition, due to the nervous over-stimulation of the sweat glands—a condition which can only be corrected by a local application such as ODO-RO-NO supplies.

If you wish to know more about it write me for booklet on "Excessive Perspiration and How to Correct It," but if you want to get immediate relief from perspiration annoyance go to any drug store or toilet counter and get a bottle of ODO-RO-NO today. 50c and $1. Trial size 25c. In Canada, 70c and $1.40. Trial size 35c.

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P. S. Any size bottle postpaid if your dealer hasn't it.

chair away from hers and then, fearing this might be noticeable, jerked it toward her.

The unlucky result was that he pinched her fingers. But the young lady had the social graces of sophisticated sixteen. She managed to smile.

"I'm awfully sorry!" he gasped.

"It's better now."

"I'm afraid you're only saying that."

"No; it's really better. It wasn't much, anyhow. But it's funny when you think of it."

"Why?"

"First you stalked past and ignored me this afternoon; and now you smash my hand."

"I'm terribly sorry! I ——"

"Where are the rabbits?"

"The —— Oh! Upstairs. Don't give me away. I'm not allowed to have them there."

"I think it is cruel of you to shoot a lot of little helpless rabbits," she said archly. "I was quite afraid of you this afternoon. You looked so ferocious."

He swelled, rather, and sat up in his chair.

"It's all right to kill rabbits. They destroy the crops."

"I'd be afraid to fire a gun. Boys are so much braver than girls, aren't they?"

Soup came. Meat and vegetables came. Stoddard III's hands, well-trained to their office, conveyed food to his mouth. Conveyed, to tell the truth, a great deal of food to his mouth. But he tasted nothing. Mentally he was basking in the close proximity of Miss Eloise Randall.

But he came to with a start. The Wop was glowering at him from across the table. Stoddard III saw trouble in the eyes of his Prime Minister. Not without a struggle would the Wop see his cherished plans ruined by the chance invasion of a girl in a white dress. Stoddard III threw him the sop of a reassuring glance, but the Wop disregarded it.

"Where'd you go to this afternoon?" he demanded.

"Came home," said Stoddard III airily. "You disappeared; so I came home."

"Oh, were you hunting too?" Miss Randall spoke across the table winningly.

The Wop eyed her.

"Yes," he said shortly. And to Stoddard: "What'd you do with my rabbit?"

Stoddard III broke into a clammy sweat of rage and annoyance.

"Brought it home," he said; and, with an appealing look, added: "With the others."

The Wop was adamant.

"With the others! What others?" he demanded shrilly. "Far as I know, there weren't any others."

The two glared across the table at each other and Stoddard III was flushed.

"Well, you don't know everything," he said shortly.

"I know ——" began the Wop, and stopped.

There was desperation in Stoddard III's face. After all, a henchman may heckle, but he may not outrage and affront. The Wop ate his dessert.

"He's trying to make out that there was only one rabbit, isn't he?" inquired Miss Randall sweetly. "How silly! I saw. The bag was full."

"He's a grouch," Stoddard III observed cautiously. "Say, did you ever see a cooked pearl?"

"No! A cooked pearl?"

"Yes—cooked in a volcano."

The barefaced assertion met the amazement it deserved.

"No!" said Miss Randall.

"Honest—a cooked pearl! If it wasn't cooked it would be worth a lot of money."

"Oh, where is it? I'm dying to see it."

Stoddard III saved her life by producing the pearl. Caution should have dictated a more private view, but Stoddard III, between love and fury, was past caution. He took the pearl from his corduroy waistcoat pocket and laid it on the cloth. Immediately the attention of the table was riveted on it. Heads craned. The Wop saw it and went pale. It was too much.

"Really!" cried Miss Randall, and poked it with a forefinger. "How perfectly sweet! And it came from a volcano?"

"You can have it if you want it."

"Oh, may I? How dear of you! I just love it. Maybe I can have it set in a ring."

All might have been well—for the Wop was beyond speech—had Stoddard III not boasted further:

"I know where there are tons of them to be had—and not cooked, either."

The table stirred, but the Wop had reached the limit.

"So do I," he said distinctly. His ears were scarlet. "At Small's Restaurant. That's where I got that one. Nearly broke a tooth off on it."

Miss Randall dropped the pearl and stared at him.

"Oh!" she said, and suddenly lost interest in the pearl.

The indirect result of the pearl's appearance commenced to show itself the next day, when the entire fifth form, by ones and twos, rushed into town after preparation and ordered raw oysters at Small's. As the word spread, it was the entire school. Small did an enormous business, and the infirmary began to fill up with boys showing every evidence of overindulgence in something fishy.

The direct result was a bitter quarrel between the Wop and Stoddard III that afternoon. The Wop was acidly cold; Stoddard III heated.

"Well, it was my rabbit, wasn't it?"

"I didn't say it wasn't."

"And I only told the truth about the pearl!"

"You could have kept your mouth shut—you a Prime Minister!" raved the future king. "You're the deuce of a diplomat! What harm was that volcano story going to do?"

"Oh, rats!" said the Wop. "You said you knew where there were tons of pearls—good ones! If you're going to tell everything you know to every girl you meet a lot of chance we've got to put anything over! You make me sick! You a king? You ought to talk into phonograph records for a living."

The full force of this only occurred to Stoddard III when the Wop was gone beyond retort. During evening study he was divided between regret that his dream of empire was over and relief that he was no longer condemned to an Indian girl, or perhaps a dozen Indian girls. Instead of Latin grammar, he worked assiduously at an anonymous poem to Miss Randall, to be dropped in the mail box, stopping now and then to glower at Big Graham, whom he suspected of doing the same thing—a suspicion not altogether unwarranted, as Big Graham was asking for a rhyme to "limpid."

He was rather pleased with the poem, which was not too personal, but mentioned a dismal day enlivened by a scarlet sweater and two bright eyes. He scorned "limpid," and, anyhow, there was no rhyme to it. He did not sign the poem; but, after some thought, he placed a rough drawing in the lower left-hand corner of a gun and a game bag, from which protruded something resembling a King Charles spaniel, but meant for a rabbit.

Fate was unkind to him at dinner. The head master had invited Miss Randall to the sixth-form table, where she sat at his right hand. Beside her loomed Big Graham. Even at that distance, Stoddard III perceived that Big Graham was gone—far gone.

Stoddard III eyed him scornfully and plotted treachery to the Wop.

This treachery took form after dinner, in the half hour before evening preparation. Big Graham had been called to an athletic committee meeting and reluctantly left Miss Eloise Randall alone.

"How long are you going to be here?" Stoddard III asked, sauntering toward her.

"A week."

"Why don't you make it a month?"

"Gracious! You'll be tired enough of a girl hanging round for a week."

"Don't speak for me," he besought her ardently. "I'd never get tired. I know you don't believe that. But I mean it. I—I'm awfully sincere."

"I don't know about that," she said archly. "You look too romantic to be sincere."

Stoddard III straightened up.

"What do you mean—romantic?" he demanded.

"Well, you look romantic—as though lots of girls are crazy about you."

He put his hand to the lavender tie.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "I like girls, of course—nice girls. But I've got other things to think about besides girls."

"What sort of other things?"

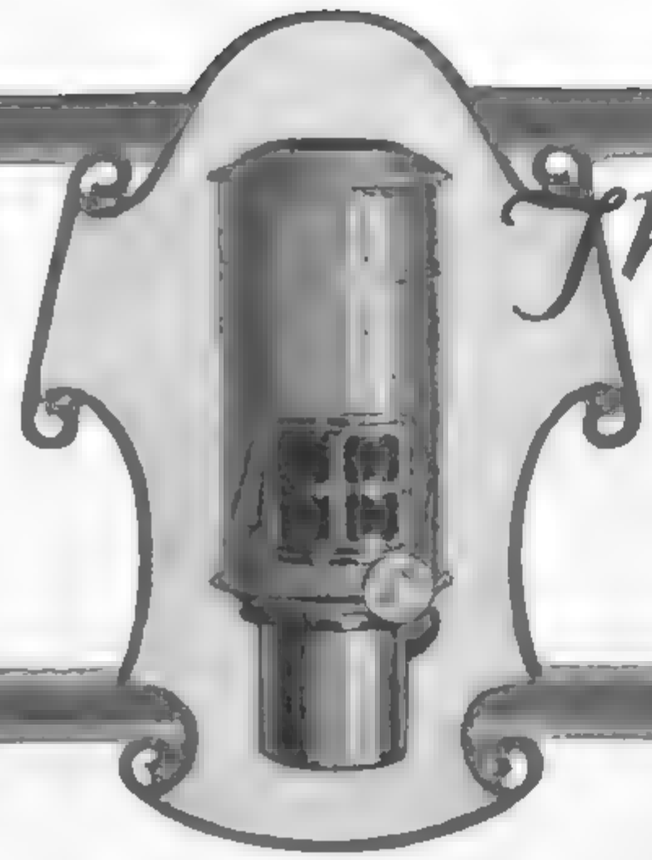
He hesitated.

"I'll tell you sometime. It's too soon yet. You'll see it in the papers some day."

"Won't you tell me sometime this week?

"I can't."

"Will you tell me if I come back next year?" *(Continued on Page 73)*



This Long Blue Chimney Has *Convínced* over 2,000,000 Skeptical Housewives

THEY knew kerosene was economical—easy to handle.

But they did not believe it could ever be used satisfactorily for cooking purposes—not on account of the kerosene, but because of difficulties resulting from flimsy, smoky, unreliable, makeshift oil stoves.

Then we introduced the ***NEW PERFECTION****—with the Long Blue Chimney.*

And we pointed out that oil stoves had never been satisfactory because they had never before been *scientifically constructed.*

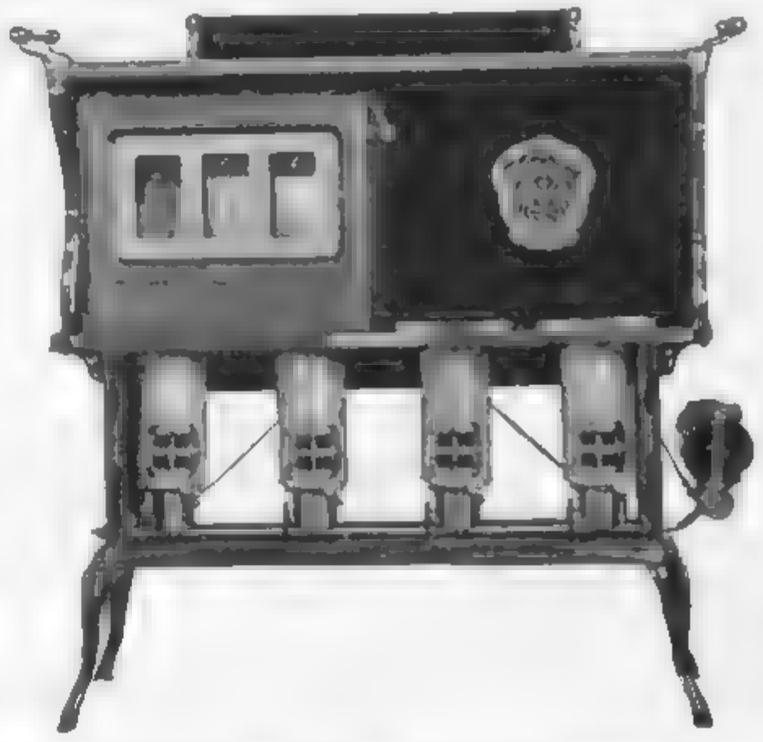
Consider the Lamp

No one ever thinks of using a lamp without a *long* glass chimney.

A *long* chimney creates a draft, furnishes the flame with enough air for perfect, clean combustion, and makes every drop of kerosene do all the work in its power. In the lamp that work is to furnish light.

And the Cook Stove

In the oil cook stove that work is to furnish heat. Although a long chimney is absolutely necessary for clean, intense heat, oil stove manufacturers had been making their stoves to burn the same fuel as a lamp—but making them *without the long chimney!*



THE NEW PERFECTION

with its *Long Blue Chimney* corrected this one big fault. Skeptics who tried the New Perfection became enthusiastic.

Today over two million women are using New Perfections.

6,000,000 meals a day are cooked over our *long blue chimneys.*

More than one home in ten has found the New Perfection way of escaping coal-hod, ash-pan drudgery.

The New Perfection means cool kitchens, no wood, no coal, no ashes, cinders or dirt. No fires to kindle. Lights and regulates like gas—on and off—up or down.

The New Perfection cooks for six people at an average fuel cost of six cents a day.

It can bake, roast, toast, do anything any stove can do.

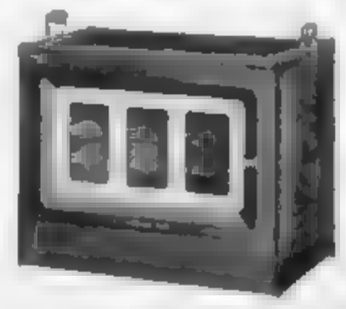
It is *the* successful oil stove, and the reason is the *long blue chimney.*

Are you a skeptic? Your neighbor has a New Perfection—ask her.

New Perfections, in many styles and sizes, are sold by most good dealers. Prices from $3.00 up.

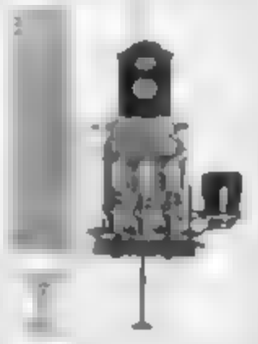
NEW PERFECTION OVENS

Bake to perfection because of correct heat circulation—no air pockets. Glass or steel doors. Fit any stove. Easily portable.



NEW PERFECTION KEROSENE WATER HEATER

Has three long blue chimneys and provides an abundant circulating supply of hot water for laundry, kitchen or bathroom at low cost. Easily installed. Write for booklet.



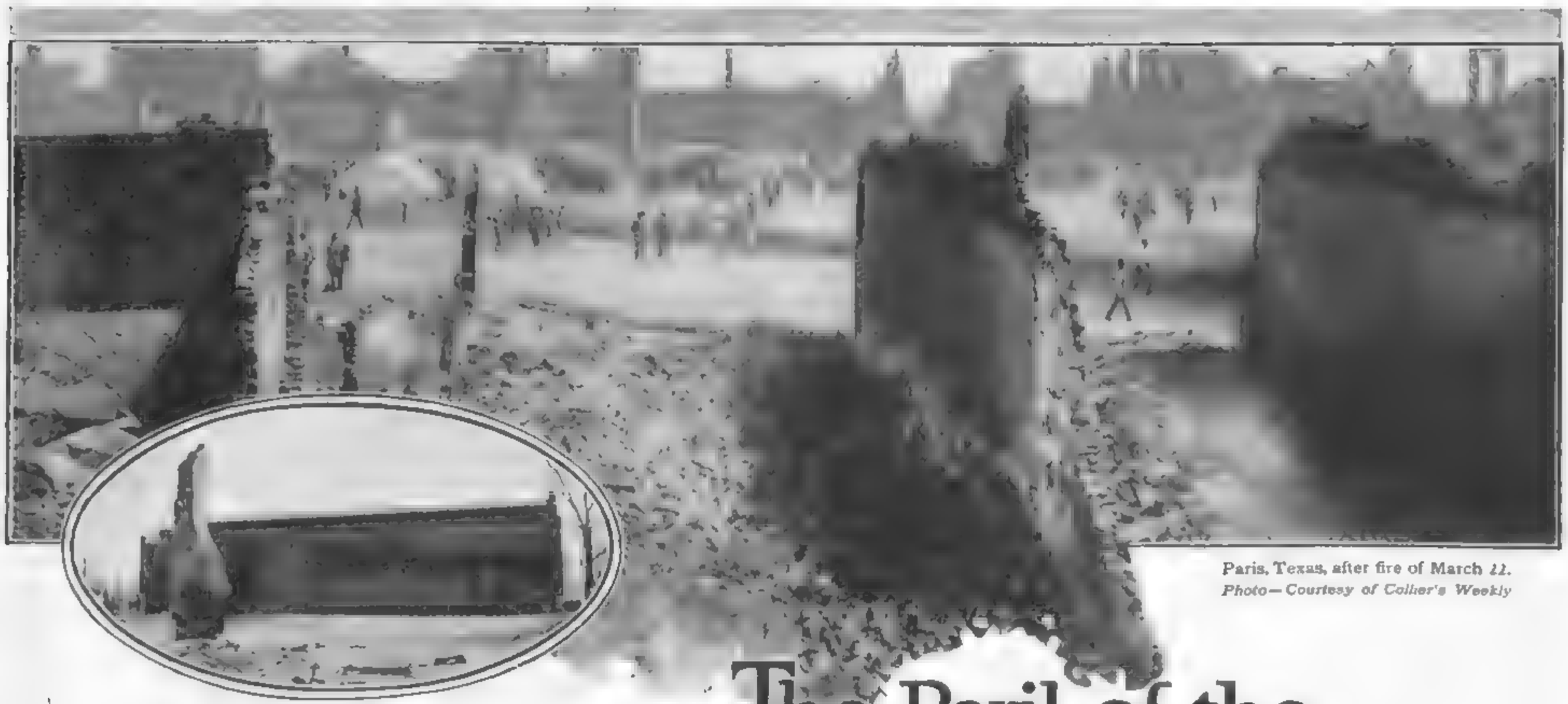
THE CLEVELAND FOUNDRY COMPANY

7301 Platt Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Also made in Canada by the Perfection Stove Company, Limited, Sarnia, Ontario.

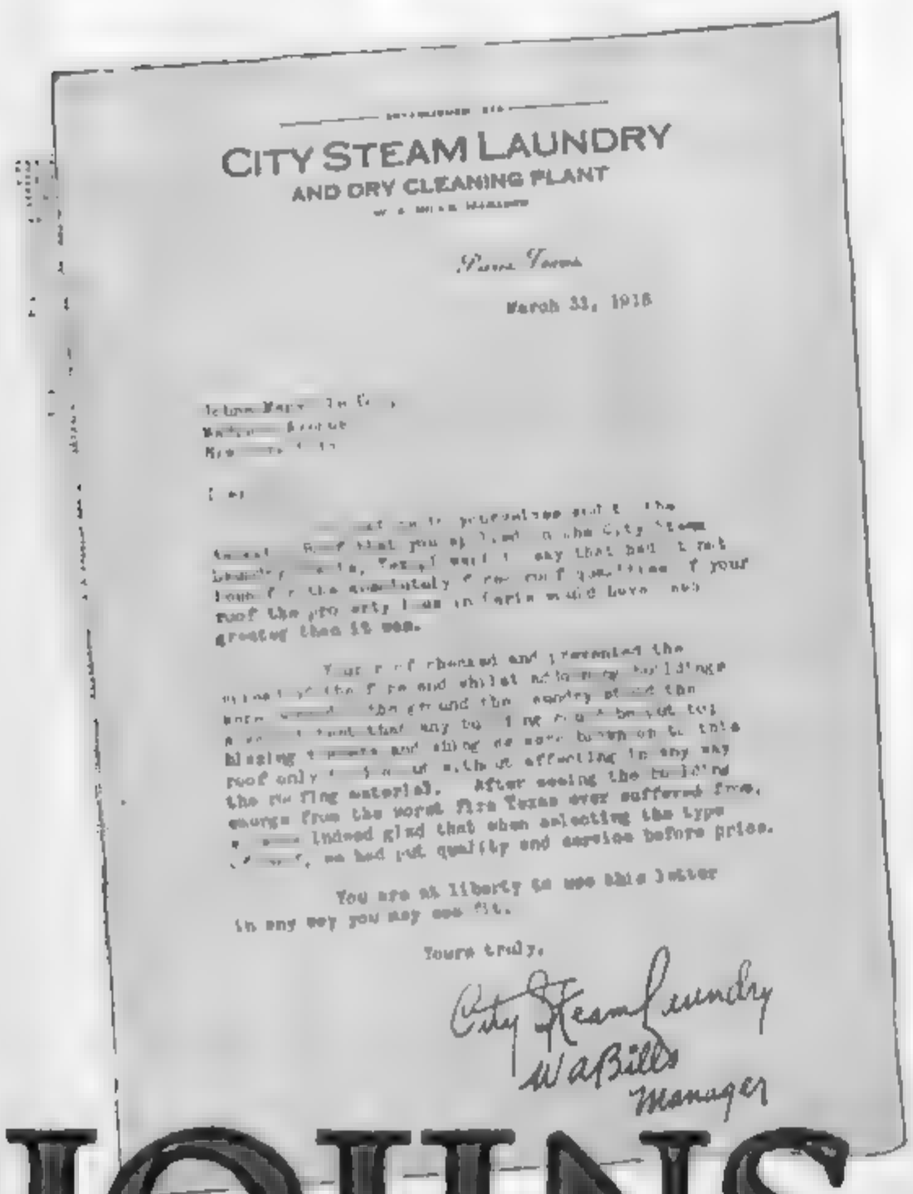
Write Dept. A for free catalogue and booklet, "What Every Woman Should Know."

NEW PERFECTION



Paris, Texas, after fire of March 11.
Photo—Courtesy of Collier's Weekly

This Building Survived.
Read the Letter and
learn Why



CITY STEAM LAUNDRY
AND DRY CLEANING PLANT

Paris, Texas

March 31, 1916

[illegible]

[illegible] roof that you applied on the City Steam Laundry [illegible], Texas, and will say that had it not been for the absolutely fire-proof qualities of your roof the property I own in Paris would have been greater than it was.

Your roof checked and prevented the [illegible] and whilst adjoining buildings [illegible] the ground the masonry stood the [illegible] that any two [illegible] blazing [illegible] and sides do more burning on this roof only [illegible] of which affecting in any way the roofing material. After seeing the building emerge from the worst fire Texas ever suffered from, I am indeed glad that when selecting the type [illegible], we had put quality and service before price.

You are at liberty to use this letter in any way you may see fit.

Yours truly,

City Steam Laundry
W. A. Bills
Manager

The Peril of the Inflammable Roof

FOUR cities swept by flames within 24 hours; (Paris, Texas—Nashville, Tenn.—Augusta, Ga.—and Tulsa, Okla.) bear witness to the folly of the inflammable roof.

Edward H. McCuistion, Mayor of Paris, Texas, has said that the loss was largely due to the prevalence of fire-inviting shingles. Concerning the Nashville disaster, Fire Prevention Commissioner Charles W. Schuyler said, "Practically every house that is burned had a shingle roof."

No building can be safer than its roof and no roof built of shingles or other inflammable material is safe.

Real protection demands a roof built of incombustible materials—a Johns-Manville Asbestos Roof.

The remarkable fire-resistant properties of J-M Asbestos are set forth in the letter at the left. J-M Asbestos saved this building and prevented the spread of the fire.

J-M Asbestos Roofings include a roofing for every purpose—J-M Asbestos Built-Up Roofing for flat roofs—J-M Asbestos Ready Roofing for sloping roofs and J-M Transite Asbestos Shingles.

J-M Transite Asbestos Shingles cannot burn in the hottest fire. Unlike many prepared shingles, they are *more* than fire-retardant—they are *fire-proof* and can be laid to take the base rate of fire insurance. They are the safe and logical roofing for homes—lighter and less expensive than tile or slate and supplied in a variety of colors, shapes and sizes that meet every artistic requirement.

Through an exclusive system of *J-M Roofing Registration* you can now place your J-M Roofing, when laid, under the supervision of the J-M Branch nearest you. This assures you of receiving the full service promised. Write for advice on any roofing question. Address your inquiry to the Roofing Service Department of the nearest J-M Branch.

All J-M Asbestos Roofings are examined, approved, classified and labeled by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc., under the direction of the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO.

Akron, [illegible], Detroit, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, New York, [illegible], San Francisco

The CANADIAN H. W. JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LTD., Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver

JOHNS-MANVILLE

ASBESTOS ROOFINGS

A Fire-Resistant Roofing for Every Purpose

JOHNS-MANVILLE SERVICE
COVERS THE CONTINENT
Serves More People in More Ways Than Any Other Institution of Its Kind in the World

(Continued from Page 70)

"The chances are," said the king-elect, "that I'll not be here next year—not if things turn out right."

"I'm perfectly dying to know. Please!"

Stoddard III glanced about. The school, in pairs and groups, was moving toward the study hall. He moved a trifle nearer and lowered his voice.

"Well, I'll tell you this much," he said. "You know that pearl I gave you?"

"Yes" breathlessly.

"It's about that. About what I said—a lot of them. Not cooked, you know. Real ones."

"You're going to get a lot of them?"

"Well, rather!"

"Will you give me one—just a little one—when you do?"

Would he?

"Look here," he said; "I've got to go now. Don't tell anyone, will you? And when I get them—well, you'll have pearls, all right!"

He moved off nonchalantly. Big Graham, appearing from the committee room, rushed to her side.

"Awfully sorry!" he said. "I cut it as quick as I could. Say, you're certainly looking fine to-night."

Miss Randall slowly turned her eyes from Stoddard III's retreating figure.

"I —— What did you say, Mr. Graham?" she asked blankly.

IV

A TEMPORARY madness had seized on Stoddard III; but even this storm, which centered about Miss Eloise Randall, did not entirely obliterate his habit of frequent and unseasonable food.

From nine until ten that night he worked hard in his room, with the door closed. Skinning and cleaning a rabbit with the blade of a safety razor is slow work. When a master may at any moment poke his head in and it is necessary to work behind the raised lid of a trunk, it becomes even slower. But at last it was done. With a sigh of relief he folded up the newspaper containing the rabbit's small pelt and the no longer essential portions of its internal economy; and, placing it inside the trunk, he closed the lid down on it.

He strode to the Wop's door and flung onto the bed a moist fragment.

"There's your share of the blamed thing!" he said briefly, and retired in good order.

"You come back here!" yelled the infuriated prime minister. "You come back here and clean up this place! What d'you mean by spoiling my pillow?"

Came nothing but silence and the closing of a door, followed by sounds through the thin partition, which the Wop accurately judged to be Stoddard III getting his alcohol stove from under a pile of boots. The Wop strode to his window and flung the piece of rabbit out into the night.

At eleven o'clock that night the Wop woke at the call of a sensitive nose. From the next room came stealthy movements and a hiss of frying. Over everything was the delicate aroma of hot butter and hare sauté. The Wop lay and sniffed, and his heart was bitter within him. He had schemed great schemes and a glance from a girl's eyes had ruined them!

"Oh, the devil!" said the Wop wearily, and turned over; but not to sleep.

In his rage he had dined lightly, and insistent rumblings just below his breastbone betrayed his stomach's resentment. And besides, the Wop was suffering remorse. He had not been quite square, and he knew it.

At last he could stand it no longer. The frying had taken on a sharper hiss. Stoddard III sneezed beyond the partition, which meant that the familiar stage of pepper and salt had been reached. The Wop got out of bed.

Two minutes later a chilly form in pajamas was feeling over the ground below the dormitory windows and muttering as it searched. An onlooker would have seen the figure stoop, stick something in the pajama pocket, and proceed laboriously up a rope to an open window, where it disappeared without sound.

Shortly after, the door into Stoddard III's room opened softly. Nothing was visible in the darkness save a small blue flame, six inches from the floor, and a brooding shadow above it. The Wop closed the door behind him and advanced.

"Cooking something?" asked the Wop in a whisper.

"No. Trying to keep warm," was the ungracious retort.

"I thought," said the Wop, "if you'd lend me the stove I'd cook my half."

"All right"—shortly.

The Wop sat down on the floor and waited while Stoddard III turned the rabbit with a nail file.

"Pretty near done, isn't it?"

"Yep."

"It smells fine! You certainly can cook."

Though silently received, the tribute had a softening effect. Besides, the Wop's visit was by nature of apology, and Stoddard III knew this. The apologies of boys to each other are always inarticulate.

"Tell you what I'll do: Gimme yours, I'll start it. There's room."

The Wop extracted the rabbit from his pocket and wiped it off with his hand.

"All right," he said indifferently.

But his heart swelled. Things were as they had been. The island domain was still theirs to conquer. A fellow might plan again. He drew a long breath.

"Kinda gritty," observed Stoddard III, feeling the rabbit. "Musta been wiping the floor with it."

He laid it carefully in the pan and, feeling in a rubber boot, drew out a box of crackers.

"Have some?" he asked politely.

They ate. Crumbs fell to the floor, whence they were whisked off in the darkness by the small and highly efficient mouse. When they had finished they gathered up the bones and Stoddard III placed them, on the pan, in his trunk. The crackers offered no problem, being gone *in toto*. Back went the butter, also into the trunk, and Stoddard III locked it and hid the key.

"Don't want that old housekeeper prying round in my trunk," he said. "She took a piece of Limburger cheese out of it last week. She's too darn officious."

The Wop, no longer rumbling, yawned and went off to his bed. Stoddard III struck a match and by the small flame inspected his upper lip. The result was unsatisfactory, lacking the strong glare of the sun. Somewhat sheepishly he took some cold cream from the chiffonier and rubbed it over his upper lip. Then he crawled into bed.

Thus, over food, were friendly relations between the king-elect and his prime minister reestablished. The Wop had had his lesson. Thereafter, during the period of Miss Randall's visit, he suffered in silence.

Suffer he did, for Stoddard III was plainly infatuated. And the Wop's shrewd eyes told him that Miss Randall was likewise affected. Not openly, but in a dozen subtle ways she showed it. Heretofore, visiting females had deigned no interest in any but the big boys of the sixth form. Miss Randall took the fifth form to her heart, was at its practice baseball games, was always about when its study hours were over, and petted the small boys in knickers who rooted for it.

Fear possessed the Wop—abject fear. Suppose Stoddard III and she became engaged before she left? Where, then, were his schemes? There was a sort of doglike quality in Stoddard III's eyes those days that suggested fidelity.

The Wop knew a fellow in college who had met a girl at prep school and got engaged to her, and was still engaged. The thought made him desperate.

"Blamed ass!" he muttered in disgust. "Spoiling everything! How's a fellow to plan with a bunch of curls hanging round spoiling everything?"

Luckily a quarrel over Lucille's picture lost two whole days for Stoddard III and gained them for the Wop.

"If you'll give me your picture I'll frame it," Stoddard III had said. "I've got a frame empty and ready."

"What was in the frame before?"

"Just a photograph," he evaded.

"Whose photograph?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Oh, I just wondered! I don't take a good picture, anyhow."

"Aren't you going to give me one?" said Stoddard III in a maudlin tone. "If you do I'll look at it every day. It will help me to remember you."

"Humph!"

"I mean," he said, agonized, "it will help me to remember just how you look. I'll never forget you. Never, Miss Randall!"

"I'll think about it," she observed rather frigidly, and was thoughtful during the remainder of the walk they were taking.

That evening Stoddard III saw her in earnest conversation with Big Graham, and suffered in the depths of his guilty heart—suffered jealousy and fear. He stole a minute after dinner and besought her.

WHITE TRUCKS

PREDOMINATE

Mechanical Theories

versus

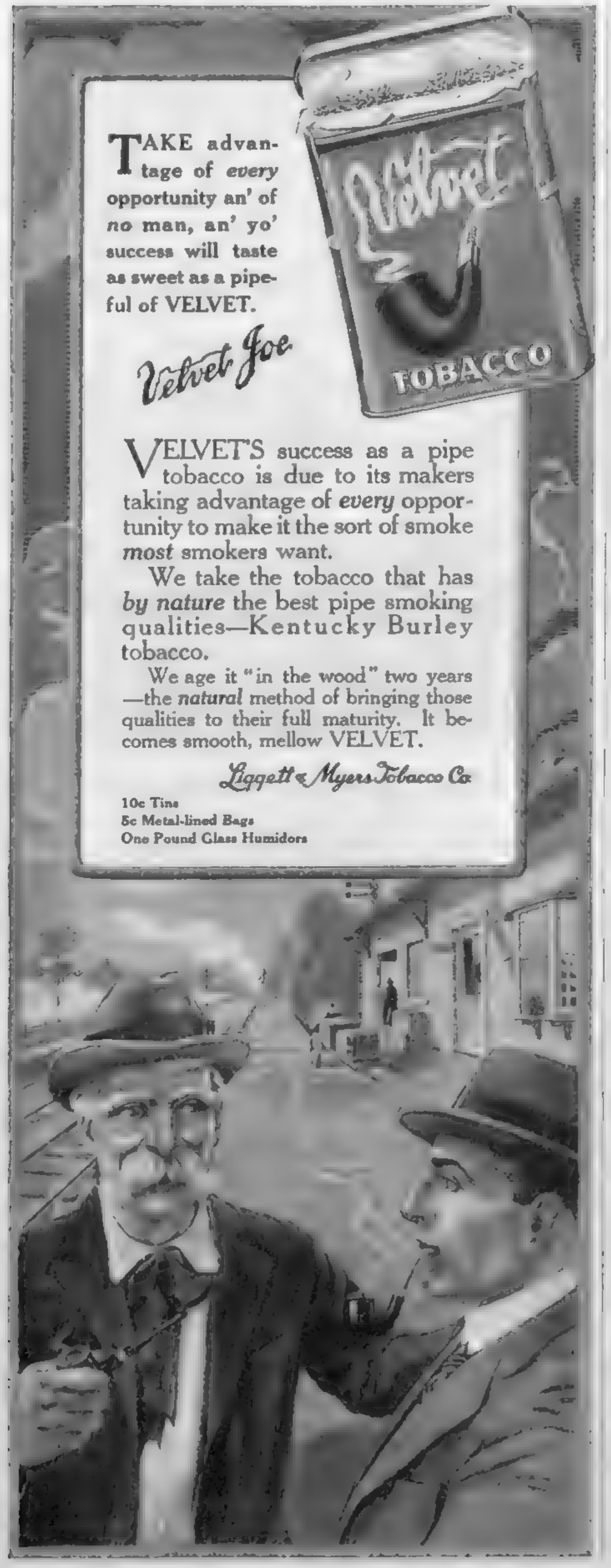
Truck Performance

THERE are four different types of final drive in motor trucks being advocated by their makers. Each has its merits—and demerits. It is impossible for the purchaser to determine their comparative values on a theoretical basis. He cannot reconcile the conflicting claims of rival engineers.

The wise buyer brushes aside mere theories of construction and selects the make which holds the record for performance. That is the only value he can know and the only value he can use. The White Truck record is reflected in its predominant annual sales—2 to 1 of any other make.

Largest Manufacturers of Commercial Motor Vehicles in America

The WHITE COMPANY Cleveland


TAKE advantage of *every* opportunity an' of *no* man, an' yo' success will taste as sweet as a pipeful of VELVET.
Velvet Joe
Velvet
TOBACCO
VELVET'S success as a pipe tobacco is due to its makers taking advantage of *every* opportunity to make it the sort of smoke *most* smokers want.
We take the tobacco that has *by nature* the best pipe smoking qualities—Kentucky Burley tobacco.
We age it "in the wood" two years —the *natural* method of bringing those qualities to their full maturity. It becomes smooth, mellow VELVET.
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
10c Tins
5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

"How about that photograph?" he asked.

"You're not going to get it."

"Why not?"

"I know about the picture of Mr. Graham's sister, and your taking it out and advertising the space for rent. I'm not looking for space for rent."

"I didn't do that!" His voice was desperate. "Honest—I didn't even think of it, Miss Randall. Some darned fool —— Look here; you don't think I'd do a thing like that, do you?"

"Where's the other photograph?" asked Miss Randall with suspicious sweetness.

"Honestly—I never cared for Lucille! Oh, I liked her. She was a friend of mine; but that's all. Since I first saw you that day on the field ——"

"Where's the other photograph?"

"In my trunk, I guess. I don't know."

"Take my advice," said Miss Randall coldly: "Get it out and put it back in the frame. I don't like fickle people, Mr. Stoddard."

For two days she ignored Stoddard III and developed a belated interest in the sixth form. Big Graham beamed and hung on her every glance. For two long days Stoddard III watched her from corners and invented excuses to come near and catch her eye. She looked through him, round him. For all she saw him, Stoddard III's sturdy form was of empty air; a ghost; a wraith; mist of the morning.

The Wop hid his triumph and waited. Came the last day of her stay and things were still *in statu quo*. Came luncheon, and for the first time she saw Stoddard III again. She turned full on him the battery of her eyes and asked for the salt. Stoddard III beamed and passed her the bread. She did not notice the difference. Under the shelter of the tablecloth she laid a soft hand on his knee.

"I've been cruel," she said. "I'm sorry!"

Having caught Stoddard III unexpectedly with his mouth full of potatoes, he gulped hurriedly and choked. In the midst of his paroxysm, however, he covered her hand with his. And when he could speak he said:

"I've been feeling awful!"

"But now we're friends again?"

"Forever and ever!" he said ardently.

Across the table he caught the Wop's eye. Before the meal was over he had made an appointment with her in the grounds for nine-thirty that night.

"To say good-by," he said.

"I don't want to go," she breathed. "You know that!"

"I'll ask you about that to-night," he said significantly.

The Wop gathered not the words but the import, and felt a sinking of the heart.

That afternoon the mail brought Stoddard III a letter in a lavender envelope. He received it with outward coldness and a roaring in his ears. It began abruptly with a request for the return of her photograph and a removal of the sign, "This space for rent"; and ended with the caustic comment that he would not hear from her again, as he had a new friend.

Stoddard III was angry, alarmed, distressed. He could not return the photograph as it was covered with butter. And he did not want to return it. Quite suddenly, when he was sixteen years and three months old, Stoddard III confronted the masculine problem of the ages: Why, in a monogamous country, born of monogamous parents into a monogamous religion, should a man be capable of loving two girls at the same time? Not only capable, but actually doing it. Not that Stoddard III used this language. Love was a subject discussed only in the abstract. What he said to himself was to the effect that it was the deuce of a note when a fellow was stuck on two girls at once!

But he faced his situation like a man and grimly drew his conclusion, which was that, after all, if there was polygamy on the island he would have no right to interfere with the native custom.

Placing a blotter on the photograph and pressing with a hot iron, surreptitiously taken from the housekeeper's room, did not remove the butter. Anyhow, he did not wish to part with the picture. He derived a melancholy pleasure from looking at it. And as discovery was imminent he flung the hot iron into his trunk and went down town.

Miss Randall spent the afternoon in packing, and Stoddard III in Small's, eating three dozen raw oysters. At the end of that time his zeal was unflagging, but his allowance had failed; and the offer of his fountain pen for another dozen met with failure. To tell the truth, during the week Small had accumulated various articles not immediately negotiable; and as the oysters were purchased on a cash basis he was loath to take more. The collection thus far included studs; cuff links; scarfpins; numerous pocketknives; a photograph frame from which a doting mother's picture had been removed; a knife, fork and corkscrew, folded in a leather case; a brass inkwell; three fountain pens, and a watch fob.

"What do you boys think this is, anyhow?" Mr. Small demanded of Stoddard III. "A secondhand store?"

"It's a good pen. It cost two dollars and a half," Stoddard III pleaded. "I've hardly used it. I use a pencil mostly."

"What strikes me," Mr. Small went on reflectively, "is why the dickens that school of yours has gone oyster-crazy! We've had runs on oysters before, but they ain't been one-two-three to this one. What's wrong at your place? Don't they feed you any more?"

Stoddard III did not reply. He was going through his pockets.

"How about this key ring?" he inquired. "It's silver."

There was something desperate about Stoddard III and Mr. Small felt it. He eyed him keenly.

"Tell you what I'll do," he said with deliberation and weight: "I don't keep any charge accounts, but if you're as bad off as that you can pay me next week. I don't like to see you fellows going hungry."

Hungry! As Stoddard III sat down to his fourth dozen his very soul revolted. He had hoped for a pearl. A pearl to give as a pledge to the pearl of all girls. A pearl that would redeem him from the stigma of the Wop's bold statement anent the cooked one. A pearl that she could keep; and that later on, when he had some money, he could put in a ring. A pearl that ——

Ye gods, how he hated oysters! How he hated the very shape and sliminess of them! But Mr. Small, who never did things by halves, had himself brought a dozen extra large ones and stood by benevolently.

"Now go to it!" he said. "Eat yourself to death! You won't find any juicier, plumper oysters anywhere."

He loathed their juiciness and plumpness. He loathed having to chew them, as he must in case one sheltered a pearl. He loathed Small and all the little Smalls who played round the place. Ugh!

Then and there Stoddard III developed a hatred of oysters that was permanent. Owing to the convention that says a gentleman must keep the heels of his boots clean and eat his oysters whole, he struggled with large, opulent, slimy mouthfuls that made his stomach turn over and lie on its other side.

And still there was no pearl. And still Small stood and watched and smiled.

It was a coldly perspiring, nauseated and embittered Stoddard III who staggered out of Small's that afternoon and, standing in the sunlight, wiped his clammy forehead with a handkerchief.

"If I ever see an oyster again!" he muttered. "Ye gods!"

He had no pearl for Miss Randall. He looked into Small's window, and there were heaps of oysters in shells pouring attractively out of a keg, which was turned on its side. A large, feebly living green lobster was tied to the top of the keg by a string. It was, Mr. Small considered, a tasty window.

Stoddard III stood and stared. Then he went back to the door and stood where the fishy odor was not too strong.

"Say, Mr. Small," he said, "make that charge two dozen, and lemme take a dozen with me."

Mr. Small eyed him.

"You're no piker, are you?" he said. "I've seen people before who liked oysters, but I guess this is the first time I've struck a case of pure infatuation. There are," he reflected, "some folks who have the appetite and others who have the room; but it's not often they happen together."

"Will you?" implored Stoddard III.

Mr. Small folded up the corners of a piece of pasteboard until it assumed the shape of a box.

"I'll make a bargain with you," he said. "We don't have your kind often and I'd hate to lose you. I'll do it if you'll go home and take a liver pill."

Stoddard III agreed. He thought it might be a good idea. He felt rather queer.

(Continued on Page 77)

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—*An offer on which you can't lose*

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Maybe it's a poor crop, or a pest, or sick poultry, or a building to put up, or what not.

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We are the exclusive manufacturers of the Magnetic type speedometer. This principle is used in only two speedometers, both made by us—the Stewart Speedometer and the Warner Auto-Meter.

There are other principles. We could have used any one of them. We experimented with all of them; in fact, we did use one of them and for several years manufactured several hundred thousand speedometers with this principle, but found them all unsatisfactory and finally adopted the Magnetic principle.

The Magnetic principle lent itself to exactly the type of speedometer we wanted to build.

What we sought was permanent accuracy—simple construction—a speedometer that would be on the job every day and give satisfaction throughout the life of the car.

No need here for a long, dry technical comparative explanation. Suffice it to say that under every test, in every climate, under every condition, this speedometer squares up 100% perfect at all times.

We knew the magnetic speedometer would revolutionize the speedometer industry. And it surely has.

Over 95% of all automobile makers use the Stewart and it has been used by these manufacturers for years. They are not willing to experiment with other types. They willingly pay the extra cost of the Stewart. They want the best.

See that the car you buy has a Stewart Magnetic Speedometer. No other will satisfy you.

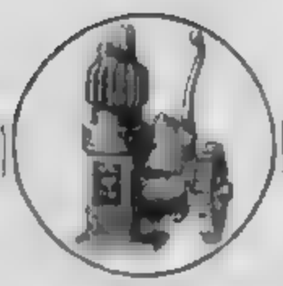
Look for the magnetic dial—it shows the accurate mile.

It is wise to look for Stewart Products on the car you are considering buying because they are the real criterion of a car's built-in quality. A Stewart Tire Pump, Stewart Vacuum System, Stewart Warning Signal and Stewart Speedometer will cost you nothing extra.

Stewart Products For Sale by Accessory Dealers, Automobile Dealers and Garages—Everywhere

Branches and Service Stations in all principal cities

The Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corporation, Chicago, Ill.



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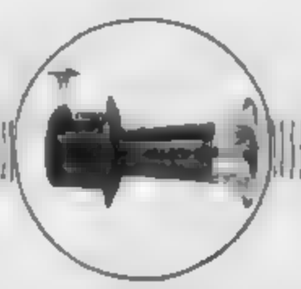
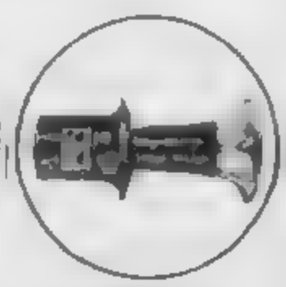
$10

Stewart Speedometer



Stewart
Hand-Operated
Warning Signal $3 50



Stewart
Motor-Driven
Warning Signal $6

(Continued from Page 74)

With the box under his arm, he walked back to the school slowly. There was no hurry. Miss Randall was packing. He tried not to think of oysters, but the very handkerchief with which, ever and anon, he mopped his cold forehead was scented with them. Ugh! And again, ugh!

The oyster is a curious food. There is nothing halfway about it. One either loves an oyster or hates it. Stoddard III hated oysters. He could not bring himself to any further search for pearls. He thrust the box of oysters into his trunk and tried to forget about it.

During the remainder of the afternoon he felt rather unwell and, the taste of the obnoxious bivalves persisting, he attempted to drive it away with two bottles of pop. At five o'clock Professor Randall's wife had a farewell for her niece and invited the school.

Stoddard III drank two cups of tea and ate a variety of sandwiches, specializing on cheese; but his stomach continued restive, and even the solace of the hearty dinner he offered it at seven merely appeased it for a time.

The Wop watched him. He had put in an anxious day, but he felt despairingly that the evening would seal the doom of his plans. Stoddard III had a light in his eyes compounded of indigestion and determination. The Wop, viewing it darkly from the outside, decided that it meant an engagement. What part was indigestion he took for preproposal qualms. He considered. Before dinner he approached Stoddard III.

"How about the Chimney to-night? I've thought of a lot of things that need talking over."

"Can't. Got an engagement."

"What sort of an engagement?"

"Now see here," said Stoddard III; "it's none of your business what it is. Just because we've agreed to do a certain thing doesn't give you any right to be always butting in on my affairs, does it?"

"I've got some money from home. If you like I'll get some things to eat."

"I'm not hungry. Sorry, old top. If to-morrow night will do, all right."

"I'll get some wieners and rye bread. How'll that do?"

"No; thanks."

"Now listen!" the Wop said, and played his ace of trumps. "This is important and it's got to be decided before we go on. You come and I'll buy some oysters down at Small's. We can sit up snug as anything, and eat and talk, and maybe get a pearl; and —"

"Ye gods!" cried the nauseated king-elect. "Haven't I told you no? No! No!! And don't come round here talking about oysters when I don't feel just right."

"Well, you needn't be so short about it. What time's your engagement?"

The Wop was thinking hard. Having failed with his trump card he fell back on a finesse.

"Nine o'clock or so."

"Well," argued the Wop, "this thing I want to put up to you's important, but it needn't take a lot of time."

Ten minutes later the king-elect, goaded to compromise, agreed to a short seance on the roof, in return for which royal favor his henchman was to see that his final interview with Miss Randall was undisturbed. He impressed the gravity of the situation on the Wop.

"Now this thing's got to go right," he said. "It's the last chance I'll have and I wouldn't miss it for a thousand islands."

"Chance for what? You're not going to get engaged to her, are you?"

"Of course not! But"—he turned a gleaming eye toward the Wop—"if I want to I will, and don't you forget it! I haven't agreed yet to that Chief's daughter proposition and I don't know that I'm going to do it."

Stoddard III made a careful toilet that evening and emerged a symphony in bright green—tie, socks and handkerchief. Skin, too, had there been a mother round to notice the corners of his mouth and the hollows on each side of his royal nose. The smell of boiled turnips filled the dining room, aided and abetted by brown and crackly roast pork.

Under the stimulus of Miss Randall's presence he ate heartily, especially pork and rice pudding. He was greatly excited, almost brilliant. It was then that he made his celebrated pun on the name of the infirmary nurse, familiarly called Ann behind her back. "Ann what?" asked Miss Randall, twisting a delightful curl that hung over her shoulder.

"Ann T. Septic," said Stoddard III; and then and there he became the school wit.

"Septic? What a funny name! Oh, I see! How clever of you! How awfully clever! You're the quickest boy I ever knew. Honestly!"

On the strength of this Stoddard III took what remained of his right-hand neighbor's pudding. He was feeling fine—except for a slight headache. He didn't know that he'd ever felt better. His mind was working without effort. He could think of a dozen puns, and did—some of them very bad. Miss Randall giggled. The table listened and chuckled. His temperature was about a hundred and one.

"You won't forget, will you?" he whispered ardently under the clatter of the school rising and pushing back the chairs.

"No, indeed! Are you sure you won't?"

"Me!" He was astounded, hurt. "What do you think I am? I'll be there—sure; with bells on."

She shot him one quick glance from under her lashes. There was no doubt about Miss Randall's sentiments. She was quite openly gone.

The tactics of girls at sixteen are instinctive and divide themselves into two classes: Those who woo by first coquetry and then indifference, who keep the loved ones dangling, alternately happy and despairing; and those who by sheer open devotion proclaim themselves the slaves, and the youths of their affections the masters. It is about this class that the great love stories of the world have centered.

Miss Randall was willing to be a slave.

Evening study was a dream hour, in which Stoddard III married Miss Randall; and under her gleaming veil she wore string on string of pearls. During the last quarter of an hour he built her a palace on the island, patterned rather after an illustration of Maxfield Parrish's for the Arabian Nights, and consisting mainly of long vistas of marble columns, ending in two thronelike chairs on a dais. An unhomelike place, but royal; very royal! Before the throne were slaves kneeling with jars of pearls. The pearls made him think of oysters. His head ached.

The room was quiet—that quiet which contains an infinitude of small sounds—the muffled shuffling of feet, the moving of books and turning of pages. The master in charge sat at his desk and made a sketch of a nine-hole golf links for the back field, which he intended to suggest to the executive committee. Stoddard III was startled once, on looking up, to observe that there were two of him, wearing two red neckties and two pairs of glasses. There was, however, only one pair of hands. This reassured him. His head continued to ache.

v

AT NINE-TEN, true to his promise, Stoddard III was at the Chimney. It being early, and a night when the German master invariably took the eight-eleven train to call on a young lady named Rosenbauer, access to the Chimney had been easy and ropeless. The tradition of Wednesday evenings, between the eight-eleven out and the ten-thirty-eight back, was to reach the Chimney through the German master's window, which opened on the mansard. It was the only window so placed.

The Wop had brought peanuts. Beyond that he had no plans. He had worried an inventive brain to the breaking point, but nothing had come of it. Unless fate intervened, Stoddard III would meet Miss Randall at nine-thirty. Stoddard III had it bad. All the signs showed it. In spite of Lucille's displacement, the Wop suspected in Stoddard III a sort of doglike fidelity that would hold to Miss Randall through the years. He produced the peanuts.

"Have some?"

"I'm not hungry," said Stoddard III, but took one.

Now the way of one peanut leads to a second, and that to a third—and so *ad infinitum*. During the conversation that followed Stoddard III munched steadily. They took the taste of oysters out of his mouth.

"Now," he said, "out with it and be quick. I haven't a lot of time."

The Wop sparred for time.

"I can't jump into it like that. If you can't spare a little time when maybe your whole future's at stake ——"

"For heaven's sake!" cried Stoddard III furiously. "It doesn't have to be settled to-night, does it?"

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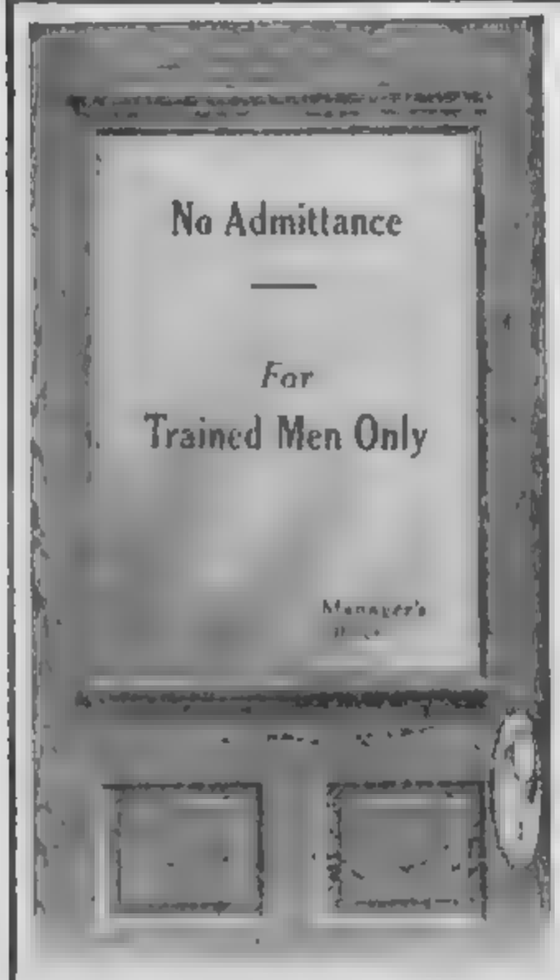

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"How am I to go on if I don't know your opinion of things? I'm only the prime minister. The whole business is really up to you, isn't it?"

Oh, adroit Wop! Wily Wop! Shrewd and sharp and understanding Wop!

"Well, what do you want me to decide about?"

The Wop edged closer along the ridgepole and lowered his voice.

"Secret Service," he said in a low, thrilling whisper.

"We've got," he went on rapidly, "to have the best Secret Service in the world. We've got to know things before they happen. We've got to know what people all over the earth are thinking before they think it."

The contagion caught Stoddard III by the throat and extended down his spine in the form of a chill, compounded of excitement and indigestion.

"Why?"

"The pearls!"

"Oh, of course! Certainly. The pearls." But he was not exactly certain, even then.

"Listen!" said the Wop. "The minute it's known that we have beds of oyster pearls all the countries will be after us. Especially Japan. Germany will want us, because, having no seafront to speak of, and that north, she has no pearl fisheries. D'you see?"

"I see, of course! I'm not just sure about how to fix up the Secret Service part. We'd better think it over when we have more time. What time do you think it is?"

"Oh, just a little after nine. You've lots of time. Now listen!" He was talking desperately against time. "The first thing to have in Secret Service is a code."

Stoddard III sat up. This was something like!

"Sure thing!" he said.

"A real code. We'll have to memorize it, so no one can steal the key."

"Well, I suppose so." Not so eagerly. Stoddard III had a poor memory.

"We ought to be perfect in it. We'd better fix one up right away, so we can begin to practice it."

"We can't be the whole Secret Service."

"No; I've thought of that. It ought to be a series of circles. If I'm the head—you can be if you want to."

"I don't. I'm going to light a match and look at my watch."

"That's it!" said the Wop disgustedly. "Give the whole business away. Stand up and shout your fool head off. I don't care."

"Well, go on, then. I guess I've got five minutes. You can be the head. I'd forget the code or something."

"Listen! I'm the head. Round me there's the inner circle, say, six. They know who I am. No one else knows but the king. Do you see? And outside that there's the circle of sixty, and they only know the six. They don't know me. Do you get it?" He peered over at Stoddard III. "I don't believe you heard a word I said!"

"I—I feel kinda sick," said Stoddard III. "I —— Put those peanuts away, will you?"

The Wop obeyed rather absently. His mind was elsewhere.

"The sixty, in turn, are heads of circles. Everything worth knowing all over the world is brought them by their agents, who give it to the six, who give it to me. In that way what I don't know won't be worth knowing."

"I wish you'd stop eating those peanuts," said Stoddard III fretfully. "I'm not well, I tell you. I feel queer. I ——" He rose. "I've got to go," he said. "It's all right. Anything you say. We'll fix up a code to-morrow."

The Wop had failed, after all. As Stoddard III steadied himself by the Chimney the clock in the town, a mile away, struck the half hour. Stoddard III steadied himself by the Chimney and down below a girlish figure emerged from Professor Randall's house and stood looking about. Stoddard III could see the figure and instantly the nausea deserted him.

Gone was everything else. The code. Secret Service. Pearls. The dream of empire. Remained only a girl below, waiting for him. "So long!" he said, and slid carefully down the slope of the roof.

The girlish figure waited, and Stoddard III made his way along the gutter; and the German master, who had missed his train and caught a cold, was on his way up to his room, carrying a pitcher of hot lemonade.

Stoddard III, halfway through the window, heard him coming, made a desperate effort to reach the corridor before he turned the corner, failed and dived under the bed.

The master entered, swore gutturally at the open window, slammed it down, took a drink of hot lemonade, wound his watch, sneezed, took more lemonade, drew off his coat, took two quinine pills—and then sat down on the bed and took off his shoes.

The open window was on his mind. Suspicion has its native habitat in the minds of masters. More than once he had suspected the use of that window as a way to the roof. So now, thoughtfully, he went to it and, raising it, stuck his head out.

"You poys up there on the roof!" he called. "This vindow will be locked all night. And my door likevise. Goot night!"

He banged it shut, fastened it, locked his door, put the key under the pillow of his bed and proceeded with his disrobing.

A quarter to ten struck on the town clock. At ten o'clock the master was in bed, with his reading lamp on and the key under his head. The pitcher of hot lemonade was on the floor beside him and every time he sneezed he took a sip of it. He read Schopenhauer until midnight!

And under the bed lay tragedy. None the less tragedy that after ten, when hope was dead of a locked door, Stoddard III dozed occasionally. Dozed and dreamed miserably. Dozed to waken to an intolerable thirst, with the pitcher of lemonade within touch, but, alas! not within reach.

At midnight the master turned the light out and lay reflecting. He reflected on many things. On the general cussedness of boys. On their lack of imagination. On the charms of Miss Rosenbauer. He slept finally; and Stoddard III, rousing to thirst and reckless with it, finished the lemonade, which was very strong, and settled to the deep sleep of despair—four dozen raw oysters, cheese sandwiches and two cups of tea, roast beef, potatoes, cauliflower, sliced tomatoes, two saucers of rice pudding, a bag of peanuts and half a pitcher of strong lemonade, to which had been added a dash of whisky.

At two A. M. a cold wind came up, bringing a flurry of snow. Stoddard III slept soundly through a tapping at the window, which roused the master; slept soundly as the Wop was admitted, recognized and grimly but silently appraised and allowed to proceed to his own quarters; slept while the irate Wop, who had waited for the rope of succor, which had not come, proceeded to Stoddard III's room and found it empty.

The Wop was dazed. Recklessly he turned on the light and stared about it. Then, on tiptoe, he made a circuit of the dormitory to see if Stoddard III was sharing another's couch. He was not. Awful thoughts filled the Wop's imaginative mind. The terror of two A. M. clutched him.

At dawn the dormitory master woke to find the Wop, fully dressed, standing over him. He sat up, with the specter of fire in his mind.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"It's Stoddard III, sir. I don't know where he is."

"Isn't he in bed?"

"No, sir. He hasn't been to bed at all."

The dormitory master put on his trousers and slippers, firing questions meantime. The Wop was reticent, acknowledging the Chimney and Stoddard III leaving him there. Awful visions of a crushed figure on the ground filled the master's mind. Into the chill dawn he and the Wop hurried. The wind blew the master's dressing gown round his legs. The snow got into his slippers. But there was no Stoddard III.

At last the master turned and faced the Wop.

"Now look here," he said; "you're keeping something back. You know where that boy is."

"I do not, sir."

"You've got an idea."

"Not—not unless he has eloped, sir."

"Eloped!"

"It was Professor Randall's niece. He was to meet her at nine-thirty."

The master swore softly and padded through the spring snow to Professor Randall's. The Wop followed. He did not know what else to do. He was quite certain that Stoddard III had eloped—certain, and angry. It was disloyal. It upset his plans. It left him, so to speak, kingless.

But Professor Randall reported his niece asleep.

Breakfast found the school agog. Stoddard III had run away; had, it was discovered, gone into the winter night hatless and coatless. The head master did not

(Concluded on Page 81)

One of Bisenius' sons has charge of all the book and figure work. He totals all the credit register accounts on the Burroughs and knows they are right
Bisenius & Sons,
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.
Frank Smalley
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He *Thought* His Accounts Were Correct—

Until He Found That $13 Error

IT'S usually the man that has already made a success of his business who is most anxious to find its weak points and strengthen them. And Mr. Bisenius is no exception to the rule.

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Bisenius & Sons have built up a general store business in Cascade, Iowa. They carry a lot of credit accounts and, as is usual in rural districts, some of them run a long time. Consequently there are many additions on the credit slips and many footings to be carried forward from day to day and month to month

To lessen the labor of checking over all those items, Mr. Bisenius bought a Burroughs Figuring Machine to reinforce his credit register.

And Then It Turned Up!

The machine can't make mistakes in adding—but human beings can—and when the Burroughs began to prove up the credit register accounts it found mistakes in addition and in carrying forward totals—as shown at the right.

And don't forget that Bisenius & Sons have a very reliable credit register and have always been careful in checking accounts. What happened in their case happens to thousands of merchants *every day*—not through any fault in the register, but because mistakes are inevitable in human calculations

Safeguarding the Profits

You can't eliminate the liability of human error from pen or pencil bookkeeping—but no matter what system of bookkeeping you use, you can check the figures with a Burroughs—*before the error gets to the customer.*

With his Burroughs, Mr. Bisenius knows his bills are right. No overcharges can offend a customer, no undercharges can steal away his profits

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Mr. Bisenius was quick to see that cash sales needed watching, too. *And there's no way to correct an error in adding cash items after the customer has left the store.* The transaction is closed and a dime lost is lost for good

So the Burroughs stands right on the counter, and is used to add up cash sales of three or more items

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In spare time the Burroughs checks invoices, adds freight bills and helps on all the book and figure work.

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In Mr. Bisenius' own words. "It's the most profitable fixture we ever put in our store. It saves not only money, but a great deal of time and mental strain"

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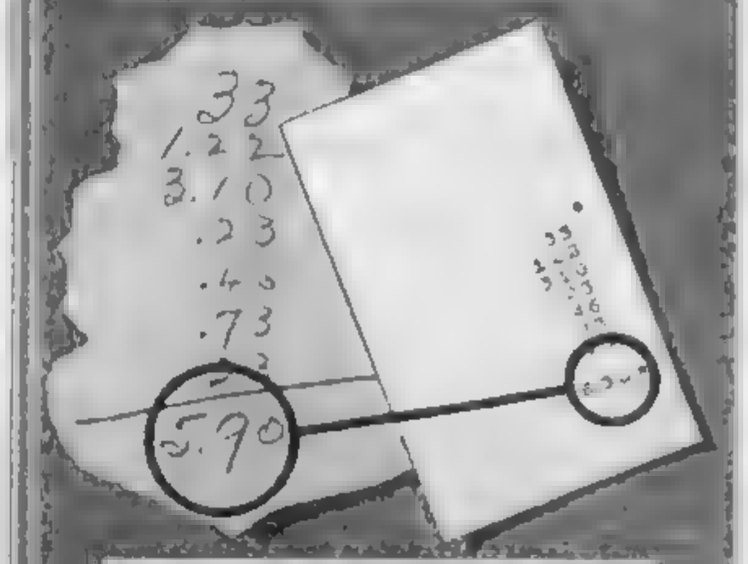
The Burroughs can't make mistakes. It runs over all the items on a credit account adds them automatically and instantly shows, before the customer is gone, whether or not the total is correct. If it isn't, it shows where the error is. It prevents mistakes, saves time, and makes customers feel that they are getting fair treatment.



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Figuring cash sales on wrapping paper is common in retail stores. The Burroughs way is quicker, neater and more accurate. It stops the unseen losses that eat up profits.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES
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Tire Cost is cost per mile, plus part of the cost of repairs to the truck mechanism, plus a share of the sum written off each year for the depreciation of your trucks.

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Ordinary truck tires are vulcanized under a couple of hundred tons pressure.

United States Truck Tires are vulcanized under a pressure of eight hundred tons—think of it! 1,600,000 pounds—in the only press of its kind in the United States. This tremendous pressure gives the rubber compound almost unbelievable toughness and resiliency.

As a result of increased toughness, United States Truck Tires cut Tire Cost per mile by resisting wear. As a result of increased resiliency they cut repair bills by eliminating jolts and jars. At the end of each year's running on United States Tires, a much smaller sum is charged off against a truck for depreciation.

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Branches in all principal cities give prompt, liberal, courteous service

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

(Concluded from Page 78)

come to breakfast, but sat at the telephone. The Latin master, recalling verbs of admonishing, wishing, permitting, determining, and others, felt qualms. He had been severe! But the really worried person was Mr. Small, to whom the station master had confided that Stoddard III was missing and that the school had inquired about the passengers on the night trains.

Mr. Small was stricken to confession.

"Five dozen in all," he finished. "Large ones too. Now a boy can eat two dozen and get away with it; but after five dozen he's not responsible. Or take it the other way round: A boy who will eat five dozen raw oysters ain't responsible. Anyhow, I wish't I'd never given him any."

Miss Randall left at eight-forty-five o'clock. The news had been kept from her. She left with her small chin held high and her eyes slightly red. She wore Big Graham's frat pin and promised to write to at least six boys. But her eyes searched the crowd in vain for Stoddard III.

At ten o'clock the German master went to his room for more quinine, and in the hall met a maidservant, screaming violently. When reduced to speech she gasped that she had run the carpet sweeper under the master's bed and struck something which groaned.

It was thus ignominiously that Stoddard III, king-elect, was discovered.

Four days later Mrs. Stoddard II sat in the consulting room of the school infirmary and wrote a letter to Mr. Stoddard II.

"He was delirious for two days," she wrote. "He seemed to think he had a harem or something, and had to eat oysters to supply his wives with pearls! He is all right now, and very amiable—except yesterday, when the nurse offered him some clam broth.

"I shall bring him home to-morrow for a week. The doctor says he is run down and has been studying too hard; but I am convinced that that is not the real reason.

"He is growing; and, frankly, I do not think he has been getting enough to eat. I am not very keen about boarding schools, anyhow. Not enough food and a starved imagination is the way I sum up the situation.

"You might have Maggie order some sweetbreads, and do get a keg of those Baltimore oysters. They are so strengthening."

That evening Stoddard III and his mother were in his room. Stoddard III was propped in a chair and his mother was folding clothing ready to pack in his trunk. She stopped and sniffed.

"You don't have rats round, do you, dear?" she inquired.

"Mice," said the king-elect with pleasurable languor.

"I think there's one dead somewhere," she observed. "If there is, that's probably what made you ill. Pull the blanket over your chest and I'll open the window."

But, by Stoddard III's trunk, she stopped and sniffed again.

"It's really horrible!" she commented. "I shall report it at once. Where's the trunk key, dear?"

Memory and a great fear seized Stoddard III and gripped him.

"I guess you'd better let the fellow next door come in and clear out that trunk, mother," he said. "It's—it's full of all sorts of things. Honestly—I think you'd better."

She was firm and Stoddard III was too weak to protest. She flung up the lid, took one glance at its contents, one breath, and slammed it shut.

"Mercy!" she said. "I never—why, what ——"

"Now listen, mother," he implored; "I forgot there were clothes in there, but they'll air all right. Anyhow, it's nothing but a few oysters and the insides of a rabbit; and maybe some butter and a few things to eat."

Late that night the Wop crept into Stoddard III's room. He carried something clutched in the palm of his hand.

"Well?" inquired Stoddard III eagerly.

"I did it!" said the Wop; round him there clung an aroma of pleasant things long dead.

"It was no cinch—believe me! Smell! Say, I never ——"

"Did you find anything?"

The Wop extended his hand. In the palm lay a small, irregular pearl, odorous, but—a pearl.

"What d'you call that?" he demanded.

The king-elect lay back on his pillow and smiled. Gone were madness and infatuation. Gone was the bitterness of three weeks and two days of waiting. Back on its throne was reason.

"Look here," he said; "I'm with you on the island business. But we're going to can that polygamy stuff. See?"

"All right," said the prime minister. "What'll I do with the pearl?"

"I'm going to send it to a girl," said the king-elect firmly. "Get a pen there and write for me, will you?"

The prime minister obeyed.

"Ready?" asked the king-elect. "All right! '*Dear Lucille* —'"

A breeze came through the open window and past the trunk, lid raised and airing. It stirred the pajamas round the Wop's thin ankles, played over the faintly darkened upper lip of Stoddard III, and overturned on the chiffonier the photograph of a girl, somewhat stained with melted butter.

"'*Dear Lucille:* I have been sick, but am better. A friend of mine is writing this for me. I send inclosed a small pearl. Some day I shall tell you what it means—and maybe get you some better ones.'"

The Wop lifted his eyes and met Stoddard III's kingly-elect ones. For a moment their glances locked. Then Stoddard III triumphed. The Wop bent over the paper.

"Is there an 'e' in writing?" he asked.

AN ASCENT OF THE SHARK'S TOOTH

(Continued from Page 21)

me to stand on. But for the most part each one had to work out his own salvation, and I had also constantly to find my own holds when I could not reach those Démarchi had used. When at last I had come up with Démarchi now and again I would have to stand aside while he held the rope taut for Ravanel to follow—no shoulder left for him to climb onto. Many times I would call to the men to be prepared, that I expected to slip or feared I could not reach the holes. Sometimes I did slip. More often I did not; but always they were ready, always watching me and each other, even without warnings.

Midway there was a "chimney"—a crack up which we must squirm. A five-minute struggle and Démarchi was up—how, I do not know. I followed, using back and knees as well as hands and feet, now feeling above my head with my hand, now below with my foot, for some hold that must be found by groping, with no room to look up or down. For the whole thirty feet there seemed to be no good holds, especially for the feet. Near the top a shelving rock offered a support but no assurance against slipping, except the roughness of its surface. With difficulty I got my knee up, got a handhold above, raised myself enough to get my foot on the rock, and was in the act of pulling myself up when my foot slipped and I hung by my fingers alone.

It was the first time I had ever slipped that I had not been able instantly to recover myself; and I might have fallen but for the rope. But Démarchi was watching from above and had the rope taut. Almost as I slipped he gave a slight pull—just enough for me to recover my footing, look up, see where next to put my knee and how to get a better handhold, and in another moment I had pulled myself up to the top.

To be pulled up is not climbing, and the chief use of the rope is its moral support. With a good rope and good guides, accidents are few. They occur almost entirely to those who go without guides. A good guide seems never to slip; but he takes no serious risks and can be trusted to turn back in case of actual danger. His judgment is almost unerring, and the "first guide" is the master of the *caravane* as truly as is the captain of his ship. Only after prolonged experience do the guides receive their certificates, which must be renewed each year.

At last we were all up the chimney, only to find worse trouble ahead; for now came

What "kills" your automobile finish?

Science answers "Oxidation"

THE real cause of the rapid deterioration of automobile finish—loss of lustre, cracking, crazing, checking and peeling—has not been generally known.

Car owners everywhere have been assuming that it is entirely a normal process of "wear and tear"—resulting not from a specific and avoidable cause, but from general and inevitable conditions of usage.

Science says this is a mistaken idea. There is a direct and specific cause for this quick depreciation of painted and enameled car surfaces, and that cause may be summed up in a single word—*oxidation*.

What oxidation is

For a clear understanding of the action of oxidation, it is necessary first to understand a few fundamental facts about the composition of paint. The ingredients of paint may be classed, for the sake of simplicity, as "moist" and "dry"—linseed and other oils, the *moist;* lead, pigments and other solids, the *dry.*

When any painted or enameled surfaces come in contact with *oxygen,* a chemical change known technically as oxidation begins immediately.

Oxygen absorbs, or dries out, the "moisture" in the paint. The process progresses gradually, but steadily, until eventually the film of paint becomes exceedingly dry, brittle and inelastic.

The first effect of this is loss of lustre. Superficial oxidation deadens or tarnishes the smooth, glossy, delicate surface. The final result is actual disintegration of the body of the paint film. Expansion and contraction (due to sudden changes in temperature); constant vibration of the engine; and accidental jars and jolts are more than the brittle coating of paint and enamel can resist—and it cracks, checks, peels, crazes.

What is the remedy?

The remedy—or rather what the remedy must do—is obvious: it must prevent the contact of oxygen with automobile finish.

But that is by no means simple. Oxygen is omnipresent. Air contains 21% of oxygen; water, measured by weight, over 88%; mud, even dust, a certain large proportion. Heavy rain, air, mud and dust are unavoidable; the car is always exposed to these oxygen-bearing agencies.

To escape oxygen, therefore, extraordinary measures are plainly required. In some way the body, hood and fenders of the car must be covered with a "suit of armor" that is air-tight, water-tight, and impenetrable to oxygen.

Just as science discovered the real cause of deterioration of automobile finish, so she discovered the remedy. It is offered you now in OLD ENGLISH WAX FOR AUTOMOBILES

Over the hood, body and fenders of the car thus preparation imparts a thin, transparent wax film as smooth and hard as glass. This film is air-tight, water-tight, mud-proof and impervious to the sharpest blasts of gritty dust—in short, a protective shield through which oxygen-bearing elements cannot penetrate. In addition, it is a non-conductor, thus minimizing the effects of expansion and contraction.

No longer need you accept resignedly rapid deterioration of the finish on your car, a steady impairment of its "good looks" day by day. Here, at last, is real "beauty insurance" for the automobile.

The matchless polish

No matter how dulled and soiled the surface, with OLD ENGLISH WAX FOR AUTOMOBILES you can impart a super-lustre, a mirror-like finish of great depth and brilliancy.

A little brisk rubbing with a soft cloth, and in a jiffy the trick is turned! Spatterings of mud and dirt rub off the smooth wax film like magic. After a run through rain and mud, or dust, a dry "rub down" is usually all that is necessary to get a clean, bright finish, necessitating only one washing to every four or five necessary now. Moreover, OLD ENGLISH WAX FOR AUTOMOBILES *cannot collect dust.*

But the time and labor saved you is by no means the greatest saving. By preserving the original lustre of your car, it saves you money. Fifty per cent of the selling price of the used car is based on *appearance,* and appearance for the most part means *finish.*

Get Prof. Pratt's book on automobile finish—and large sample can

David S. Pratt, Ph. D., Head of Department, Organic, Sanitary and Micro Chemistry, School of Chemistry, University of Pittsburgh, has written a scientific treatise on automobile finish which every car owner should read. On receipt of 10 cents in stamps or coin, we will send you this book, together with a large sample of the wax—enough for the largest car. Write today, mentioning your auto supply dealer. THE A. S. BOYLE CO., 1953 Dana Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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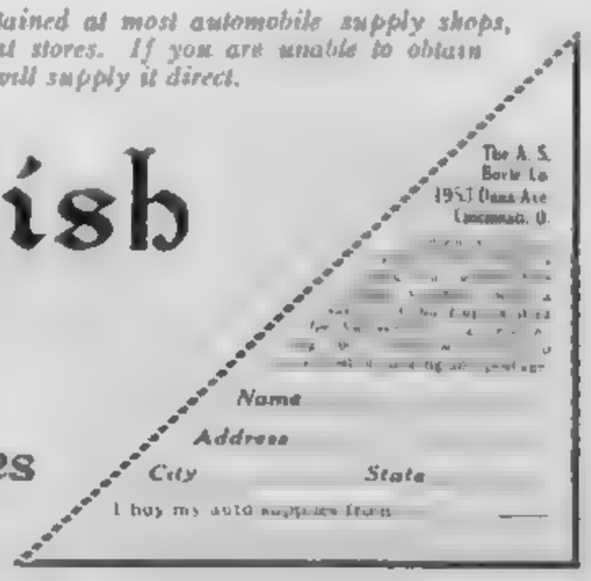

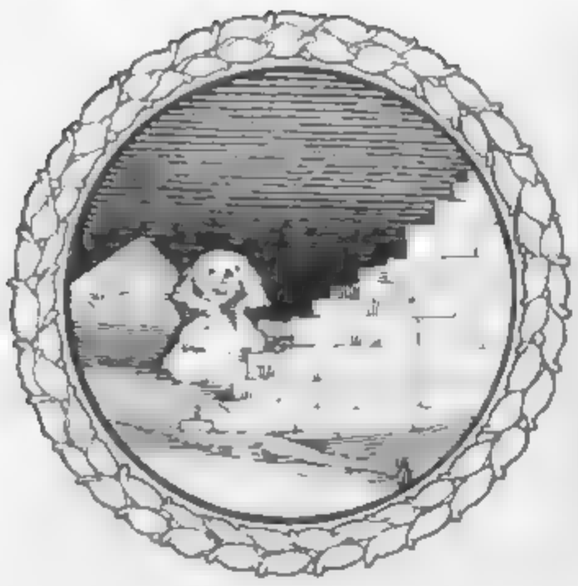

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loose drifts of snow to cross, so precipitous that there seemed no way of saving ourselves if the snow slid, since in places there were no holds whatever, no way even to steady ourselves except by the palms of our hands placed flat against upright rocks. Yet even at such places the rule of one at a time and a taut rope assured safety.

It was past noon, but to hurry was still impossible. We were nearly at the top. Below it was a snow-choked hole up through which we must climb. It was so small that Démarchi stuck in it until he changed my camera from his back to his pocket, warning me that a broken camera would probably be the result. The only place for Ravanel and me to stand was under the shower of snow he sent down, and all we could do was to laugh as it went down our necks. The step was nearly as high as my head, so I had to be pulled partway up.

Another almost perpendicular thirty feet of snowy rocks and we were at the top, all three on a rock that was no more than five by eleven feet, and as truly in space as a church steeple. The camera required eight feet for focus; so for a picture we had all to stand within a foot of the edge. My knees trembled and refused to straighten, for we were 11,124 feet up in the air, on a needle of rock. Luckily its top was flat and, once seated, I felt safe, although to the Mer de Glace, four thousand feet below, was almost a straight drop. To climb only so much had taken seven hours, two hours for the last two hundred feet from the shoulder, not a stone's throw away.

At last we could rest; at last drink in a scene the like of which few are privileged to enjoy. Close by rose the sharpest of all the rock needles, the Aiguille de Grépon, its slopes scarred by innumerable avalanches from rocks too steep to hold the snow. Far across the Mer de Glace towered the dreaded Aiguille du Dru and the snow-capped Aiguille Verte, of which it is a part, appearing and disappearing amid enveloping clouds like phantom ships at sea. Far down their glacier-clad slopes the heart-shaped rocks of the Jardin, or Garden, brought memories of Alpine blossoms found there in normal seasons.

The forbidding walls of the Grandes Jorasses stood like a fortress at one end of a ridge, of which the bastionlike Giant's Tooth formed the other. Its lofty summit pierced the ribbon of cloud across its base, enhancing the height of its four-thousand foot sweep upward from the icefalls of the glacier below, and recalling vividly our struggle up its final tower two weeks before. Perhaps even now the two Frenchmen who had hailed us from its base at six that morning might be standing on its tip. It stood out like a sentinel tower against the great stretch of snow beyond the Upper Mer de Glace, or Glacier du Géant, above which, like outposts, rose the Flambeau or Beacon, at its head, and the Tour Ronde or Round Tower. Of Mont Blanc only the snowy spike of the Mont Maudit, a lower point, appeared. At the top of the Glacier du Plan great ice cliffs hung, ready to break.

Putting on the Brakes

It was half past one. The sun had done its work. From the Grépon, now every five minutes come the sound of avalanches—ominous warning for us to be gone. We had stopped barely half an hour, but to my exultation over our success Démarchi replied that we had yet to go down. Now he looked grave and said we must be off.

We were to traverse our peak—that is, to go down another way, so as to make the climb more interesting. But my interest in the first thirty feet was in trying not to slide off an exceedingly steep snow slope. Démarchi had kicked steps as he descended, but they were so much too far apart for me to reach without losing my balance that involuntarily I tried to sit as I felt for the one next below.

Immediately Démarchi shouted to me to get up, that to sit was the surest way to slip, and that I was spoiling the steps so Ravanel would be unable to follow. It requires experience to learn that even on a steep slope one is in most stable equilibrium when standing erect, with horizontal footing, no matter how narrow or slippery. It is balance that determines safety, and for security one holds with the ice pick.

Once down that awful slope I breathed a sigh of relief, when suddenly I found myself standing at the top of the great cleft between the two peaks, down which I now learned we were to slide! It was a hundred-and-fourteen-foot chimney, which we were to descend by means of an extra rope of that length, the *corde d'appel*, or emergency rope, which Ravanel had been carrying on his back all day. Démarchi now doubled it evenly over the snowy rock on which we were standing. I stood aside—this time unroped, lest I be dragged off the rock—and Ravanel took my place on the life line.

With one end of the loose rope in each hand he slid rapidly to a shelving rock halfway down, Démarchi holding him from above by a taut life line, let out bit by bit. I took my place again on the line and prepared to follow. "Wind the loose ropes twice about your leg above the knee," I was told; and the improvised brake worked so perfectly that I could not budge. Démarchi laughed, told me to try once round below the knee, and to hold the ropes firmly between crossed ankles. I did so and, with a feeling of perfect security, slid the entire fifty-seven feet without a halt.

A Narrow Escape

Démarchi followed, and soon we were all standing together on the slippery, shelving, halfway rock. There was barely room for us all and it was hard to keep our balance while Démarchi jerked down the rope, now wet and heavy. Once, he said, he had had to climb all the way up to dislodge it. Now it stuck a little, but soon it was down and again doubled over a staple that had been driven into the rock opposite. Again we slid, this time to the base of the chimney, the steep, slippery wall.

"Never again with such conditions!" exclaimed Démarchi. "I would not have tried it if I had known."

For, with the ropes thus wet and cold, if he slid slowly his hands would grow too numb to hold, while to go fast would bring the ropes to a sudden end in his hands, perhaps before he could stop safely on so precarious a footing; and for him no life line from above gave security. The first up and the last down, it is the first guide rather than the tourist who deserves credit for a difficult ascent. To hold here was so important that the guides had removed their mittens; but without them my hands instantly grew so numb I could not hold at all, and preferred the ignominy of being called "a curious person" to slipping.

Again we were clinging like flies on a wall, and presently—still worse—walking along a narrow, slippery ridge, with nothing to hold to and a sheer drop on both sides. I could not even go on all fours, *à cheval*, as the French say—*zu Pferd* as the German Swiss call it; for I had learned before now that the novice who tries it will at once be told to get up and learn to walk steadily.

It had taken an hour and a half to get back to the shoulder and our packs—all that time to come down two hundred feet! It was nearly three o'clock, with the steep rocks, the crevasses of the steep glacier and the long way down the Mer de Glace still ahead. Already the shadows were lengthening. Misty clouds hovered mysteriously over the snows of the distant Col du Géant.

I longed to linger; but the alarming roar of continual avalanches urged us on and, with a hasty bite, we were off. The snow was now sliding even without our weight, loosened by the heat of the morning and started by the sudden change to the chill of the shadows creeping over it. Sometimes the drifts were so wide that, even at the full length of the rope, fifty feet apart, one or even two of us at a time must cross with no rocks close enough to hold to—merely our ice axes driven in at each step. There were moments of excited suspense lest the snow slide with us.

Suddenly the awful thing happened! Before my eyes Ravanel, to whom I was roped, was sliding with a small avalanche that his weight had started—sliding slowly but surely off the rocks into eternity! I had a good hold, but no time to look behind me to see whether Démarchi had, also; and surely both of us would be jerked out when the rope grew taut. I stood silent, realizing that in another moment the end would probably come for all of us. It was this that we had been dreading all day. The moment was a solemn one. No one made a sound. My eyes were riveted on Ravanel, who had slid some fifteen feet.

All at once I saw him wheel about; and, with his face to the slope, he gave a mighty heave of his ax as for his life and drove it into the snow above his head. The ax held. The man stopped sliding. The snow slid on down and off the rocks, but Ravanel did not. He had saved himself and us. He had kept his head, had kept his ankles firm, and now silently climbed up again. He went forward without a word. No one spoke. We went on as if nothing had happened.

When Démarchi spoke, it was to give directions as to the rope, for it grew troublesome as we came lower and could move all three at a time and faster. There was need to hasten whenever it was safe to do so. But, whenever I was delayed at a difficult point, in spite of Démarchi's effort to keep the rope taut, it would nearly trip me as it loosened between us; or if I, in turn, for a moment descended faster than Ravanel, below, my rope would get caught on a rock and suddenly halt him.

To come down the rocks took two hours—as long as to go up. Once down on the glacier, we halted a moment, and the trained eyes of the guides descried four persons—another *caravane*—at the base of the Giant's Tooth, opposite. They were such specks that at first I could not see them; but, even on so vast an expanse, the men's eyes were accustomed to detect the slightest trace of the unusual. Mine perceived rather the glory of the wondrous half-lights on peaks and glaciers. Soon shouts were exchanged.

Down the steep glacier progress was more rapid in spite of the many snow bridges, solid in the morning, through which we now stepped into invisible crevasses. There would be a moment's delay, while one or another climbed out to safety, a change of direction, and we would go sailing on downward, always at the full length of a taut rope to prevent serious accident.

In an hour we had passed the steepest part and the worst crevasses. At last we could safely slide with the snow, merely stepping to one side when the small avalanches we started grew too deep for walking. Once again came crevasses; then rocks overhead, warning us by fragments strewn about on the snow to look upward before crossing below.

The Standing Slide

An hour down the glacier, islands of rock appeared. Where we had breakfasted twelve hours before, now we halted for an early supper. The heat of the rocks had weakened the snow near them and pitfalls were many. Then came a long, exhilarating *glissade*, or standing slide, beside the rocks up which we had toiled painfully in the morning. I was inexperienced at this sport, the slope was steep, and there were rocks below to slide into. So, for safety, Démarchi wrapped the rope twice round his ax, leaned on it for a brake, and, with both guides above as anchors, we went almost too slowly for sport.

In twenty minutes we had come down what had taken an hour and more to climb. We were back on the Mer de Glace. Its slope was gradual, its crevasses visible and for the most part easy to avoid or jump. The toil and danger were over. At last we could unrope. We had been twelve hours and a half, as it were, on leash.

The sun was setting and we had still more than an hour to go. The shadows were mounting, mounting almost to the peaks, which once more towered above us, but no longer seemed unconquerable. The clouds took on the hues of the paling sky—now gold, now pink, and at last azure. The most marvelous of Alpine glows diffused its warmth like a crown over peaks and snows as they receded from our enchanted gaze. A perfect climax to a memorable day! Then, as I turned ever and again in my steps to watch the changing lights, slowly they faded before my eyes. The clouds vanished into thin air. The majestic world of the High Alps seemed settling to rest.

Just at dark we reached the Montanvert, its tiny lights beckoning from afar, like a lighthouse on the brink of the river of ice down which we had been picking our way. We had been gone seventeen and a half hours; so long to climb only five thousand feet!

Yet already the fatigue and anxiety were all but forgotten in the memories of the heights to which I had been permitted to attain. It had been a deep spiritual experience. In a few short weeks on the mountains I seemed to have been prepared for life's decisions, life's tasks. Strength comes with the doing of hard tasks. Only by the development of our powers can we make our greatest contribution to the world, in whatever line it be; and it is better that some of us should perish in endeavor than that all should forever be held back in our quest for the strength and inspiration which make possible our best contribution to the world.

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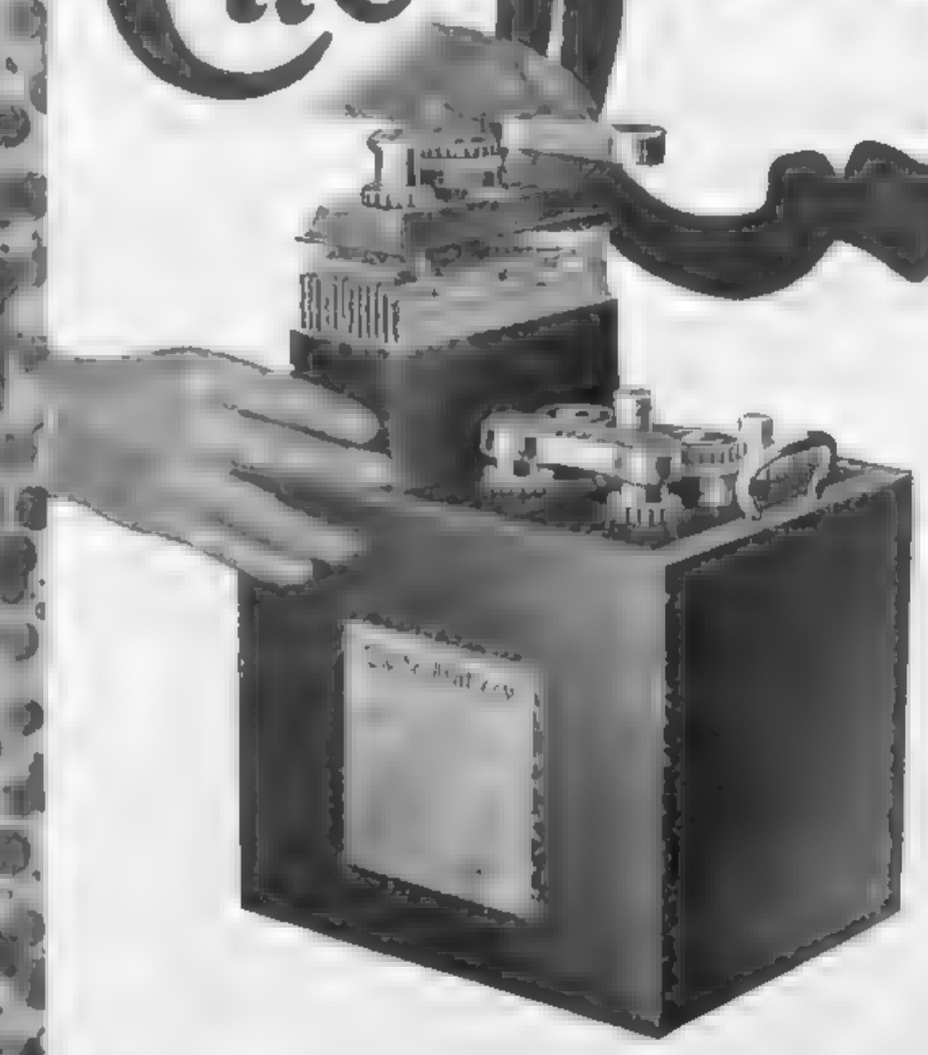

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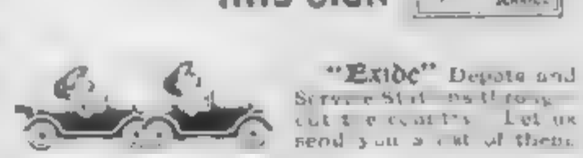

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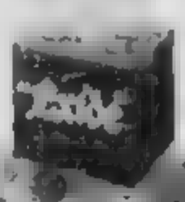

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THE MISSING SEVENTEEN

(Continued from Page 19)

"Nonsense!" the constable replied. "These are all dummies. And who's going to explain this ghastly jest? You, Martin?"

One by one he was examining the figures, trying to smile in their waxen faces. Suddenly he jumped back—then held the lantern close. He touched the limp hand of one.

"What have you found now?" called Figgin.

"What have I found! What have I —— Oh, I'm not awake! This is devilish—that's all! You were right, Figgin. Here's one that's alive ——"

"A dummy with blood in him, eh?" interrupted Figgin grimly.

"No; it's a man. And he's unconscious—left among the dummies. Oh, this is a fine joke—if I could just understand it."

We gathered round; and surely the white face on which the light was flung was human flesh.

"It's Carter," I said.

The expert pulled at the fingers, but found them fast.

"Carter, eh? And they left him among these dummies!" He said it wonderingly. "But the rest are dummies, I know! All I've touched, anyway. What kind of creatures are these Alexander Clubbers?"

The doctor was listening at Carter's breast.

"Drugged, I judge," he said at last. "Deep state of coma. Rather dangerous too—for he's a rather old man. His heart is hardly beating."

"Shall I send for stretcher men?" asked Figgin.

"Better."

Again the officer approached the telephone.

"Want any further help, Mr. Ellis?" he asked the constable.

"You might tell them to send up Storey." Storey, I knew, was one of the most famous of the Yard detectives. "He has a wonderful sense of humor; he may appreciate this. I don't."

As Figgin waited for connection, Ellis and the practitioner were walking among the other forms. I waited at Carter's chair.

"Here's another man!" shouted the physician suddenly.

Figgin hung up and joined us.

"Another?" whispered Ellis hoarsely.

Again I heard the clock, loud in its place; and in that awesome moment the shadows seemed to deepen. We stood before the insensible form of Craige.

"You're right," the expert continued quietly. "Yes; Storey will like this little matter. What the devil do you make of it, sir?" He looked at the practitioner searchingly.

"The men are both drugged."

"Absalom, do these men use drugs habitually?"

"No, sir; not that I know of, I am sure," I replied.

"It's so dark! We'd better look round and see how many more of these monsters are men, and how many wax. I don't like this place; it's too—queer!"

It was I that found the third man. He was Clifford Hawes, and, like Carter and Craige, pale and unconscious in his chair.

"The rest are dummies—just dummies!" Ellis muttered. "My head is about to split. Look here, Absalom. Do you know anything about this?"

"No, sir; nothing."

"Where were you when it happened?"

I told him all I knew—just as I have told it here. As we talked Figgin summoned Storey and the stretcher men. He came back to us looking very grave.

"It seems to me," suddenly interrupted Figgin, "the question with us is to find the seventeen other members of the Alexander Club!"

Ellis turned in a flash.

"Didn't you see them come out?" he demanded.

"No!" the officer replied emphatically. "I was standing right by the main entrance and have been up and down in front of it all night, and not a soul left."

"Perhaps a soul did," whispered the practitioner tensely. "You couldn't see a soul!"

"What do you mean?" Ellis whirled and faced him. "Their souls left, I suppose, and their bodies changed into dummies!" He almost snarled in his irony. "And you didn't see 'em go, Figgin?"

"I see them every night—but I didn't tonight. They usually leave between eleven and one. Not one of them left."

"Where's that lift boy?" The lad appeared at once, frightened. "Did you take the gentlemen down the lift to-night?"

The boy looked bewilderedly at the stiff forms.

"No, sir."

"Did you leave the lift—so that they could have gone down by themselves?"

"No, sir; they wouldn't know how. I was asleep part of the time."

"I thought so!"

"But in the lift; and the door was closed and locked. They couldn't possibly have come in, because the door had to be opened from the inside. No, sir; they didn't come down at all."

"What other ways are there out of this room!"

"This is the only way, sir."

"Nonsense! You're crazy—or I am. Absalom—Martin"—he turned to me, his voice rising—"how did these men get out of here? You were asleep too? Is there any other way?"

"The exterior fire escape."

"They didn't come that way," Figgin asserted. "Do you think, Ellis, that seventeen men in evening clothes could come down that fire escape before my very eyes and I wouldn't see them? Those Alexander Clubbers wouldn't go to that much trouble for the world."

"They went to more trouble than that, I should judge," replied Ellis. "Quick, Absalom! How did they get out?"

"The other door leads into the wine keep, and that is through my pantry," I answered.

"Could they have come through while you were asleep?"

"Impossible, sir. Besides, the wine cellar has no exterior door."

"Why didn't you say so at first? Great Lord, you can't tell me that a whole club flew out of the window, leaving three unconscious men and seventeen dummies! It's reasonable, isn't it? Isn't it?" he bawled.

We stood silent a moment; the bell from below had rung and the boy had vanished into the lift. A minute later, Storey, another officer, and six stretcher men came into the room.

"Well?" asked the detective after a momentary glance.

"Pretty kettle of fish!" replied Ellis. And Ellis told him all we knew. "It's a joke of some kind," he concluded.

"I'm glad you take that view of it," was Storey's comment. "Great relief, I'm sure! Yet you thought it serious enough to send for me. I'm glad you did. If it's a joke it's a grim one, and I don't care for that sort of humor. And how badly off are the three men?"

He turned to the physician, who was aiding the stretcher men to care for the three sleepers.

"Serious state of coma," was the reply. "Let them be taken to the hospital. Perhaps they can explain when they waken."

"How soon will that be?"

"Four or five hours, I judge."

"Well, we can't wait four or five hours. I don't like this business. The question is, where are the other seventeen?"

"You don't mean to say you're worried about them?" demanded Ellis.

"Where are they? If you can give me some reason not to worry I won't. They didn't go out the only way and yet they're gone, with only fish-eyed dummies in their places. Very simple, isn't it?" His voice harshened. "Three drugged men and seventeen fish-eyed dummies, and even Absalom knew nothing about it! You call up all seventeen of the lodging houses of those seventeen men and see if you can locate any of them." Ellis turned to obey. "Meantime I'll question Absalom."

It was ten minutes later when Ellis and Storey met again. The detective had followed me into my pantry and there I had told him all I knew of the Alexander Club. He shut his lips tightly and listened.

"Well, did you find any of them?" he asked Ellis when the latter joined us.

The expert hesitated before he answered.

"Not one. Tried seven of 'em. Servants all say their masters are usually home by this time; but they haven't seen 'em to-night."

"And they're not here, either, unless they underwent an uncanny change."

"You don't think ——"

"I don't know what I think. I know that these gentlemen of the Alexander Club are a queer lot and are apt to—oh, it's preposterous!"

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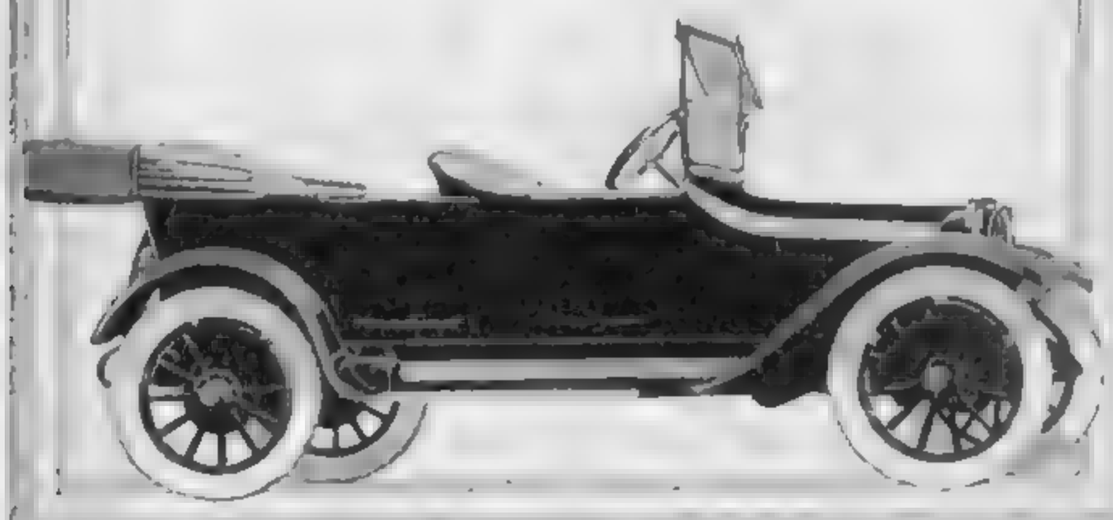

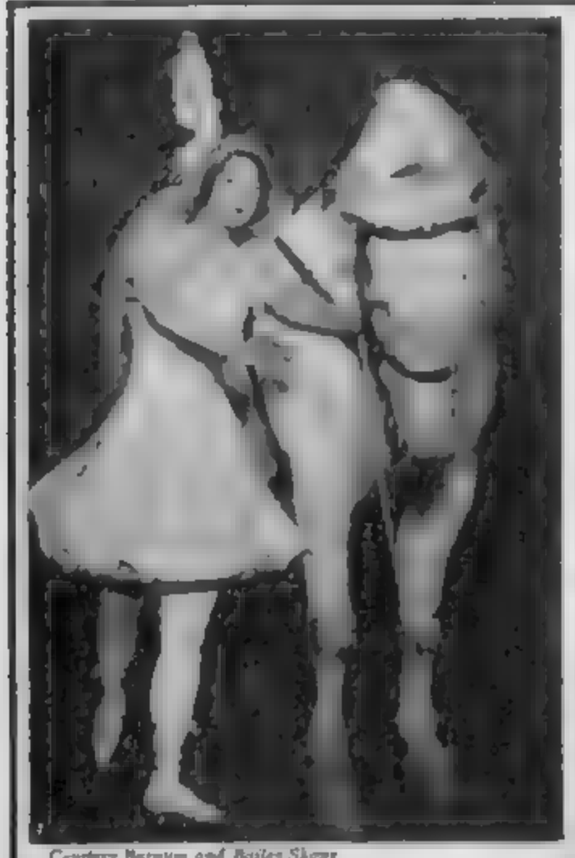

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Did You Ever See Them Feed the Hippopotamus?

They throw whole buckets of what looks like "breakfast-food" into his mouth without even touching the edges.

But that's only one of the sights of "the big show." There are the trick riders, the chariot races, the trapeze performers, the herd of trained elephants, and all of the other "stunts" which everybody loves.

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"Nothing's preposterous in this room," replied Ellis "I should die—or go crazy if I were a member of this club. And I'd like to smash that clock!"

"We'd better go, then. This room is getting on my nerves too; and besides, we have seventeen men to find. Vanished like smoke, by Jove!"

"Haven't you any theory?"

"None. They either had a big scheme or are the most devilish set of jokesters I ever encountered. Probably both. They left those bodies—not only to mystify us but to make old Absalom think they were still in session. He could see 'em through the glass. Absalom, did you drink any wine—that they gave you?"

"Yes; one glass," I said.

"Leaving three of their number doped—the oldest and best-known three—and a doped butler in the pantry! Nice little problem; and we might as well wait until daylight for further investigations."

For the first time in all my quiet life I found myself much spoken of in the press. For at noon that day, the time of Craige's wakening, not one of the seventeen clubmen had reappeared. Not one of the seventeen had been seen by living men since their entrance into the Alexander Club the preceding night.

Journalists came to see me in the next few days, but I told them little. In the first place I did not like to speak of the private customs of the gentlemen. And then, again, the detectives had cautioned me concerning talking for the press. But Craige talked and Carter talked and Clifford Hawes talked, and the little they said I read in the newspapers.

Craige had come to the rooms about nine o'clock, according to his custom. Yes, he had some wine, as was customary with him. He drank his last glass an hour or so before midnight, and it seemed to him to have a peculiar flavor; but he did not complain to Absalom. The clubmen had come as usual, wholly for social purposes, and had acted as usual. No, they had not spoken to him at all, as silence—except for whispers—was the custom at the Alexander Club. They might have appeared somewhat restless. He knew of no plans as to their disappearance; he was as baffled and astounded as the rest of London—and he had no explanations to offer. He supposed he had been drugged—and, yes, he remembered one other night when he similarly dropped to sleep. It was a month before—just a few nights after the assassination of the Austrian prince by a Serbian anarchist.

For the first time it occurred to me that Craige had been one of the three I had seen asleep; and Carter and Clifford Hawes as well.

Carter told much the same story. He had felt drowsy and had dropped off to sleep. His wine had tasted the same as always. Hawes, the third of the gentlemen, the senior member of the club, did not remember his last glass.

Another day and no sign of the clubmen. Another. They seemed to have vanished from the face of the earth. For a day or two the papers made vivid mention of the case, but then affairs of much more importance filled the columns—and London forgot.

The rumors of war became realities. Russia had warned Austria to hold her hand from Serbia; and Germany—but you know all that. You know how in a few dark days the whole world went to war. I have no doubt that the affair of the Alexander Club would have stirred the world if it had occurred at any other time, but in a few days the press had space for no word but war. Our own land drew her sword, and even old men, such as Carter and Craige and Hawes—or even I—were fired with patriotism; so at once the strange disappearance was forgotten, except by a few.

Among these few were Storey and Ellis and the three gentlemen. And I—I never could forget. Storey dropped all his work to find the missing ones.

It came about that few, indeed, remained to mourn for the absent seventeen. Strangely not one of them had dependent families. And even I did not know it was the custom of the club to take in mostly bachelors. I thought it a queer coincidence. Not one of them had many friends or even large circles of acquaintanceship. They were all gentlemen, the papers said, and many of them had great wealth. Many had long resided in the city. Many were known in diplomatic circles and some had seen service in India.

(Continued on Page 89)

Vacation Time—

Time to think of camps and bathing, and how to have most fun this summer.

Time to look at your bicycle and see that it is ready for use.

How about tires?

'Chain' Tread Bicycle Tires

are built in exactly the same way as the famous 'Chain' automobile tires.

Their anti-skid quality prevents side-slipping.

They are so tough, so strong, so scientifically made that they are mighty hard to puncture.

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'Chain' Tread Single Tube
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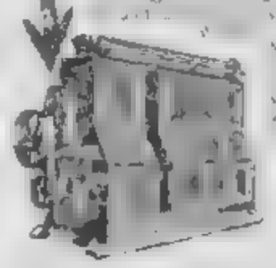
YOU can be both by owning the simple one-man "Midget" Marvel Self-Contained Roller Flour Mill and grinding wheat and selling the flour used in your community and taking your pay in cash or produce. Any location locally which you know belongs to you.

Wolcott Milling Co., Mt. Clemens, Mich., made $4220.00 in 12 months Exchange Milling Co., Sturgis, Ky., $4028.28 in 7 months, Burr Oak (Kans.) Mill & Elevator Co., $3500.00 in 6 months, others as high as $30.00 per day.



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No—He Is Not HOT!

Why should he be? Mowing the lawn, of course, is supposed to be a hot task, but the gentleman in the picture is garbed in Chalmers "Porosknit"—beneath his outer clothing.

Notice that you see our friend through a section of the famous Chalmers "Porosknit" fabric. Observe that the illustration is a reproduction of an actual photograph.

This Underwear—so open—must be cool. It is light, elastic, loose-feeling, durable—with your satisfaction guaranteed to the limit.

The Open Secret of Coolness

Wearing Chalmers "Porosknit" is something like wearing no underwear at all—only *better* because the fabric keeps the outer clothing from the body and absorbs perspiration, while the "holes" let your body breathe and permit perspiration to evaporate. It is the *two combined*—the "holes," in the right number, held together, if you please, by just the right amount of light, fine fabric—that make this ideal Summer underwear for man and boy.

Just examine any genuine Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suit. Turn it inside out. Notice how strongly every seam is reinforced throughout. They are double-seamed by cover-seaming. Note that there are no cumbersome flaps to gape open. Stretch the fabric. See the *extra* stitches surrounding each ventilating hole. These, with the lock-stitch, prevent unraveling.

With Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits there can be no "short-waisted" feeling. The Closed Crotch is elastic and therefore cannot cut in the crotch. It is comfortable, fits, stays put, cannot gape open nor bulge. The loose garment gives freely with every movement.

This underwear has been imitated without success. But none can duplicate genuine Chalmers "Porosknit"—none. So insist that the actual label be shown you—sewn on the garment.

Also Makers of Chalmers Spring Needle Ribbed Underwear for Fall and Winter

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FOR forty years Butterick has had an establishment on Regent Street in the heart of London.

A special English edition of The Delineator, printed by Butterick in New York, has a larger sale in the British Empire than any comparable magazine.

Scores of titled English women are Butterick customers. Letters in our possession advise that the present Prince of Wales, as a child, was dressed with Butterick as a guide.

Butterick's Moden-Revue, The Delineator in German, is the leading magazine of its kind in Germany. From the Butterick establishment, 102 Leipziger Strasse, Berlin, it is circulated through Austria, Russia and central Europe.

Le Miroir des Modes, The Delineator in French (also published in New York), has a larger sale in Paris and throughout France than any similar periodical.

The Butterick shop, 27 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris, does the biggest business of its kind in the world.

The Delineator, translated into Italian, is read all over Italy.

El Espejo de la Moda, The Delineator in Spanish, published in New York, has its unique place in the Spanish-speaking countries.

Each foreign country regards Butterick as its own national institution.

Great as Butterick is abroad, Butterick is far greater in America.

Just as Butterick's foreign publications are translations from its American publications, so Butterick's supremacy with the women abroad is but a repetition of Butterick's hold on the women of America.

For the same reason that Butterick leads in Paris, leads in London, leads in New York, it leads in Charleston, in Janesville, in New Orleans, in Ogden.

The universality of women's interests needs no stronger proof than the appeal of the identical Butterick service in whatever language or whatever country.

What opportunity does woman's allegiance to Butterick service present to you, the AMERICAN MANUFACTURER, and you, the AMERICAN MERCHANT?

THE Delineator

THE WOMAN'S MAGAZINE

THE DESIGNER

Here are the names of a few of the titled English women who are Butterick customers

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Laura Lady Ainsdale, Stoner House, Petersfield.
Lady Astbury, Turville Court, Henley on Thames
The Duchess of St. Albans, 49 Cadogan Gardens, S. W.
Countess of Seaford, Cullen House, Cullen, Banffshire.
Lady Brickdale, The Dower House, Newland, Coleford, Glos.
Lady W. Brooke, Haughton, Shifnal, Shrops.
Lady Marcus Beresford, Bishopsgate, Englefield Green.
Hon. Mrs. Barnett, Uplands Fordingbridge, Hants.
Lady Barrymore, Grand Hotel, Harrogate.
Lady Bell, Culross, Faygate, Horsham
Lady Muriel Boyle 86 Beulah Hill, Norwood, S. E.
Lady Barnsley, Earlsfield, Westfield Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Lady Buchanan, Rischolme Grange, Lincoln.
Lady Constance Combe, Pierrepoint, Farnham, Surrey.
Hon. Mrs. Currie, The Deanery, Battle, Sussex.
Lady Poe, Heywood, Ballinakill, Queens County.
Hon. Mrs. Kenneth Campbell, 7 Cromwell Road, S. W. (Kinchurdy, Boat of Garten, N. B.).
The Mayoress of Congleton, Berry Bank, Congleton
Lady Carey, La Maison Blanche, Guernsey.
Dowager Lady Clerk, The Barony House, Lasswade, N. B.
Lady Sybil Codrington, Pormarton, Badminton.
Lady Curtis-Bennett, Forest Bungalow, Lee, Hants.
Lady Cameron, 39 Hyde Park Gate, S. W.
Countess Brownlow, Belton House, Grantham.
Lady Cunynghame, Badgeworth Court, Cheltenham.
Lady Coke, Admiralty House, Queenstown, Ireland.
The Countess Dowager of Carnarvon, The Manor House, Tevernal, Mansfield
The Hon. Mrs. Dalgety, Lockerley Hall, Romsey, Hants.
Lady Dale, Park Close, Englefield Green, Surrey.
Lady Mary de Mauley, Sandell, Bridehead, Salisbury
Baroness de Wolf, Creelsea Place, Burnham on Crouch, Essex
Hon. Mrs. Dalzell, Burton Court, Linton Ross, Herefordshire
Lady Elliott, Brookhill, Claremorris, Ireland
The Hon. Mrs. Fitzgerald Wroxton, Banbury
Lady Gertrude Foljambe, Osberton, Worksop, Nottinghams
Lady Fowler, Inverbroom, Garve, Ross Shire.
Lady Firtle, Holme House, Lightcliffe, Yorks
Lady Grant, Laggan, Seamport, Inverness, N. B.
The Dowager Countess Nauville, Radnor, Holmbury, St. Mary, Dorking
Lady C. Goff, Carrowroe Park, Roscommon.
Lady Godsell, 4 Trng Avenue, Ealing Common, W.
Lady Lilian Grenfell, The Chase, Whaddon, Bletchley, Bucks.
Lady Grenfell, Wellesbourne House, Warwick.
Lady Theodora Guest, Stalbridge, Dorset.
Lady Gore Booth, Lissadell, Sligo.
Lady Gore, The Bruary, Freshwater, Isle of Wight
Dowager Countess Granville, Holmbury, Surrey.
Lady Green, Hamault Lodge, Chigwell Row.
Lady Harwood Banner, St. Ermins Hotel, St. James's Park, S. W.
Lady Magdalen Herbert, Styche, Market Drayton.
Mayoress of Helston, Bank House, Helston, Cornwall
Mayoress of Hereford, Lynton House, Whitecross, Hereford.
Lady Maud Hastings, The Manor House, Ashby de la Zouch.
Lady Henschel, Aviemore, Scotland.
Lady John Joicey, Chute Lodge, Andover.
Lady Hudson Kinahan, The Manor, Glenville, Fermoy.
Dowager Lady Kilmaine, Victoria Lodge, Woodhall Spa, Lincs.
Lady Hardinge, Broke's Lodge, Reigate, Surrey
Lady Kennedy, The Manor House, West Hoathly, Sussex.
Lady Lawson, Bedale Hall, Yorks
(Lady Leven) The Countess of Leven and Melville, Kirkington Park, Oxford.
The Mayoress of Lancaster, The Vale, Lancaster
Lady Loreburn, Kingsdown House, Deal
Lady Mabel Lindsay, Lockinge House, Wantage, Berks.
Lady Lawrence, Oaklands, Kenley, Surrey.
Lady Lawrence, Waunfor, Maesycrugiau R. S. O., South Wales
Hon. Lady Mahon, Castlegar, Ahascragh, Ireland.
Lady O'Neill, Shane's Castle, Antrim, Ireland.
Lady Pat, Black Hill, Abbey Leix, Ireland.
The Hon. Lady Parsons, Ray, Kirkwhelpington, Northumberland.
Lady Rothschild, Tring Park, Tring, Herts.
Lady Sandhurst, Walmer Castle, Kent.
Lady Sheffield, Normanby Park, Doncaster
Lady Shuttleworth, Gawthorpe Hall, Barnley, Lancs.
Lady Sarah Spencer, Hazelhatch, Gomshall, Surrey.
Lady Sefton, Abbeystead, Lancaster
Lady Smith-Dorrien, Harnham Cliff, Salisbury.
Lady Wimborne, Cranford Manor, Wimborne
Countess of Wharncliffe, Woodhill, Send, Woking, Surrey
Lady Primrose, 37 Valley Drive, Harrogate.

Butterick

Continued from Page 86)

Some of the greatest men of the past generation had been members of the Alexander, said the papers; but the character of the club had changed in late years, though the club was still exclusive—unusually so—and still had prominent and distinguished men on its roll. But, as was the case of the three left among the dummies—these who had been well known as adventurers in their youth—most of them had apparently renounced the world for the quiet, dull monotony of the Alexander Club.

"Among them were men who had seen and known and played the game," one of the papers said. "They were all gentlemen in the fullest sense; but in seeing and learning and playing they had grown tired of the world and wanted only deepest quiet. Perhaps in the final analysis of the problem this will explain their disappearance."

But I noticed one significant thing. The press in describing the personnel of the club, always hung their articles about the past lives of the three remaining members and those who had been members years before, hardly ever about the careers of the missing men themselves. Truly many public men knew them; but where they were born and who had been their fathers they did not know in most cases. Accurate knowledge of them was lacking, but the journalists did not mind; their pages were full of war.

"I have this to work on," Storey told me. "They were all bored, bored, bored—worse than you and I and others who have a little zest, a little struggle in our lives, can imagine being. They didn't read; they didn't play; talk had long become trivial ——"

"But they whispered—always," I said.

"They didn't even drink to excess," the constable went on, not heeding me. "Heavenly Powers! I would sooner be dead than be a member of the Alexander Club."

"What do you mean? What do you think?" I asked.

"I haven't yet reached the point where I think. I can't think—in this flare of war. Did you know, the three who were left unconscious were the only three whose presence in the world, so far as I can find out, was of any value to themselves or anyone else? Each of these three had families. So, you see, the disappearance of the rest was more than a joke, or those three would have been included. And men can leave their families for a little journey."

Then I saw at what he was hinting; but I would not believe that such a fate had been the gentlemen's.

In a few more days part—just part—of the mystery had been cleared up. Storey and his men had gone over every inch of the floor and measured it, searching for clews. They found clews, but no explanations. They found cases, supposed to have contained wines, in which the grotesque dummies had been received. They found a loose block one day in the stone tiling in front of one of the fireplaces, and this they lifted. A short flight of hidden stairs was disclosed.

I was present when Storey himself crept down them into the shadow. He flashed his light and his voice came up from out of the shaft:

"They lead to a hidden lift."

"Then that's the way they left the building!" exclaimed Ellis.

"If they left it! We may find 'em on the rocks below. This thing looks as if it goes to the bowels of the earth. Come down and we'll see."

"Is it strong?"

"The rope looks good."

Ellis, too, was brave, and I saw the shadows of the cavern hide him. I heard the rope go creaking as the lift descended. Their voices faded and at last ceased.

But it came about that they found nothing on the rocks below. They flashed their lights and saw only bare, cold walls. In their methodical way they started to search for a hidden exit. They tapped with their revolver butts; and at last they found a stone that gave out the expected hollow sound.

They came up again for me, and the three of us went down into the clammy chamber; the two of them could not move the stone. The rocks were cold and damp, and the place seemed more like a tomb than a lift shaft. I remember that the spot of light above, gleaming like a star, was a mighty consolation.

We pressed against the hollow-sounding rock and under our combined strength it gave. We crawled through an aperture thus revealed into a smaller chamber, even more cold and dark than the one we had just left. In the floor was a ring attached to a round, flat stone, like the cover of a manhole. Storey's eyes were gleaming in the flashlight as he lifted it.

All that came up to us was the sound and chill of running water. Below us lay one of the city's great trunk sewers, which, a block away, emptied into the river.

The chase was ended, so far as Storey was concerned. The river might keep its secrets. The advertisements circulated brought no results; no trace of the gentlemen of the Alexander Club could be found. Truly hundreds of reports came in of Howards, seen in Cape Town; Sterling, in Rio de Janeiro; and Crawley, in New York—and a hundred other places. They were all investigated and all came to nothing. Storey said that if the river should be dragged seventeen bodies would be found

"They were just bored to death," said he. "They sat up here in their shadows, in their firelight, with their wine and their uncongenial geniality, and had nothing to do but sit and hate the world. They were all men of the same sort—the others had dropped out. They had nothing under heaven to live for. So I judge that they formed a suicide pact and, with the dummies, tried to get some sport out of their very passing."

And that was what the world believed for months—and still believes if it thinks about it at all. There were no heirs to seek out the truth of the story.

None of the men had made wills apparently; and, though most of them had been considered wealthy, no estates of any importance were left. Most of them provided for servants by leaving deposits for them in the various banks. As for me, the gentlemen left an amount in my name on deposit—advanced salary, they called it—to provide, I supposed, a fund for my decaying years.

And here the story ends so far as is known by anyone except the members of the Alexander Club and their old servitor—myself.

For a long time I accepted Storey's theory—that my masters had gone out of the world by a quick and certain route. Their bodies were not found, but this alone did not prove that the gentlemen had not so died. Often the river had held its dead. But this was the starting point which led to the conclusion that my employers were not dead! What convinced me of it most, I think, was the fact that not one of them had willed or deeded away his wealth wealth that I knew they must have had. Surely they had left it in trust secretly, so that each might resume it on his return. And men who go that last and surest road away do not return! Perhaps a boat had awaited them at the sewer's mouth.

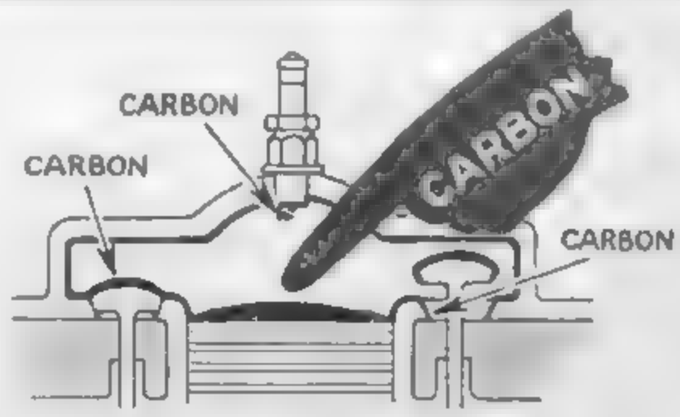
The months between now and then began to pass—three and four and five. The enigma was forgotten, as all things are for the most part forgotten, and the thrill and horror of war would soon efface it utterly. Only occasionally was it mentioned about the stoves in newspaper offices and detective agencies, as the greatest of unexplained mysteries. In the fifth month Craige suddenly sickened and died.

For a few days the papers found space for a repetition of the strange tale of the Alexander Club, hinging their stories on Craige's former connection with that organization; but other events filled the news columns and again the case was forgotten. Last winter Carter met his death when a liner, on which he was sailing for Italy, was torpedoed. Only a few of the papers ran features concerning the vanished club, or even mentioned his connection with the organization. Clifford Hawes, worn out by work on a governmental commission, had gone to Spain. Except the building, with its vacant floor, and perhaps the caretaker of the clubrooms, I was the only archive of the order that had been. And I was old, old. So I asked Storey concerning Sharkey, the caretaker; and he told me that since the memorable July night Sharkey had not been seen.

A few days after this—a year and a half after the vanishing and only a handful of days ago—the summons came.

I was called to the parlor of my plain boarding house. There a man, with something of the appearance of a footman, handed me an envelope. He waited while my shaking hands tore it open and drew forth the inclosure. A card bore the note:

"Your services are desired again by the Alexander Club."



Carbon

Why "no carbon" is impossible
How "minimum carbon" is assured

Carbon has many lodging places. It fouls spark plugs and kills the spark. It pits the valve seats and weakens compression. By accumulating on the piston heads and in the combustion chambers, it causes knocking and racks your motor with pre-ignition.

The amount of carbon deposited in your motor depends upon the carburetion and gasoline combustion and on the character of the gasoline as well as on the quality of the lubricating oil itself and the correctness of its body for the motor.

As both gasoline and petroleum lubricating oils are chemical combinations of hydrogen and carbon, carbon is an essential element of each.

Only the free (suspended) carbon can be taken out. To remove the carbon which is in combination with other chemical elements, constituting gasoline and oil, would result in the destruction of the product itself.

Carbon deposit is likely to occur through incomplete combustion of the gasoline or through the destruction of the excess lubricating oil which will work into the combustion chamber if the oil is of incorrect body. "No carbon" oils do not exist.

To reduce carbon to the minimum your lubricating oil *must* be of high quality and of correct body for the piston design and lubricating system of your motor.

If you are particular about your fuel, carburetion, and ignition, you can end unnecessary carbon trouble by using the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations shown, in part, at the right. This Chart represents the professional advice of the Vacuum Oil Company. If your car is not listed, a copy of the complete Chart will be sent you on request.

An Economical Demonstration

It will probably cost you less than $1.00 to fill your crank case with the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils. You can then watch the results for yourself.

GARGOYLE

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor.

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office

VACUUM OIL COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high-grade lubricants for every class of machinery Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

CARS	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott-Detroit	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	
" " (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Apperson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A								
Auburn (4 cyl)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (6 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Autocar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Avery	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Mod. 5 & C, 4 Ton)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Belmont	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (8 cyl)	A	A								
Buick	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	Arc	Arc						
Case	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (Model 6-40)	A	Arc								
" (Model 6-50)	A	A								
Chandler Six	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Chase (air)	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
" (water)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A		
Cole	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A	A	A						
Cunningham			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
Delaunay-Belleville			B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Detroiter	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)			Arc	Arc						
Dodge	A	Arc	B	B						
Empire			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Federal	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Ford	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
Franklin	K	K	K	K	K	K	K	K	K	K
Gersti	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Gray	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (12 cyl)	A	A								
Hudson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Super Six	A	A								
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
H. C. (air)			B	A	B	A	B	A		
" (water, 2 cycle)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A		
" (water, 4 cycle)	A	Arc								
Jackson	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)	A	A								
Jeffery	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A				
" (Chesterfield)	A	Arc	A	Arc						
" Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	
Kissel	B	B	B	A						
" Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Kelly-Springfield	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
King			A	Arc	A	A	A	B	A	B
" (8 cyl)	A	A	Arc	Arc						
" Com'l	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Kissel Kar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" " Com'l	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " (Model 48)	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
" (Model 35)	A	A	A	A						
Locomobile	K	K	K	K	K	K	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Lozier	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Marion	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon										
" (32-40)			Arc	Arc						
Marsh	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell										
Mercer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Metz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon										
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Oakland	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Oldsmobile	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A
Overland	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Packard	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Paige	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pathfinder	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (12 cyl)	A	A								
Peerless	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc			Arc	Arc
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" Com'l	A	A	A	A	A	A				
Premier	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Republic	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rickenbacker	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Roamer	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rolls-Royce	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Scripps-Booth	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Selden	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Simplex	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stearns-Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stevens-Duryea	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stoddard-Dayton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Templar	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Wescott	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
White	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Willys-Knight	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Winton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

Kenyon
Weatherproofs

The Refinement of a graceful figure.

Left: Style 6899. High grade English Homespun 3483 Black and White, 3485 Brown and White and 3486 Green and White, at $18.50

Right: Model 16. High grade soft finish English Covert. 7854 Medium Tan, 7855 Tan and 7856 Olive Tan; at $15.50

Write for large pictures of other styles, and the address of a nearby Dealer where Kenyon Coats may be obtained. We sell at Wholesale only.

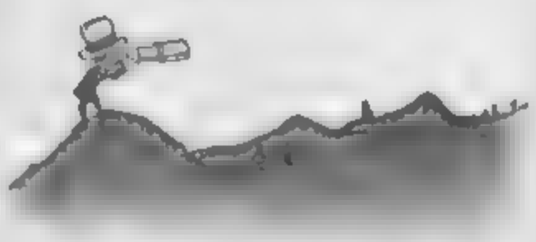
Kenyon Kenreign Sport and Motor Coats, Overcoats and Raincoats, Palm Beach and Tropical Suits are made in a large variety of light, medium and heavy-weight fabrics for men and women.

New York
Fifth Av. Bldg., 23d St. & Fifth Av.

C. Kenyon Company
New York

Chicago:
Congress and Franklin Streets

what's ahead



When you take a long look ahead, what do you see?

Long hours and small pay?

A time clock, when you want to be your own boss?

An office desk, when you feel the need of outdoor life and fresh air?

If that's the best you can see, it is time you looked in some other direction.

You can't risk throwing up your present job on the chance of finding something better. Too much depends on that weekly pay envelope.

What you need is a "side-line," one that will return the greatest possible profit for every minute of spare time you give to it—one that has possibilities of developing into an independent, profitable business. We have such an opening. No experience is required; no investment is necessary.

Agency Division, Box 393
The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa.

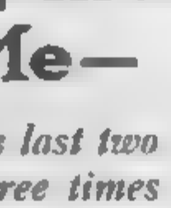
No More Cheap Tires for Me—

Vitalics last two and three times as long

What would it be worth to you to *know* when you start out on your bicycle that you are not going to have to walk home? Thousands of bicycle riders have found that by paying just a little more and having Vitalic tires they can ride with just that assurance. Vitalics outwear other bicycle tires *two to three times over.*

That's because they are built of the very highest quality rubber instead of the lower grade rubber put in cheaper tires; two plies of heavy *motorcycle* fabric, frictioned with pure rubber, instead of ordinary bicycle fabric; an extra heavy leak-proof inner tube of pure white rubber. The result is a soft, flexible tire that holds its life long after others have dried out.

There are so many instances where Vitalics have ridden three, even four seasons through, and a few instances where they have lasted a full five seasons, that it is almost a certainty that they will carry you through three or four seasons without interruption.



Write for folder "From Boston to San Francisco on One Set of Tires" told by the man who rode the bicycle.

Continental Rubber Works
1904 Liberty St. Erie, Pa.

VITALIC TIRES
TRADE MARK

I know that my voice sounded cracked and queer when I answered him. It was as if the summons had come from out the grave.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Come with me," my summoner replied.

I thought I detected just a trace of alien accent.

"At once?"

"At once. You may pack your bags first."

"Are we going away?"

"I am to tell you that if you want to obey the summons it will necessitate your going away. Is that your wish?"

"I will go"—and then I had to turn my head to hide what I would not have him see—"I will go anywhere to join them."

"A long journey," he said slowly.

"A long journey," I repeated after him. "I will pack my bags at once."

In my room I did it, and with palsied hands managed to strap and lock them. Then I joined the man in the little parlor. The housekeeper wished me a pleasant journey.

It was a queer journey that we took, my guide and I. The first part of it was in a motor, down to the quay. There a ship was waiting and the crew talked in a different tongue from ours. He had engaged passage for both of us; and, though I had heard it was hard to leave port without long investigations by officials—a wartime measure, of course—my conductor had apparently made all arrangements. In a little while the crew weighed anchor.

Out upon that ship-plowed sea we sailed; and the sunlight kissed us, and the sails swelled in the wind. Spring it was, and my old blood ran fast again. So many springs I had seen come and go—come and go—and I wondered what this would bring. Not long were we on the ship.

Before we came to port—and what port it was I know not—my conductor gave me my last instructions. He brought out a pair of dark glasses, and these he gave to me.

"I am under orders, sir," he said. He called me "sir"—just as I have said. "I have been sent to bring you to your old employers, and this journey on shipboard is only a small part of it. But you must be willing to do as I wish—as my present and your past employers have instructed me."

"I am willing," I said.

"You will see the need later. First, put on those glasses. They will nearly blind you—but I know the way. And you must not ask any questions concerning the route. The purpose of it all will be evident in a little while."

The ship drew up to a quay in some fog-draped city on the coast of the North Sea—I think some place in Denmark. He led me down onto the docks and we took a train for somewhere. Then we changed to another train and rode a long time. Then we changed once more and hurried into a great city. There were a million lights and a million sounds, and I did not even know to what nation we had come. It was as if I were upon the dark trail to a hereafter.

It was night when we left the train and a motor swung us across the city. He stopped; he led me up a flight of stairs into rooms where the lights were dull and soft. Then, all at once, he whisked off the blinding glasses.

Just for an instant I could not see; then the walls stood out of the gloom and I was in a long hall. Facing me was my conductor.

"You have reached the end of your journey, sir," he told me.

I know that joy, joy flooded my heart at the thought. My masters—and I was to see and serve them again!

"And here I meet the gentlemen?" I asked, hardly daring to believe that it was true.

"Listen—and you will hear their laughter!" Truly, out into the dusk where we stood came a sound such as I had heard that night—decades ago, it seemed—when Sterling had made the speech. I do not know why that roaring laugh struck fear into my heart. "You have only to go down the hall to the lighted doorway and find them."

So I left him, joyful again, and tiptoed down the hall. I could not keep my lips from trembling. Then I came to a great doorway, through which white, bright light poured, and read the words emblazoned over it:

DER ALEXANDER KLUB

Then I tiptoed in and saw that the club was changed—changed! All the forty-five

(Continued on Page 93)

Won't Tear Your Sock

The Ivory Garter has no metal at all. It cannot rust or scratch the skin or tear the sock.

Ivory Garter
REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFFICE

The Padless Sock Suspender

is light, does not bind, and is small and dainty [illegible] It is the ideal garter for men of the present day. Put a pair to your leg at your haberdasher's, or if he hasn't them, we'll send direct.

PRICES: Silk 50 cts. Lisle 25 cts.

GUARANTEED in every way — or your money back.

DEALERS: Order from your jobber or direct from us if he can't supply you.

IVORY GARTER CO., Manufacturers
New Orleans
THE DOMINION SUSPENDER CO.
Niagara Falls, Ont., Canadian Distributors

To educate your children, support a family, pay off a mortgage, dress better, buy a home or an automobile?

[illegible] I was with a sinking and heavy heart that I started out. Well the first three days I [illegible]

World's Star
Hosiery and Klean Knit
Underwear
We Have Helped More Than 9000

[illegible] very economical and profitable way. Our advertising makes sales easy—PROMPT DELIVERIES and R's. Our free catalog tells whole story.

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.
Dept 323 Bay City, Mich.

E-Z Garter
Gives Real Muscle Freedom

The cool, soft, easy, featherweight garter [illegible] gives real muscle freedom and never cuts the leg. Appreciated by men in all walks of life. Fine for golf, tennis and other [illegible] in walking or [illegible] Fast Black Elastic. Made in [illegible] Weights: Narrow, Extra Light, Medium, Heavy. Sizes 9½ to 14½ inches. Weights: Narrow, Extra Light, Medium, Heavy. Sizes 9½ to 14½ inches. Weights: Narrow, Extra Light, Medium, Heavy. Sizes 9½ to 14½ inches.

If your dealer cannot supply you order direct from [illegible] Money back if not pleased.

DEALERS: Write for our attractive proposition.

The Thos. P. Taylor Company Dept. A. Bridgeport, Conn.

17 Degrees
10c each

VENUS PENCILS

For every known purpose. Also two copying. Write on your letter head for free trial sample.

American Lead Pencil Co., 221 Fifth Ave., New York

Cut tire expense!

Save ⅔ Your Tire Repair Bills
Save Buying New Tubes and Casings

A cut appears in your tire. You neglect it. Every time the wheel revolves, sand, dirt and water are pounded down into the hole. It gets larger and larger. Soon the sinew of the tire—the fabric—is exposed. It rots and weakens. Then some fine day—or more likely some rainy day—"Bang," goes the tire, both shoe and tube blown out. You have at least a big repair bill to pay—more likely you buy a new tube and casing. A Shaler Vulcanizer nips these blow-outs in the bud by sealing the small cuts with new rubber, protecting the fabric and making the injured part as good as new. A Shaler Vulcanizer is the "ounce of prevention" that makes the "pound of cure" unnecessary. It saves tires, time, trouble and roadside delays. It reduces your tire expense despite increased tire prices.

The SHALER Mends Tubes, Too

Send Coupon for Free Book

Every motorist should read this book.

It tells everything you should know about tires, the proper pressure to maintain—how to protect the tires while the car is idle in the garage—how to care for them in winter and extremely hot weather—how to avoid substances that rot the rubber and fabric.

It gives splendid hints on the spare tire and its care. Free to car owners.

It is as easy to make permanent tube repairs with a Shaler Vulcanizer as to use a temporary patch. Just fill the cut or puncture with new rubber—attach the vulcanizer—fill the generator with gasoline or alcohol—light it—and when the fuel has burned out the repair is done. The heat is controlled automatically, no chance to overcure or undercure a repair. No watching or regulating. No dangerous exposed blaze. No liquid fuel to spill.

Tire makers indorse Shaler Vulcanizers. Reliable dealers everywhere sell and recommend Shaler Vulcanizers. Ask your dealer to demonstrate a Shaler and show you how easily and how quickly—yet how effectively it repairs cuts in the casing or punctures in the tube.

The Shaler is the only complete line including vulcanizers of every type for every requirement of private or public garages. In addition to the Vul-Kit model illustrated above, there is the Shaler Tube-Kit (for tubes only) at $2.00. A Shaler Ford-Kit (for Ford size tubes and casings) at $2.75; the Electric Model for home garage (vulcanizes all sized tubes and casings, by the city electric current) at $12.50; and complete large Garage Equipment (electric or steam heated) at $60.00.

The Shaler is the standard Vulcanizer and is made by the largest makers of Vulcanizers in the world. Take no substitute. Ask for and insist upon the genuine Shaler.

C. A. Shaler Co., 1400 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis.

Canadian Distr's, John Millen & Son, Ltd Toronto, Winnipeg, Montreal, Vancouver

SHALER Vul-Kit $3.50

SEND THIS COUPON

C. A. SHALER CO., 1400 Fourth St., Waupun, Wis.

Send me your free book, "Care and Repair of Tires," and catalog of Shaler Vulcanizers

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

From whom do you buy your Auto Supplies?

SHALER Vulcanizers

Famous War Correspondents Smoke and Endorse Tuxedo

Among the most brilliant men in the world today—men of genius, able thinkers, talented writers—are those who give us in vivid pen-pictures the stirring story of the greatest of all wars.

On this page, world-famous reporters of the gigantic conflict tell why the modern war correspondent smokes Tuxedo.

That brisk, wholesome taste of "Tux" keeps his mind alert and vigorous—and it's so wonderfully mild and soothing he can smoke it any time, every time and all the time and never know he has nerves!

IRVIN S. COBB
With the German army in Belgium and France. Mr Cobb says:

"I can't think of any reason why I shouldn't say I like Tuxedo—because I do like it very much."

Irvin S. Cobb

WYTHE WILLIAMS
New York *Times* correspondent accredited to the French armies on the Western front. Mr. Williams says:

"That 'Tuxedo Process' must be a wonderful thing, judging by Tuxedo tobacco. The most enjoyable and satisfying smoke I ever tried is Tuxedo."

Wythe Williams

WALTER NIEBUHR
With the German army during the advance on Warsaw for the United Press. Mr Niebuhr says:

"Tuxedo is remarkably mild and delightfully fragrant. I find that I can smoke it all day and enjoy the last pipeful just as much as the first."

Walter Niebuhr

Tuxedo

The Perfect Pipe Tobacco

Tuxedo is made of ripe old Burley leaf, aged 3 to 5 years—*and*—it's "Tuxedo Processed!"

That's the big, overshadowing reason why Tuxedo is in a class by itself—the "Tuxedo Process."

The choicest leaf that grows may be aged for many years—and it will still lack the perfect mildness and mellowness essential to a comfortable, wholesome smoke.

But—after the aged leaf has been "Tuxedo Processed," every particle of bite is absolutely removed—the tobacco becomes supremely mild—and you can smoke Tuxedo all you please—the sweet, fragrant, pleasant smoke that makes your pipe your best friend.

Tuxedo has plenty of imitators—but you insist on getting Tuxedo and avoid disappointment.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient, glassine-wrapped, moisture-proof pouch . . . 5c
In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c
In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Illustrations are about one-half size of real packages.

RICHARD HENRY LITTLE
Went to front on the Spanish-American, Russo-Japanese and the present European wars. Mr. Little says:

"I have found Tuxedo a faithful companion in the field and in the camp. In all my campaigns I have regarded a few good pipes and a plentiful supply of Tuxedo tobacco as the most important part of my impedimenta."

Richard Henry Little

WM. PHILIP SIMMS
Managing Editor Boston Traveler, and the first American correspondent to visit the French front. Mr. Simms says:

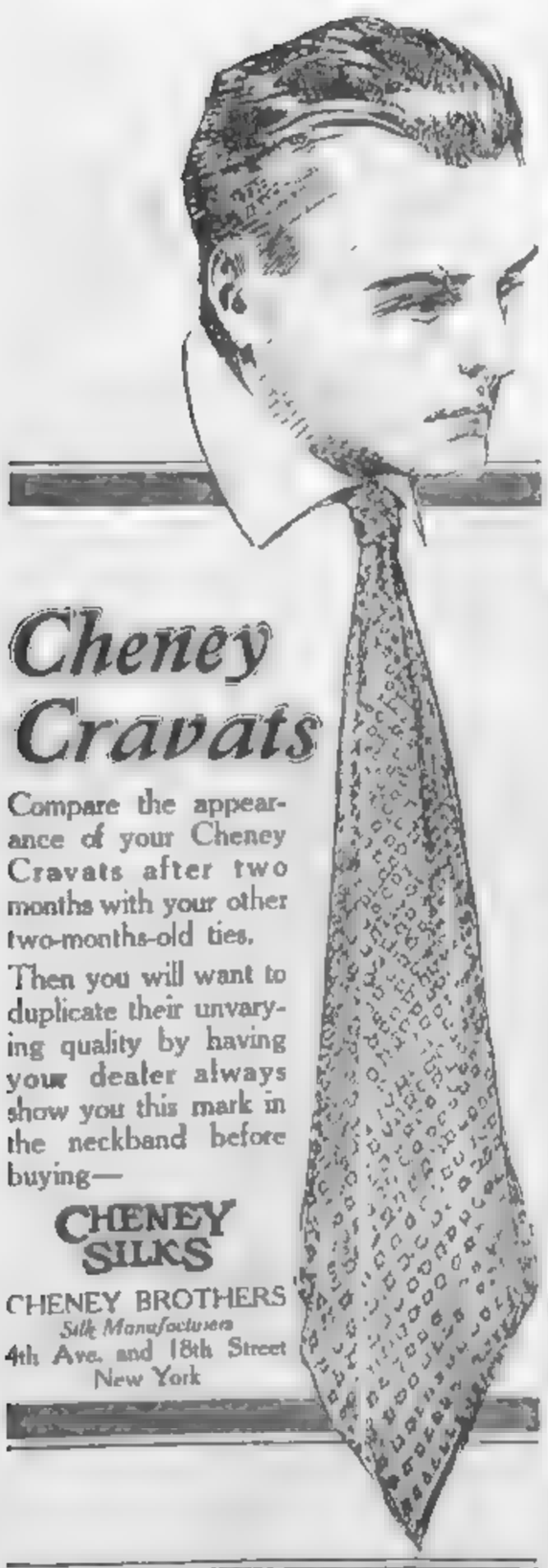
"Tuxedo gives me more real pleasure than any other tobacco I ever smoked. It always tastes good, outdoors or indoors, morning, noon or night."

Wm. Philip Simms

HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE
Saw action with the Germans on both the French and Russian fronts for the New York World. Mr. Swope says:

"There's a lot of comfort and satisfaction in a pipe when the tobacco doesn't bite your tongue. Tuxedo never does and that's why I enjoy Tuxedo so much."

Herbert Bayard Swope



Cheney Cravats

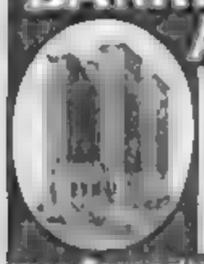
Compare the appearance of your Cheney Cravats after two months with your other two-months-old ties.

Then you will want to duplicate their unvarying quality by having your dealer always show you this mark in the neckband before buying—

CHENEY SILKS

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers
4th Ave. and 18th Street
New York

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST



FOUR of the reasons why so many people deposit their money by mail with this large, safe bank are.

Safety — 4% Interest
Convenience — Privacy

Send today for our FREE booklet "M"

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, O.
ASSETS OVER 50 MILLION DOLLARS

"What's Your Proposition?"

asked B. E. Hilfman, of Iowa, in response to an advertisement printed in *The Saturday Evening Post* just six months ago

Our reply looked good to Hilfman, and he started work. Since then his average earnings have been more than

$100.00 a Month

We will make you a similar proposition. He will look after the local renewals and new subscriptions of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, for which we will pay him liberal cash commission.

Box 389, Agency Division
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

(Continued from Page 90)

years that I had served had not seen such a change as this year and a half had brought. In the second before they noticed me I saw how frightful had been the transformation.

There were many tables, all with white covers and steins—not dainty, sparkling goblets—on them. I saw sleek waiters—many of them—moving about the brilliant room with trays of food and tankards. The place was full of chat and roaring laughter. And the gentlemen—some of them I hardly knew, because of the beards they had grown and their greater girths. Then, all at once, they noticed me and quite a few came forward. Sterling reached me first.

"Absalom! Old Absalom!" he said. "Your hair is white."

It was, indeed; and so was his. We were two old men together, Sterling and I. Just for an instant he pressed my hands with his fine, soft ones.

"You look—like you didn't understand, old Absalom. Don't you—yet?"

I shook my head and started to speak; but laughs, laughs from all those men about the tables stilled me and frightened me. A vast dread, a fear half formed, set my blue-veined hands a-trembling. Sterling turned imperiously, and at once the laughing ceased.

"You tell him, Von Conrad," Crawley said to Sterling.

Then Sterling—who will never be anything to me but Sterling—told me. The gorgeous waiters lined up against the wall to listen.

"And you didn't understand, Absalom," he began. "And England didn't understand. Of course they couldn't!" A world of scorn for my nation was in his tone. "But it's queer you didn't ever guess, Absalom! Do you remember that, after years and years, the older men dropped out?" He did not wait for my reply. "Did you notice that all who were elected were of the same kind? You remember that some of them were dropped from the list—by us—in the late years? And, finally, do you remember the shipments of wine that came each week—with such queer labels? Each week one of us went supposedly to visit continental wine merchants, to buy it."

"Sometimes there were two that went," I said.

"Truly there were." Sterling laughed. "And the three of the Old Guard who were left at last—Craige and Carter and Hawes—never guessed! Yes; there were two of us who went when it came the turn of some one of those three to go. Always at those times one of us went too. They never noticed it. Absalom, if you could have read those labels—the printing was all in code—you would have been the wisest man in England—in war matters, anyway. Each week a case of wine came from Berlin."

"Berlin!" I whispered. "This is Berlin?"

"Of course! Each week; and every one of those bottles bore instructions—what we were to do, we seventeen that disappeared, and Gottlieb—Sharkey, you called him—the caretaker. Our duties for the entire week would be written on the labels, and the duties of thousands of men and women in the city. At the end of the week one of us would go, as if to buy wine, and personally report what we had found out. Sometimes, when there were maps to send, they went in a little compartment in the bottoms of the dark bottles we had emptied. Gottlieb attended to them.

"We knew, shortly after the assassination in Bosnia, that the time to go was drawing near. We knew, as soon as Austria sent her ultimatum to the Serbs, that it had come. We vanished, and you were the only thing left of all those years—those years of boredom that we lived and drank like Englishmen—that was endeared to us. We wanted you to pour our drinks again, old Absalom; so we sent for you, and you have come by the same route that we come and go on our business."

"And you were spies? Spies!" I cried—pleading with them by my tone to tell me I was wrong.

"Not just spies, Absalom. The head of the whole system of German espionage in England—from whence all instructions went out and all information came in. The strategic board of it—and the three Englishmen that still belonged—Carter and Craige and Hawes—never suspected! No one could suspect such a club as the Alexander, with its honored name.

"We had the lights darkened—so we could pass papers unseen among us. We ordered that conversation be in whispers—so we could talk over our plans together

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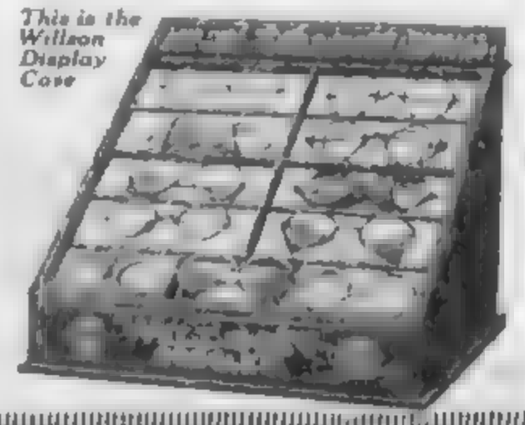
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without suspicion. And lastly, when we left those three in their chairs"—and Sterling's voice nearly broke into a laugh—"we left the dummies too—to show those Englishmen what they were in reality. But they never even saw the irony of it!"

He stretched out his hand—perhaps to take mine—and I jumped back from him. Then the poisoning bitterness of my heart came rushing out in a torrent of wild words. "And I wasted my life on you!" I cried. And my voice rose until it cracked into a sob. "Spies! And you sent for me!"

Then words came that I did not know I even knew. The cursings of a Lear. I know that while I did it, while the hate and despair in my heart were passing off, I looked them in the eyes as man to man. Words of hate; and for a while their dazed, broad faces stared at me, maddened me. I was old almost as old as I am now—but my hateful words were as hot and wild as if I had been young. Then my age, my long, long years, came swooping back to me, and all my nerves gave way. At once I was an old man again, broken by a wasted life, and my eyes, beneath their dry and wrinkled lids, flooded so that I could not see.

I tried to turn away, so that they might think I was still young and strong enough to resent such treachery; but I could not, for now they were standing all about me. They tried to soothe with words, and their fine soft hands rested on my shoulders. Then Sterling—he whom the others called Von Conrad—suddenly spoke again, above the rest. The zeal in his voice made me turn to him.

"Old Absalom!" he said. "You Englishman!"

And we two looked each other in the eyes—as gentleman to gentleman; as honored foe to foe.

"Absalom," he said again quite softly, "I thought you were only a servant; but I see you are an Englishman, and a worthy foe. We didn't understand you, man—or your nation, either. We know that it won't be easy to crush you now. The same guide is at your command—to lead you back to your home again."

So he shook my hand and squeezed it, and I walked out into the shadows of the hall.

I have little more to tell. I came home and settled down to my former life, half thinking I should let this story be buried with me. But in these few days the bitterness has begun to leave my heart, and a queer hope, a fancy of an old man that may seem laughable to you, has begun to come. I know that I shall hardly last out the years of war, and by then my hand will be unsteady. But afterward—what then?

Perhaps at the end of all those who were concerned in the story of the Alexander Club, those who were members when I came, those who had gone before—and the Germans that came later—the sessions will be renewed. When the wars are over, and when those human attributes that separate the Alexanders from *Der Alexanders* have all been purged away by death, perhaps their souls may meet.

In fancy I can see them! In some vasty clubroom in the Shadow they will have their chairs, and their ethereal wines, and perhaps their fires. Then Old Absalom will be among them all—to ply their wines for them.

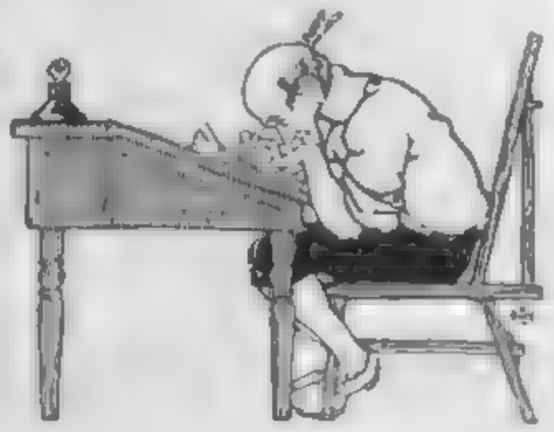
A Boring Job

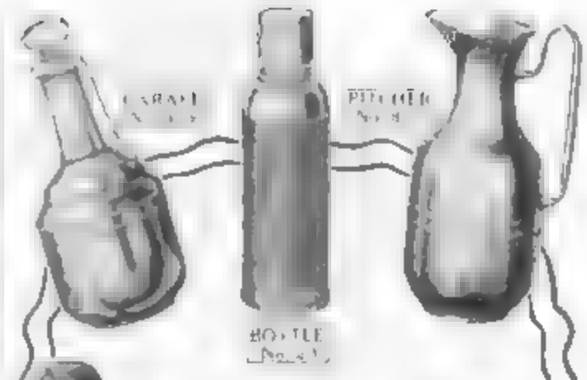
OF PECULIAR ways of earning a living one of the oddest is reported by a New Orleans attorney.

A colored man was brought into court on some minor charge. The judge, following the usual routine, after asking his name, demanded:

"What is your occupation?"

"Well, sah, jedge, Ise a wormhole borer in a antique-furniture shop."





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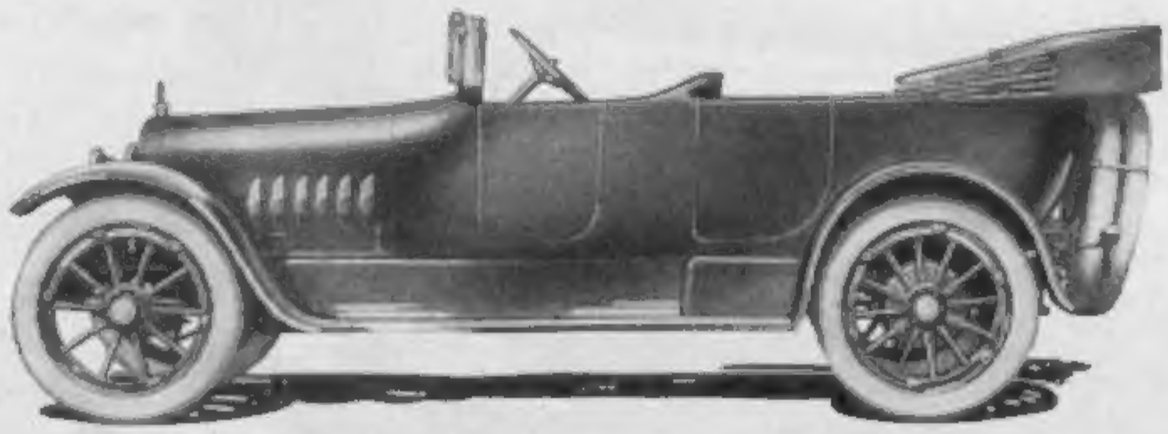

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